THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

OR IN THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS

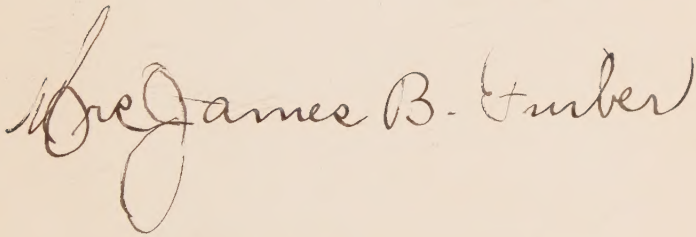


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The White House

THE

LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE;

OR,

IN THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Being a Complete History of the Social and Domestic Lives of the Presidents from Washington to the Present Time.

BY

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

PROPERTY OF
THE CHURCH ON THE WAY

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PREFACE.

THE Ladies of the White House have had no biographers. The custom of the Republic, which relegates back to private life those who have served it, has made it difficult to gather much of stirring interest concerning the women who have made the social history of the different administrations. From privacy they came, to privacy they were returned, and the world took little cognizance of them beyond noting the entertainments they gave, and the success that attended their dinners and receptions.

In the historical works of the age—even in the biographies of the Presidents themselves—not much has been said of women, who, for the most part, were powerful adjuncts to their popularity, and exerted great influence over their lives. The most that has been written of them heretofore were descriptions in the daily papers of the appearance of the lady of the White House on some public occasion, and with this the world has been content until now. We have had a hundred years of domestic honor in the White House—a hundred years which has added much to the glory of the country abroad, and it is but fitting that women, who have held the highest social and semi-official position in the nation, should be made historic subjects. No better time than the present could be found for filling this serious gap in general American history. The moral influence that has been exerted by the untarnished reputations and high social qualities of the women who have successively filled the position of Hostess of the Presidents' House, cannot be estimated. Without the effective and intelligent aid they rendered, no administration would have been satisfactory; and though the political historian may ignore such service, the right-thinking, honorable men or women of this country have a higher appreciation of the services rendered by these ladies, who were the power behind the throne, equal in social influence to the throne itself, and a historical work bearing upon their lives is a valuable contribution to the nation's official history.

Such a one is now offered to the people of this country. It is a complete work, comprising a biographical sketch of every President's wife and hostess of the Executive Mansion from Mrs. Washington down to Mrs. Garfield.

The information contained in the volume has never been compiled in any other form, and there are many historical facts of a most interesting nature for the first time presented to the public. The book contains the portraits of the wives of the Presidents, and of the ladies who presided over the Mansion during the administrations of unmarried Presidents. At a time when the women of this country are commanding the attention of the civilized world by reason of their higher education, superior mental attributes, and exalted social status, such a book is of exceptional value.

The mechanical execution of the work will commend itself to all lovers of excellence in book-making. Nothing has been left undone that would make it worthy of the ladies whose records it contains. The unusual attractions of the theme, the style in which it is published, and the place in the country's history which such a book fills, conspire to render it a work which the public and private libraries of this country cannot afford to be without; they cannot be called complete without a copy of the "Ladies of the White House."

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Given to his care when an infant—A child to him—The ancestry of Pennsylvania blood—Her grandfather—Family of James Buchanan—His favorite sister—Married to Eliot T. Lane—Mr. Lane's position—Their youngest child—A vivacious and mischievous girl—Little Harriet's impressions of her uncle—Death of her mother and father—Possessed of worldly goods—Chooses her uncle's home—His pride in this affectionate child—Her guide, philosopher, and friend—"She never told a lie"—A wilful domestic outlaw—An anecdote of her girlhood—Her uncle's rebuke—Harriet sent to school—Objections to her teachers—Her letters to her uncle—Under surveillance—Early hours, brown sugar and cold hearts—Another school selected—Her sister her companion—Three years of study—Fond of music—A visit to Bedford Springs—Her uncle makes her happy—In a convent—In Washington every month—Delightful visits—Miss Lane's popularity at school—A favorite with the sisters—The nuns instruct her in music—Her uncle's letters—Graduated with honor—Loved and regretted by her school-mates—A beautiful woman—Personal description—Taste in dress—Her uncle's idol—His account of her athletic powers—Anecdote of a race she ran—At Wheatland—Her fondness for reading aloud—Discusses politics and plans improvements about the grounds—Gay visits to different cities—Admired by gentlemen—Her uncle's house invaded by her lovers—Her brothers and sister—Mr. Buchanan appointed Minister to England—His services to his country—In Congress, Minister to Russia, Secretary of State—Twice offered a seat upon the Supreme Bench—Miss Lane's entrance into English society—Publicly identified with Mr. Buchanan—Her rank—The Queen her admirer—Decides her place in the diplomatic corps for her—A blooming beauty—First appearance at a drawing-room—A memorable occasion—Unconscious of the attention she attracted—Mr. Buchanan's remark to her—Distinguished attentions of the Queen—Regarded with favor by the royal family—Added greatly to the social reputation of her uncle—An elegant-looking couple—A delightful specimen of American womanhood—The guest of distinguished people—Offers of marriage—Confides her love-affairs to her uncle—Brightest years of her life—Miss Lane's love for England and English people—An incident of her stay abroad—Travels on the continent—With Mr. Mason's family in Paris—Their guest for two months—Miss Lane a great belle—With her uncle at Oxford—The degree of Doctor of Civil Laws conferred on Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Buchanan—The students cheer her—Their admiration openly expressed—Return to America—Leaves her uncle behind—He regrets the separation—Long letters to her—The purpose of her coming home—At Wheatland—Her sister to join her—Death of her sister—Mr. Buchanan's return—Nominated for the Presidency—Miss Lane's social duties—Mistress of the White House—Death of her brother—A terrible blow to her—The recipient of much sympathy—Elegant manners of the Lady of the White House—The most admired woman in America—Her life a series of honors and pleasures—The formal receptions—The President's appearance—His niece by his side—A trying social position—Visit of the Prince of Wales to this country—The guest of the President—A delightful visit—An occurrence of memorable in-

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"THE WHITE HOUSE."

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THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

THE first who, in our young republic, bore the honors as a President's wife, is described "as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well-shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners so captivating in American women. She was not a beauty, but gentle and winning in her nature, and eminently congenial to her illustrious husband. During their long and happy married life, he ever wore her likeness on his heart."

"It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, attended by a body-servant tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat's touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau-ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old régime; the very soul of kindliness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg; important communications to the Governor, etc. Mr.

Chamberlayne, on whose domain the officer had just landed, would hear no excuse. Colonel Washington was a name and character so dear to all Virginians, that his passing by one of the old estates of Virginia without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host was entirely out of the question. The Colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne brought up his reserve in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof. The soldier capitulated on condition that he should dine, only dine, and then, by pressing his charger, and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the Colonel's body-servant and faithful follower, who, together with a fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington on the famed and fated field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, 'Your honor's orders shall be obeyed.' The Colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests (for when was a Virginia domicil of the olden time without guests?), and, above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this their first interview, nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly

benefits; the hero, fresh from his early fields redolent of fame, and with a form on which 'every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man.' The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the Colonel appeared not, and then the old soldier wondered at his chief's delay. 'Twas strange; 'twas passing strange. Surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the Colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's sides and sped on his way to the seat of government, when, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at her country-seat, the White House, after which the home of the Presidents was called, the engagement took place, with arrangements for the marriage."

It is pleasant to remember that, with all the privations and hardships endured by both in after-years, they never encountered poverty. When Colonel Washington married Mrs. Custis, the ceremony was performed under

the roof of her own home, and the broad lands about it were but a part of her large estate. Immediately after their wedding, which has been described repeatedly as a most joyous and happy affair, in which every belle and beau for miles around took part, they repaired at once to Mount Vernon. Here for seventeen bright and beautiful years they enjoyed the society of relatives and friends, and the constant companionship of each other. During those years of prosperity, Mrs. Washington had ample opportunity to manifest that elegance of manner for which she was remarkable. In her girlhood, as Miss Dandridge, she had enjoyed the best society of Williamsburg, and during Governor Dinwiddie's residence there, she had been one of the most popular and admired of the many blooming girls who had rendered the court of the Governor attractive.

Nothing remains to us of her childhood save an indistinct tradition;* perhaps her infant years were spent at her father's country home, unmarked but by the gradual change of the little one into the shy young lady. That she was educated after the exigency of her time, at home, is likewise a truth gathered from the echoes of the past generation. Virginia in those early days—for she was born in May, 1732—possessed no educational facilities, and the children of the wealthy were either sent abroad for accomplishments unattainable in their native

* She was a descendant of the Rev. Orlando Jones, a clergyman of Wales.



land, or put under the care of tutor or governess at home. Such knowledge as she possessed of the world was gleaned from the few books she read, and the society of her father's friends, for she had never been farther from home than Williamsburg.

She is first mentioned as a rustic beauty and belle at the British Governor's residence, and was there married, when very young, to Colonel Custis. After her marriage her home was not far distant from her father's plantation, and these fleeting years were so fraught with every conceivable blessing that her young heart asked no other boon. Endeared to each other by the warmest affection, her time spent in dispensing that hospitality which was deemed a duty and a virtue, it seemed as if no trouble could ever mar her happiness. Colonel Custis was a gifted and refined man, of eminently polished and agreeable manners, and the possessor of a generous nature, which rendered him widely popular. The congenial couple lived in happy contentment in the enjoyment of their own and their children's society, surrounded by friends, and the possessors of all those creature comforts which add so essentially to the pleasures of existence. They had three children, the eldest of whom was a son, unusually endowed with mental gifts, and giving promise of a bright future. His health was not good, and though watched over with continuous care and forethought he died, and his untimely death hastened the disease already manifest in his father's system. Colonel Custis

died of consumption a short time afterward, and thus was the wife and mother deprived of her companion, whose affection was in keeping with his many virtues and elevated mind, and the boy whose existence had first called into being all the deathless love of a mother.

Time soothed the wounds naught else could heal, and the young widow discharged the duties that belonged to her position. The trust her husband reposed in her—in leaving their large property in her own hands to control—she amply vindicated, and her estate was one of the best managed in the county. When she met Colonel Washington she was twenty-six years of age, and was remarkably youthful in appearance and very handsome. She had ever been the object of warm and disinterested affection, and from her first entrance into the society of Williamsburg, down to the last hour of her life, it was eminently illustrated. Few had been her sorrows, and for each and every one endured she could count a twofold blessing. There was nothing in her life to foster the faults incident to human nature, for the rank weeds of poverty and lack of opportunity, which cramp and deform so many earth-lives, were unfelt and unknown to her.

Mount Vernon was the gift to Colonel Washington from his elder and bachelor brother Lawrence, and the estate was then one of the finest in Virginia. Washington had made it his occasional residence before his marriage, but it was not until he took his bride there that it became his permanent home. The life that Mrs.

Washington led there was similar in outward circumstances to her former position as Mrs. Custis, for she was again the wife of a wealthy, prosperous planter, the centre of the refined society of the county. The sameness of country life was interrupted by her frequent trips with her husband to Williamsburg, where he was for fifteen successive years a member of the Legislature.

"How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!"

Engaged in fascinating pleasures and congenial pursuits, it did not occur to Mrs. Washington how many summers of fragrantly blooming flowers and ripening fruits had sunk into the unreturning past; nor did she consider that the long term of years in which she had been so happy had meted to others measured drops of bitterness, turning all their harvest-times into chilling, dreary winter. There came to her a time when the pleasant home-life had to be abandoned, and for eight years the harmony of domestic peace was banished.

The following letter, the only one preserved of the many addressed to her, is full of interest, and is replete with that thoughtfulness which characterized Washington in his capacity as a husband. Mrs. Washington, shortly before her death, destroyed every testimonial of this kind, unwilling that any other should read these evidences of affection:

"PHILADELPHIA, 18*th June*, 1775.

"MY DEAREST: I am now set down to write to you on

a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospects of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letter, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my

own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing else will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, I have, since I came to this place—for I had no time to do it before I left home—got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me by the directions I gave him, which I will now enclose. The provisions made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable. I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

"Your affectionate GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This trial of separation was mitigated, although often

prolonged to weary months. Ever when the long Indian summer days of October shed glory over the burnished forest trees, her cumbrous carriage with its heavy hangings and massive springs, suggestive of comfort, was brought to the door and laden with all the appurtenances of a winter's visit. Year after year, as she had ordered supplies for this annual trip to her husband's camp, she trusted it would be the last; and each time as the servants cooked and packed for this too oft-repeated absence, they wished it might hurry him home, to remember how many were needing his presence there. The battles were fierce and the struggles long, and if the orderly matron disliked the necessity of leaving home so often and for so long a time, her heart was glad of the sacrifice when she reached the doubly anxious husband who was watching and waiting for her—anxious for his wife, somewhere on the road, and for his bleeding country, struggling unavailingly for the eternal principles of freedom. It was her presence that gave comfort to the oft-times dispirited commander, and sent a gleam of sunshine to the hearts of the officers, who saw in her coming the harbinger of their own happiness. For it was an established custom, for all who could, to send for their families after the commander had received and welcomed his. General Washington, after her annual trip, invariably wrote to persons who had been attentive and obliging, and punctually thanked every one who had in any way conduced to her comfort during her tedious stages from Mount Vernon. Never but once or twice had those

yearly moves been disagreeable, and though universally unoffending, she felt the painful effects of party bitterness; but the noble intrepidity of General Washington relieved the depressing influences of such unusual occurrences. Her own pride suffered nothing in comparison to the natural sensitiveness she felt for her husband's fair fame, and the coldness on the part of others affected only as it reflected on her noble protector. Once, after a disastrous campaign, as she was passing through Philadelphia, she was insulted by the ladies there, who declined noticing her by any civilities whatever. The tide in the affairs of men came, and, alas for human nature! many of these haughty matrons were the first to welcome her there as the wife of the President.

Mrs. Washington was unostentatious in her dress, and displayed little taste for those luxurious ornaments deemed appropriate for the wealthy and great. In her own home the spinning wheels and looms were kept constantly going, and her dresses were, many times, woven by her servants. General Washington wore at his inauguration, a full suit of fine cloth, the handiwork of his own household. At a ball given in New Jersey in honor to herself, she wore a "simple russet gown," and white handkerchief about her neck, thereby setting an example to the women of the Revolution, who could ill afford to spend their time or means as lavishly as they might have desired. "On one occasion she gave the best proof of her success in domestic manufactures, by the exhibition of two of her dresses, which were com-

posed of cotton, striped with silk, and entirely home-made. The silk stripes in the fabric were woven from the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson chair-covers!"

When peace was declared and her mantle folded round the suffering young Republic, Mrs. Washington welcomed to Mount Vernon her hero-husband, who naturally hoped that he might "move gently down the stream of life until he slept with his fathers." But a proud, fond people called him again from his retreat to guide the ship of state; nor was he who had fought her battles, and served her well, recreant now.

Mrs. Washington's crowning glory in the world's esteem is the fact that she was the bosom companion of the "Father of his Country;" but her fame as Martha Dandridge, and afterwards as Martha Custis, is due alone to her moral worth. To her, as a girl and woman, belonged beauty, accomplishments, and great sweetness of disposition. Nor should we, in ascribing her imperishable memory to her husband's greatness, fail to do reverence to the noble attributes of her own nature; yet we cannot descend to the hyperbolical strain so often indulged in by writers when speaking of Mrs. Washington. In tracing the life of an individual, it becomes necessary to examine the great events and marked incidents of the times, and generally to form from such landmarks the motives that prompted the acts of an earth-existence. More especially is this necessary if the era in which our subject lived was remarkable for any heroic deeds or

valorous exploits which affected the condition of mankind. Personally, Mrs. Washington's life was a smooth and even existence, save as it was stirred by some natural cause, but viewed in connection with the historical events of her day, it became one of peculiar interest.

As a wife, mother, and friend, she was worthy of respect, but save only as the companion of Washington is her record of public interest. She was in nowise a student, hardly a regular reader, nor gifted with literary ability; but if stern necessity had forced her from her seclusion and luxury, hers would have been a career of active effort and goodness. Most especially would she have been a benevolent woman, and it is to be regretted by posterity as a misfortune that there was no real urgency for a more useful life. Her good fortune it was to be wealthy, of good family, young and attractive; and if she was not versed in the higher branches of literature, it was no fault of her own, probably, since the drawbacks incident to the pursuit of knowledge, under the difficulties and obstacles of a life in a new country, together with their early marriages, deterred women from "drinking deep of the Pierean spring;" but, under the benign influences of Christian morality, the maidens of the Old Dominion were carefully and virtuously trained, and were exemplary daughters, wives, and mothers.

Many have occupied the nominal position Mrs. Washington held, but, in reality, no American, or, indeed, no woman of earth, will ever be so exalted in the hearts of

a nation as was she; and yet there is no single instance recorded of any act of heroism of hers, although she lived in times that tried men's souls, and was so intimately associated thr· igh her husband with all the great events of the Revolution. "Nor does it appear, from the documents handed down to us, that she was a very notable housewife, but rather inclined to leave the matter under her husband's control, whose method and love of domestic life admirably fitted him to manage a large establishment. They evidently lived together on very excellent terms, though she sometimes was disposed to quarrel with him about the grandchildren, who he insisted (and he always carried the point) should be under thorough disciplinarians, as well as competent teachers, when they were sent from home to be educated."

It was a source of regret that she bore no children to him, but an able writer has said: "Providence left him childless that he might be the father of his country." It is hard to judge whether or not it was a blessing; but it certainly has not detracted from his greatness that he left no successor to his fame. On the contrary, it is all the brighter from having no cloud to dim the solitary grandeur of his spotless name. Few sons of truly great and illustrious men have ever reflected honor upon their fathers and many have done otherwise. When we consider how many representative men of the world, in all nations and ages, have been burdened and oppressed with the humiliating conduct of their children, let it be a

source of joy, rather than of regret, that there was but *one* Washington, either by the ties of consanguinity or the will of Providence. This character was never marred by any imperfect type of its own, and in Washington's life we recognize the fact that occasionally, in great emergencies, God lifts up a man for the deed; when the career is ended, the model, though not the example, is lost to the world.

Mrs. Washington's two children (Martha and John Parke Custis) were with her the bright years of her life intervening between her marriage and the Revolution. Her daughter was fast budding into womanhood, and how beautiful, thought the loving mother, were the delicate outlines of her fair young face! Airy castles and visionary scenes of splendor reared their grand proportions in the twilight-clouds of her imagination; and in the sunlight of security she saw not, or, if perchance did define, the indistinct outlines of the spectre, grim and gaunt, heeded not its significant appearance at her festive board.

In all the natural charms of youth, freshness, and worldly possessions, the mother's idol, the brother's playmate, and father's cherished daughter, died, and the light of the house went out, and a wail of anguish filled the air as the night winds rushed hurryingly past that desolate home on the shore of the murmuring river.

A great purpose was born out of that grief: a self-abnegated firmness to rise above the passionate lamentations of selfish sorrow; and though afterward, for

years, the shadow of a past woe rested upon that famous home, the poor loved it better than ever before, and meek charity found more willing hands than in the days of reckless happiness. Religion, too, and winning sympathy, softened the poignant grief, and

> "The fates unwound the ball of time,
> And dealt it out to man."

The cannon of the Continental Militia at Lexington belched forth its hoarse sound on the morning of the 15th of April, 1775, as in the gray twilight of approaching day a band of invaders sallied up to demand the dispersion of the rebels. The echo of those reports went ringing through the distant forests, and fleetest couriers carried its tidings beyond the rippling waves of the Potomac, calling the friends of freedom to arms. Mrs. Washington heard the war-cry, and felt that the absence of her husband was now indefinite; for she knew that from his post in the councils of the nation he would go to serve his country in the field. Nor was she mistaken in her conclusions.

She met the Commander-in-chief at his winter headquarters at Cambridge, after an absence of nearly a year, in December, 1775, and remained with him until opening of the spring campaign. During the Revolution she continued to spend each winter with him at his headquarters. Early in this year she returned to her home, leaving behind her son, John Parke Custis, who had been with his adopted father from the beginning of the war.

The next winter she passed at Morristown, New Jersey, where she experienced some of the real hardships and sufferings of camp life. The previous season, at Cambridge, the officers and their families had resided in the mansions of the Tories, who had deserted them to join the British; but at Morristown she occupied a small frame-house, without any convenience or comforts, and, as before, returned in the spring, with her daughter-in-law and children, to Mount Vernon.*

Valley Forge, during the last months of 1777 and the early part of 1778, was the scene of the severest sufferings, replete with more terrible want than any ever known in the history of the Colonies.†

During all this winter of horrors, Mrs. Washington remained with her husband, trying to comfort and animate him in the midst of his trials. Succeeding years brought the same routine, and victory and defeat walked ofttimes hand in hand. October of 1781 brought glad tidings of great joy, in the capture of Yorktown, and nothing seemed to defer the long anticipated return of General Washington to his family and friends.

Ere yet the shouts of victory rang out upon the listening ear of a continent, Colonel Custis was borne from

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* Mr. John Parke Custis was married to Miss Nelly Calvert the third of February, 1774.

† Six miles above Norristown, Pennsylvania, and twenty from Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill river, is the deep hollow known as Valley Forge. It is situated at the mouth of Valley creek, and on either side rise the mountains above this lonely spot. To the fact that in this valley there had once been several forges, it owes its name, and here Washington found winter-quarters for his suffering army.

the scene of triumph to a village in New Kent county to die, and soon the messenger startled the wife and mother at Mount Vernon with the mournful intelligence. Washington, amid the intense joy of his troops, could not conceal his anxious feelings over the condition of this deeply loved son of his adoption, and his heart went out to his crushed wife, so soon to be widowed, and to Mrs. Washington, who idolized the son of her youth. "He left Yorktown on the 5th of November, and reached, the same day, the residence of his old friend, Colonel Bassett. He arrived just in time to receive the last breath of John Parke Custis, as he had several years previously rendered tender and pious offices at the death-bed of his sister, Miss Custis. The deceased had been the object of Washington's care from childhood, and been cherished by him with paternal affection. Reared under his guidance and instructions, he had been fitted to take a part in the public concerns of his country, and had acquitted himself with credit as a member of the Virginia Legislature. He was but twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, and left a widow and four young children. It was an unexpected event, and the dying scene was rendered peculiarly affecting from the presence of the mother and wife of the deceased. Washington remained several days at Eltham to comfort them in their affliction. As a consolation to Mrs. Washington in her bereavement, he adopted the two youngest children of the deceased, a boy and girl, who thenceforth formed a part of his immediate family."



MT. VERNON—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Washington did not know that her husband had left the scene of his triumph, until he suddenly appeared in the room of death; and it calmed her to have his presence in so trying an hour. He returned with the sad mourners to Mount Vernon, and mingled with those two sorrowful hearts the tears of his own sad soul.

The world and its cares called him hence, and he turned away from his quiet home to meet the demands of his country for his services. Congress received him in Philadelphia with distinguished honors, and he everywhere was the recipient of his country's love and reverence.

Called from his retirement to preside over the destinies of his country as its first President, Washington immediately left his home and repaired to New York City, the seat of government.*

Our young country demanded, in the beginning, that regard for forms and etiquette which would command respect in the eyes of foreign courts; and, acting in accordance with this design, the house of the first President was furnished with elegance, and its routine was arranged in as formal a manner as that of St. James or St. Cloud.

Always an aristocrat, Mrs. Washington's administration as hostess was but a reproduction of the customs and ceremonies of foreign heads of government, and her

* The journey to New York was a continued triumph. The august spectacle at the bridge of Trenton brought tears to the eyes of the Chief, and forms one of the most brilliant recollections of the age of Washington.

receptions were arranged on the plan of the English and French drawing-rooms.

She assumed the duties of her position, as wife of the Chief Magistrate, with the twofold advantage of wealth and high social position, and was, in manner, appearance and character, a pleasing and graceful representative of American womanhood.

Reared as she had been, a descendant of the chivalry of Virginia, who in their turn were the descendants of the English nobility—aristocratic, proud and pleased with her lofty position—she brought to bear all the brightness of a prosperous existence, and her influence extended to foreign lands.

The levees held at the Republican Court — then located at No. 3 Franklin Square, New York—were numerously attended by the fashionable and refined of the city. The rules of the establishment were rigorous, and persons were excluded unless in the dress required. Access was not easy, and dignified stateliness reigned over the mansion of the first President of the United States. The subjoined letter, written to Mrs. Warren soon after Mrs. Washington's arrival at the seat of government, will present her views on the subject of her elevation more correctly than could be given otherwise.

"Your very friendly letter of last month has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could

possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings which have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President; for you know me well enough to do me the justice to believe that I am fond only of what comes from the heart. Under a conviction that the demonstrations of respect and affection to him originate in that source, I cannot deny that I have taken some interest and pleasure in them. The difficulties which presented themselves to view upon his first entering upon the Presidency, seem thus to be in some measure surmounted. It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters that my new and unwished-for situation is not a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyment of the fireside at Mount Vernon. I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret, disappointments that were inevitable, though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilection for private life; yet I cannot blame him for having acted

according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. Indeed, on his journey from Mount Vernon to this place, in his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and every private information which has come to him, I am persuaded he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceives to be a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened in receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from his countrymen. With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for everybody and everything conspire to make me as contented as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever

situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds, wherever we go."

The second year of Washington's administration, the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia. Mrs. Washington was sick when she started on the journey, and remained in Philadelphia until she was strong enough to go on to Mount Vernon.

The late Rev. Ashbel Green, for a long time President of Princeton College, and one of the early Chaplains of Congress, in speaking of the seat of government, said: "After a great deal of writing and talking and controversy about the permanent seat of Congress under the present Constitution, it was determined that Philadelphia should be honored with its presence for ten years, and afterward the permanent location should be in the city of Washington, where it now is. In the meantime, the Federal city was in building, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the President, perhaps with some hope that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the Capital; for Philadelphia was then considered as the Capital of the State. What was lately the University of Pennsylvania, was the structure erected for the purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions, and a good while

before it was finished, he let it be known that he would not occupy it, and should certainly not go to the expense of purchasing suitable furniture for such a dwelling; for it is to be understood, in those days of stern republicanism, nobody thought of Congress furnishing the President's house; or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head, it was too unpopular to be uttered. President Washington therefore rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris, in Market street, between Fifth and Sixth, on the south side, and furnished it handsomely but not gorgeously."

From New York, by weary processes, the household furniture of individuals and government property were moved. General Washington superintended the preparation and embarkation of all his personal effects, deciding the time and manner in which every article was taken or sold, and attending to all with a scrupulous zeal which is surprising when we consider his public position. His letters to Mr. Lear are as characteristic of his private life as was his career as founder of the Republic. On Saturday afternoon, November the 28th, the President and his wife returned from Mount Vernon, and took up their residence in the house of Mr. Morris, which the corporation had obtained for them. They found Congressmen and public characters already assembled, in anticipation of a gay and brilliant season. Mrs. Washington held her drawing-rooms on Friday evening of each week; company assembled early and retired before half-past ten. It is related on one

occasion, at a levee held in New York the first year of the administration, that she remarked, as the hands on the clock approached ten, "that her husband retired punctually at ten, and she followed very soon afterward." A degree of stiffness and formality existed at those receptions that we of this age can scarcely understand, accustomed as we are to the familiarity and freedom of the present-day gatherings; but the imposing dignity of the Executive himself rebuked all attempts at equality, and the novelty of the position itself caused a general awkwardness. Unlike latter-day levees, the lady of the mansion always sat, and the guests were arranged in a circle round which the President passed, speaking kindly to each one. It is to be regretted that no descriptions exist of the appearance of Mrs. Washington at these fête evenings. Little or no attention, outside of social life, was paid to such items as how ladies dressed and what they appeared in, and letter-writing on this subject was not so universal as we of modern times have made it; hence there remains no source from whence to gather these little trifles which form part of every newspaper edition of the present day.

However, we do know that the President always had his hair powdered, and never offered his hand to any one at his public receptions.

"On the national fête days, the commencement of the levee was announced by the firing of a salute from a pair of twelve-pounders stationed not far distant from

the Presidential mansion; and the ex-Commander-in-chief paid his former companions in arms the compliment to wear the old Continental uniform."

The grandchildren of Mrs. Washington were her only companions during the President's long absences in his office; and Mrs. Robert Morris was the most social visitor at the mansion. Several times mention is made of her presence at the side of Mrs. Washington during the presentations at the receptions. And at all the dinners by the republican Chief Magistrate, the venerable Robert Morris took precedence of every other guest, invariably conducting Mrs. Washington, and sitting at her right hand. At this, the meridian period of her life, Mrs. Washington's personal appearance was, although somewhat portly in person, fresh and of an agreeable countenance. She had been a handsome woman thirty years before, when, on the 6th of January, 1759, she was married to Colonel Washington; and in an admirable picture of her by Woolaston, painted about the same time, is seen something of that pleasing grace which is said to have been her distinction. During these years of her married life, she had enjoyed ample opportunity to cultivate that elegance of manner for which she was conspicuous, and to develop those conversational powers which rendered her so attractive. Washington, ever quiet and reserved in manner, depended on her; and her tact and gentle womanly politeness relieved him from the irksome duties of hospitality when business called him

elsewhere. His first levee, the Marchioness D'Yuro wrote to a friend in New York, was brilliant beyond anything that could be imagined. She adds: You never could have had such a drawing-room; and though there was a great deal of extravagance, there was so much of Philadelphia tact in everything that it must have been confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country.

Mrs. Washington at this time was fifty-eight years old; but her healthful, rational habits, and the ceaseless influence of the principles by which her life was habitually regulated, enabled her still to exhibit undiminished her characteristic activity, usefulness, and cheerfulness. From the "Recollections" of a daughter of Mrs. Binney, who resided opposite the President's house, we have some interesting accounts. She says: "It was the General's custom frequently, when the day was fine, to come out to walk attended by his secretaries, Mr. Lear and Major Jackson. He always crossed directly over from his own door to the sunny side of the street, and walked down." She never observed them conversing, and often wondered and watched as a child to see if any of the party spoke, but never perceived that anything was said. He was always dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats. "It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day, and in calling on her mother, she would send a footman over, who would knock loudly and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr.

Lear." "Her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies." An English manufacturer breakfasted with the President's family on the 8th of June, 1794. "I confess," he says, "I was struck with awe and veneration when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington, 'the noble and wise benefactor of the world,' as Mirabeau styles him. The President seemed very thoughtful, and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him reserved. But it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection; for he had, to me, an appearance of affability and accommodation. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had very little the appearance of age, having been all his life so exceedingly temperate. Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom here. She struck me as being something older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year. She was extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it."

Eight years of prosperity and progression blessed the administration of Washington, and now the hour of departure was drawing near. With feelings of pleasure, Mrs. Washington prepared for the long-desired return to her home on the Potomac; and when the dauntless robins began to sing and hardy daisies

to bloom, the family set out, accompanied by the son of General Lafayette. Once again the wife and grandmother assumed the duties congenial to her nature, and it was reasonable to hope that she might pass many years of tranquil, unalloyed happiness under her own vine and fig-tree. The old life was resumed, and the long-silent house echoed the voices of the young and happy. It was during this season of rest and quiet that Washington devoted much of his time to the planning and laying out of the city which bears his name. An account is given of his coming, on one occasion, to it, and when he reached the wharf the cannon pealed forth a welcome. Passing along the Georgetown road, he halted in front of the locality intended as a residence for the President, where workmen were then laying the foundation of the building. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the chosen seat of the government, and an amusing anecdote is related of his conference with David Burns, whose residence was on the ground south of the Presidential mansion, and was until recently standing. Washington alludes to him in one of his letters as the "obstinate Mr. Burns;" and it is related that, when the President was dwelling upon the advantage he would derive from the sale, the old man replied, "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

Mount Vernon was constantly thronged with visitors;

and to the "Correspondence of Washington," which, during these last two years of his life, are very voluminous, we are indebted for many items of public and private interest. But a blow was in store for the contented wife which none suspected. A cold, taken after a long ride about the farm, produced fever and swelling of the throat, which, on the 14th of December, 1799, resulted in the death of the deeply loved husband. A wail of anguish went up from the nation as the direful news flew by each hut and hamlet; but in that hallowed room, forever consecrated, the bereaved woman who has lost her all sits calmly serene. She suspects that he is dead, for the doctor and Mr. Lear are gazing at each other in mute anguish; and rising from her low seat at the foot of his bed, she sees the limbs are composed and the breath gone. O agony! what is there so fearful to a clinging woman's heart as to see the strong, loving arm that enfolded her cold and stiff forever? The cover is straightened as he fixed it, and his face is composed after the violent struggle; but what is this appearance of triumph to the desolate wife, who gasps for breath like one drowning as she totters to his side? Yet the sweet expression calms her; perhaps she is thinking of how he would have her do if his spirit could only speak. Whatever of inward peace receiving, there is a determined effort at control perceptible, and she is saying, "'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through." One long look, as if her hungry soul was obtaining food

to feed on through all eternity, and she is assisted from the room. How full of holy memories must that chamber of death have been to her as she summoned courage to turn and drink in the last look! The great fireside, with the smouldering embers dying into ashes gray, the quaint old mantel, all covered with vials and appendages of a sick apartment, their easy-chairs side by side, one deserted forever, and upon the bed lay the form of her friend and companion. It was wrong to let her stand there and suffer so, but her awe-stricken appearance paralyzes the stoutest heart, and they only stand and wait. A pale, haggard look succeeds the fierce intensity of her gaze, and she wraps her shawl about her and turns forever from all she in that hour lost. Another room receives her; another fire is built for her; and in the endless watches of that black night she mastered the longings of her heart, and never more crossed the threshold of that chamber of her loved and lost. A sickening feeling of utter loneliness and desolation ushered in the early morn of the first day of her widowhood, but her resolve was made; and when her loved ones saw it pained her, they urged no more that she should go back to the old apartment she had occupied all her married life.

"Congress resolved, that a marble monument be erected by the United States, in the Capitol at the city of Washington, and that the family of George Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument be so designed as to

commemorate the great events of his military and political life. And it further resolved,

"That there be a funeral procession from Congress Hall to the German Lutheran Church in honor of the memory of General George Washington, on Thursday, the 26th inst., and that an oration be prepared at the request of Congress, to be delivered before both Houses on that day, and that the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives be desired to request one of the members of Congress to prepare and deliver the same. And it further resolved,

"That the President of the United States be requested to direct a copy of the resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character; of their condolence on the late afflicting Dispensation of Providence, and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of General George Washington in the manner expressed in the first resolution. And it further resolved,

"That the President of the United States be requested to issue a Proclamation notifying the People throughout the United States the recommendation contained in the third resolution."

In reply to the above resolutions, which were transmitted by the President (John Adams) on the 23d Dec., 1799, Mrs. Washington says:

MOUNT VERNON, *Dec. 31st*, 1799.

"SIR:—While I feel with keenest anguish the late

dispensation of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear, deceased husband, and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered, affords no inconsiderable consolation.

"Taught by that great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress which you have had the goodness to transmit to me, and in doing this I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

"With grateful acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the personal respects and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress and yourself,

"I remain, very respectfully,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"MARTHA WASHINGTON."

But this pain might have been spared her, for the monument is not yet erected, and the remains are still at Mount Vernon, their most fitting resting-place.

The twofold duties of life pressed constantly upon her, nor did she shirk any claim. Yet the compressed lip, and the oftentimes quivering eyelid betrayed the restless moanings of her aching heart.

It has been remarked that she resembled Washington in manners and person; she was like him as every weaker nature is like a stronger one living in close relationship. She received from his stronger will his influences, and he impressed her with his views so thoroughly that she could not distinguish her own. Relying on his guidance in every thing, she studied his features until her softer lineaments imperceptibly grew like his, and the tones of her voice sounded wonderfully similar. Imbibing the sentiments and teachings of such a nature, her own life was ennobled and his rendered happy.

She had lived through the five grand acts of the drama of American Independence, had witnessed its prelude and its closing tableaux, and stood waiting to hear the swell of the pëan she was yet to sing in heaven. Her life was passed in seasons of darkness, as of glorious, refulgent happiness, and was contemporaneous with some of the greatest minds that will ever shine out from any century. Her sphere was limited entirely to social occupations, and possessing wealth and position she gratified her taste. Had her character been a decided one, it would have stamped the age in which she flourished, for, as there never was but one Washington, so there will never come a time when there will be the same opportunities as Mrs. Washington had for winning a name and an individuality. But she did not aspire to any nobler ambition than merely to perform the duties of her home, and she lives in the

memories of her descendants, and in the hearts of the people of the United States, as the wife of the illustrious Father of his Country, and the first in position of the women of the Revolution.

In the engraving we have before us, taken while in the Executive Mansion, we trace the gradual development of her life. All the way through it has counted more of bliss than of sorrow, and the calm contentment of the face in repose speaks of a heart full of peace and pleasantness. How expressive of sympathy and kindness of heart is that serene face, and how instinctively we would trust it! Sustained as she was by her deep devotional piety, and shielded by the protecting arm of her husband, she grew in spiritual development and fondly believed herself strong and self-reliant. But when she was tested, when the earthly support was removed, the inward strength was insufficient, and she pined under the loss until she died.

The death of her husband was the last event of Mrs. Washington's life. It shattered her nerves and broke her heart. She never recovered from it. The shaft of agony which had buried itself in her soul was never removed. Fate had now dealt the last deadly blow to her earthly happiness. Her children, their father, the faithful, affectionate, sympathizing friend and counsellor, with whom through so many years she had stood side by side in great and grievous trials, dangers, and sorrows—all were gone? It was useless to strive to be courageous: a glance at the low, narrow vault under the

side of the hill unnerved her. She stood, the desolate survivor, like a lone sentinel upon a deserted battle-field, regarding in mute despair the fatal destruction of hope, and love, and joy. Through all time that Saturday night would be the closing scene of her life, even though her existence should be lengthened to a span of years.

"The memory of his faintest tone,
In the deep midnight came upon her soul,
And cheered the passing hours so sad, so lone,
As on they rolled."

Thirty months numbered themselves among eternity's uncounted years, and it became apparent to all that another death-scene was to be enacted, and the lonely occupant of the room above that other chamber of death, was reaching the goal of its long felt desire. The gentle spirit was striving to free itself, and the glad light in the dim eye asserted the pleasure experienced in the knowledge of the coming change.

For many months Mrs. Washington had been growing more gloomy and silent than ever before, and the friends who gathered about her called her actions strange and incomprehensible. She stayed much alone, and declined every offer of company, but the last days of her life she seemed more cheerful and contented. When the end came on that bright, spring morning in 1801 she gave her blessing to all about her, and sank quietly to rest, in the seventy-first year of her age, and the third of her widowhood.

Her resting-place beside her husband is, like Mecca and Jerusalem, the resort of the travellers of all nations, who, wandering in its hallowed precincts, imbibe anew admiration and veneration for the immortal genius, whose name is traced in imperishable remembrance in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. Side by side their bodies lie crumbling away, while their spirits have returned to their Author. The placid Potomac kisses the banks of that precious domain, and the ripple of the receding waves makes pleasant music all day along the shore of Mount Vernon.

The temptation to see this historic and romantic home of the most beloved of the nation's dead was not to be resisted, and one winter day in company with one of the few surviving relatives who bear that honored name, the start was made from Washington. Although the weather was cold and disagreeable, with a threatening aspect of a snow-storm, we found the little vessel filled with pilgrims, bound to the tomb of Washington. This trip is one of intense interest, and particularly since the events of the civil war have given to all the locality additional attraction. Arlington, Alexandria, and Fort Washington! what memories are stirred by mention of these names, and how acute is remembrance when we stand face to face with these places. The old commonwealth is dear to every generous American, whether of northern or southern birth, but more especially to the people of the South, whose ancestors fondly termed it the "motherland."

It was the quaint look of the place which appealed strongest to the senses, and the fact that it is long past a century old, its foundation having been laid in 1748. The boat anchored at Alexandria, and we gazed wistfully up those streets through which Washington had often passed, and looked in vain to see some "vast and venerable pile, so old it seemed only not to fall," but the residences of most of the old inhabitants are the abodes of wealth, and they exhibit evidences of care and preservation.

Alexandria was early a place of some note, for five colonial governors met here by appointment, in 1755, to take measures with General Braddock respecting his expedition to the West. "That expedition proceeded from Alexandria, and tradition still points to the site on which now stands the olden Episcopal Church (but then, in the woods), as the spot where he pitched his tent, while the road over the western hills by which his army withdrew, long bore the name of this unfortunate commander. But the reminiscences which the Alexandrians most cherish are those which associate their town with the domestic attachments and habits of Washington, and the stranger is still pointed to the church of which he was vestryman; to the pew in which he customarily sate; and many striking memorials of his varied life are carefully preserved."

That old church where Washington and his wife were wont to worship, how tenderly it is looked upon now, and with what hallowed feelings! All the commonplace

thoughts that fill our minds every day are laid aside, while we contemplate the character of the man who has stamped his image in the hearts of freemen throughout the world. There is another church at which one feels these ennobling heart-throbs, and which I confess moved me as sensibly, and that is the little Dutch church in "Sleepy Hollow," once the shrine at which Washington Irving offered the adoration of his guileless heart. His beautifully expressed admiration of Washington possibly occasioned the constant comparison, and to many these two temples are as inseparable as the memories of these great men are linked.

The weather, which had been indicative all day of a storm, cleared off as we approached Mount Vernon, and as we landed at the wharf, it shone brightly upon us. Winding round the hill, following a narrow pathway, we reached the tomb before the persons who had taken the carriage-way came in view, but preferring to examine it last, we continued the meandering path to the front of the house. It had been the home, in early youth, of the person who accompanied me, and, listening to her explanations and descriptions, an interest was felt which could not otherwise have been summoned. The house is bare of any furniture whatever, save a small quantity owned by the persons who live there, and on a winter's day looked cheerless and uninviting. The central part of Mount Vernon house was built by Lawrence Washington, brother to the General; the wings were added by the General, and the whole named after Admiral

Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington had served. The dining-room on the right contains the Carrara marble mantle-piece sent from Italy to General Washington. It is elaborately carved and is adorned with Sienna marble columns; Canova is said to be the artist who carved it. We feel ashamed to add, it is cased in wire-work to prevent its being demolished by injudicious, not to say criminal visitors. The rooms are not large, with the exception of the one mentioned above, which is spacious; the quaint old wainscoting and wrought cornices are curious, and in harmony with the adornments of the mansion. The piazza reaches from the ground to the eaves of the roof, and is guarded on the top by a bright and tasteful balustrade; the pillars are large and present a simple and grand idea to the mind. Beneath this porch the Father of his Country was accustomed to walk, and the ancient stones, to hearts of enthusiasm, are full of deep and meditative interest.

The room in which he died is small and now bereft of every thing save the mantle-piece; just above is the apartment in which she breathed her dying blessing. A narrow stair-case leads from the door of his room, which was never entered by her after his death. The green-house, once the pride of Mrs. Washington, has since been burned, and there remains but a very small one, put together carelessly to protect the few rare plants remaining. In front of the house, the front facing the orchards, and not the river, is a spacious lawn surrounded by serpentine walks. On either side, brick

walls, all covered with ivy and ancient moss, enclose gardens. The one on the right of the house was once filled with costly ornamental plants from the tropical climes, and in which was the green-house; but the box trees have grown high and irregular, and the creepers are running wild over what hardy rose bushes still survive to tell of a past existence of care and beauty. In the lifetime of Mrs. Washington, her home must have been very beautiful, "ere yet time's effacing fingers had traced the lines where beauty lingered." It is even now a splendid old place, but rapidly losing the interest it once had. The estate has passed out of the family, and the furniture has been removed by descendants, to whom it was given: much that lent a charm to the place is gone, and the only interesting object, save the interior of the mansion itself, is the key of the Bastile, presented by Lafayette, and hanging in a case on the wall. Portions of the house are closed, and the stairway in the front hall is barricaded to prevent the intrusion of visitors. The room in which Mrs. Washington died, just above the one occupied by her husband, was locked, and we did not view the room in which she suffered so silently, and from which her freed spirit sought its friend and mate.

The small windows and low ceilings, together with the many little closets and dark passage-ways, strike one strangely who is accustomed to the mansions of modern times; but these old homesteads are numerous throughout the "Old Dominion," and are the most precious of worldly possessions to the descendants of

worthy families. There must be more than twenty apartments, most of them small and plain in finish. The narrow doors and wide fire-places are the ensigns of a past age and many years of change, but are eloquent in their obsoleteness.

The library which ordinarily is the most interesting room in any house, should be doubly so in this home of Washington's; but, bare of all save the empty cases in the wall, it is the gloomiest of all. Books all gone, and the occupation of the room by the present residents deprives it of any attractions it might otherwise have. Here, early in the morning and late at night, he worked continuously, keeping up his increasing correspondence and managing his vast responsibilities.

Murmurs of another war reached him as he sat at his table planning rural improvements, and from this room he wrote accepting the position no other could fill while he lived.

Here death found him, the night before his last illness, when cold and hoarse he came in from his long ride, and warmed himself by his library fire. That night he went up to his room over this favorite study, and said in reply to a member of his family as he passed out, who urged him to do something for it, "No, you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came."

The winds and rains of eighty-odd years have beaten upon that sacred home on the high banks of the silvery waters beneath, since the widowed, weary wife was laid

to rest beside her noble dead, and the snows of winter and storms of summer have left its weather-worn and stained front looking like some ghost of other days left alone to tell of its former life and beauty. In its lonely grandeur it stands appealing to us for that reverence born of sentiments, stirred by the recollections of the great and good.

There was no resisting the feelings of gloomy depression as we passed out the front toward the river, and took the path leading to the tomb. Far down the side of the hill, perched on a knoll surrounded by trees, a summer-house was seen, and the walk leading by many angles down to it. The view of the river is said to be fine from this point, but we did not undertake the difficulties of getting to it. The wooden steps constructed across the ravines are fast sinking to ruin, and the swollen stream from the side of the hill dashing against them, was distinctly audible to us as we stood far above. The swallows and bats seem to have built their nests in its forsaken interior, and we were not inclined to molest them.

Many times we looked back at the old homestead endeared to every American, and stamped upon memory each portion of its outlines.

High above it, the small cupola sported its little glittering weather-vane as brilliant as though it had been gilded but yesterday. Here again was an object which unconsciously associated Washington with his namesake, Washington Irving. In the pleasant sum-

mer-time I had stood in front of the little "Woolfort's Roost," and enjoyed to the finest fibre of feeling its lovely simplicity. Above it, too, a little weather-cock coquetted with the wind as it swept down from Tappan Zee, the same said to have been carefully removed from the Vander Hayden palace at Albany, and placed there by tender hands long years ago. Upon the side of the hill I had stopped then as now, and looked back at the house above, embosomed in vines interspersed with delicately tinted fuchsias.

Even as we were standing now looking for the first and perhaps the last time upon Mount Vernon, so in the beautiful harvest month we had gazed upon the Hudson, spread out like a vast panorama with its graceful yachts and swift schooners, and descended the winding path to the water's edge. But Mount Vernon was dressed in winter's dreariness, and its desolate silence oppressed rather than elevated the feelings. It is a fit place for meditation and communion, and to a spiritual nature the influences of the ancient home are full of harmony. When the only approach was by conveyance from Alexandria, the visitors were not so numerous as since the days of a daily steamer from Washington City, and much of the solemnity usually felt for so renowned a spot is marred by the coarse remarks and thoughtless acts of the many who saunter through the grounds.

A gay party of idlers had arranged their eatables upon the stone steps of the piazza, and sat in the sun-

shine laughing merrily. Even those old rocks smoothly worn, where so often had stood the greatest of men, were not hallowed nor protected from the selfish convenience of unrefined people. Callous, indeed, must be the heart which could walk unmoved through so endeared a scene. To tread the haunts where men have thought and acted great, is ennobling to sensitive organizations, and to linger over evidences of olden times inspires all generous minds with enthusiasm.

The grounds roll downward from the mansion house, and in a green hollow midway between that and the river, and about one hundred and fifty yards west from the summer house, and thirty rods from the house, is the vault where reposed the remains of Washington and Martha his wife. Now the tomb contains about thirty members of his family, and is sealed up, and in front of the main vault, enclosed by an iron railing, are the two sarcophagi containing the ashes of husband and wife. "A melancholy glory kindles around that cold pile of marble," and we stood mute in thought.

But before reaching it we pass the old vault where for a few years he was buried. The few cedars on it are withered and the door stands open, presenting a desolate appearance. With vines and flowers, and leafy trees filled with singing birds, this sight would perhaps be less chilling; but the barren aspects of nature united with the solemn stillness of the country, conspired to

freeze every thought of life and beauty, and the mind dwelt upon the rust of decay.*

Lafayette stopped at Mount Vernon when about to return to France after his visit to this country, in 1826, having reserved for the last his visit to Washington's Tomb, and the scene is thus described by Mr. Seward in his Life of John Quincy Adams:

"When the boat came opposite the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, it paused in its progress. Lafayette arose. The wonders which he had performed for a man of his age, in successfully accomplishing labors enough to have tested his meridian vigor, whose animation rather resembled the spring than the winter of life, now seemed unequal to the task he was about to perform—to take a last look at 'The Tomb of Washington!'

"He advanced to the effort. A silence the most impressive reigned around, till the strains of sweet and plaintive music completed the grandeur and sacred sol-

* This sketch was written previous to the restoration of the place by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association. Now it has been restored as far as possible, and many old relics have been returned to their apartments. The equestrian portrait of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, the harpsichord which was presented by Washington to his step-daughter, and which is well preserved, together with many old paintings and Revolutionary relics, adorn the once bare rooms. The bed on which Washington died has been restored to its place, and a number of pieces of furniture in the house at the time of Mrs. Washington's death are again there. The grounds have been put in excellent order, and the old farm is cultivated and yields a revenue to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which deserves unbounded credit for rescuing the grand old place from destruction, and restoring it as far as possible to its former appearance and condition.

emnity of the scene. All hearts beat in unison with the throbbings of the veteran's bosom, as he looked *for the last time* on the sepulchre which contained the ashes of the first of men! He spoke not, but appeared absorbed in the mighty recollections which the place and the occasion inspired."

During the summer of 1860, Albert, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the throne of England, visited, in company with President Buchanan, the tomb of Washington. Here amid the gorgeous beauties of a southern summer, the grandson of George the Third forgot his royalty in the presence of departed worth; and bent his knee in awe before a mere handful of ashes, which, but for the cold marble encompassing them, would be blown to the four winds of the earth. It was a strange sight to see that bright, youthful form kneeling before the tomb of the Father of his Country, and attesting his appreciation of the great spirit which more than any other wrested its broad domains from him.

Stealthily the years go by, and we wist not they are passing, yet the muffled and hoarse voice of a century astounds us with its parting. The centennial birthdays have been celebrated; we have passed the hundredth anniversary of victories won and independence achieved. If the glad, free spirits of the Chief and his companion are permitted to review their earthly pilgrimage, let it be a source of gratification to us to know they smile upon a Republic of peace. Their bodies we guard, while they crumbled away in the bosom of their birth-

place, and as long as a son of America remains a freeman, it will be a well-spring of inspiration to feel that Virginia contains the *Pater Patriæ* and the woman immortalized by his love.

NOTE.—Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, and granddaughter of Martha Washington, in a letter to the author, written a short time before her death, says of this sketch of her distinguished ancestor:

"You will allow me the privilege of making a criticism on your book. . . . In the life of Mrs. Washington, which is very interesting and well written, you say she did not pay much attention to her household affairs. Now, on the contrary, she was remarkable for inspecting everything daily, giving out with her own hands the meals, going into her dairy, cellar, etc. I have heard my mother say she always wore a white dimity dress on those occasions; that it was spotless and served her for a morning dress the whole week. The one put on for dinner answered the same purpose the following week. Having well-trained servants, of course it was not necessary that she should, with her own hands, perform any household duties, as in these times we do."



Painted by G. Stuart. Engraved by G.F. Storm

A Adams

II.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

Abigail Smith, the daughter of a New England Congregationalist minister, was born at Weymouth, in 1744. Her father was the settled pastor of that place for more than forty years, and her grandfather was also a minister of the same denomination in a neighboring town.

The younger years of her life were passed in the quiet seclusion of her grandfather's house; and under the instructions of her grandmother, she imbibed most of the lessons which were the most deeply impressed upon her mind. "I have not forgotten," she says in a letter to her own daughter, in the year 1795, "the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of life; I frequently think they made a more durable impression upon my mind than those which I received from my own parents. This tribute is due to the memory of those virtues, the sweet remembrance of which will flourish, though she has long slept with her ancestors."

Separated from the young members of her own family, and never subjected to the ordinary school routine, her imaginative faculties bade fair to develop at the expense of her judgment, but the austere religion of her ancestors, and the daily example of strict compliance to forms, prevented the too great indulgence of fancy. She had

many relations both on the father's and mother's side, and with these she was upon as intimate terms as circumstances would allow. The distance between the homes of the young people was, however, too great, and the means of their parents too narrow, to admit of very frequent personal intercourse, the substitute for which was a rapid interchange of written communication. "The women of the last century," observes Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his memoir of his grandmother, "were more remarkable for their letter-writing propensities, than the novel-reading and more pretending daughters of this era: their field was larger, and the stirring events of the times made it an object of more interest. Now, the close connection between all parts of this country, and rapid means of transmitting intelligence through the medium of telegraphs and newspapers, renders the slow process of writing letters unnecessary, save in instances of private importance. The frugal habits of the sparsely settled country afforded little material for the fashionable chit-chat which forms so large a part of the social life of to-day, and the limited education of woman was another drawback to the indulgence of a pleasure in which they really excelled. Upon what, then, do we base the assertion that they were remarkable for their habits of writing? Even though self-taught, the young ladies of Massachusetts were certainly readers, and their taste was not for the feeble and nerveless sentiments, but was derived from the deepest wells of English literature. Almost every house in the colony possessed

some old heir-looms in the shape of standard books, even if the number was limited to the Bible and dictionary. Many, especially ministers, could display relics of their English ancestors' intelligence in the libraries handed down to them, and the study of their contents was evident in many of the grave correspondences of that early time." To learning, in the ordinary sense of that term, she could make no claim. She did not enjoy an opportunity to acquire even such as there might have been, for the delicate state of her health forbade the idea of sending her away from home to obtain them. In speaking of her deficiencies, the year before her death, she says: "My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunity which the present day offers, and which even our common country schools now afford. *I never was sent to any school,* I was always sick." Although Massachusetts ranked then, as it does now, first in point of educational facilities, it is certainly remarkable that its women received such entire neglect. "It is not impossible," says Mr. Adams, "that the early example of Mrs. Hutchison, and the difficulties in which the public exercise of her gifts involved the colony, had established in the public mind a conviction of the danger that may attend the meddling of women with abstruse points of doctrine; and these, however they might confound the strongest intellects, were nevertheless the favorite topics of thought and discussion in that generation."

While the sons of a family received every possible advantage compatible with the means of the father, the

daughter's interest, as far as mental culture was concerned, was generally ignored. To aid the mother in manual household labor, and by self-denial and increased industry to forward the welfare of the brothers, was the most exalted height to which any woman aspired. To women there was then no career open, no life-work to perform outside the narrow walls of home. Every idea of self-culture was swallowed up in the wearying routine of practical life, and what of knowledge they obtained, was from the society of the learned, and the eagerness with which they treasured and considered the conversations of others.

On the 26th of October, 1764, Abigail Smith was married to John Adams. She was at the time twenty years old. The match, although a suitable one in many respects, was not considered brilliant, since her ancestors were among the most noted of the best class of their day, and he was the son of a farmer of limited means, and as yet a lawyer without practice. Mrs. Adams was the second of three daughters, whose characters were alike strong and remarkable for their intellectual force. The fortunes of two of them confined its influence to a sphere much more limited than that which fell to the lot of Mrs. Adams. Mary, the eldest, was married in 1762 to Richard Cranch, an English emigrant, who subsequently became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. Elizabeth, the youngest, was twice married; first to the Reverend John Shaw, minister of Haverhill, and after his death, to the

Reverend Mr. Peabody, of New Hampshire. This anecdote is told in connection with the marriage of Mrs. Adams. When her eldest sister was married, her father preached to his people from the text, "And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The disapprobation to his second daughter's choice was due to the prejudice entertained against the profession of the law. Mr. Adams, besides being a lawyer, was the son of a small farmer of the middle class in Braintree, and was thought scarcely good enough to match with the minister's daughter, descended from a line of ministers in the colony. Mr. Smith's parishioners were outspoken in their opposition, and he replied to them immediately, after the marriage took place, in a sermon, in which he made pointed allusion to the objection against lawyers. His text on this occasion was, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He *hath a devil*." Mr. Smith, it may be as well to add, was in the habit of making application of texts to events which in any manner interested himself or his congregation. In a colony founded so exclusively upon motives of religious zeal as Massachusetts was, it necessarily followed that the ordinary distinctions of society were in a great degree subverted, and that the leaders of the church, though without worldly possessions to boast of, were the most in honor everywhere. If a festive entertainment was meditated, the minister was sure to be first on the list of those invited. If any assembly of citizens

was held, he must be there to open the business with prayer. If a political measure was in agitation, he was among the first whose opinions were to be consulted. He was not infrequently the family physician. Hence the objection to Mr. Adams by her friends was founded on the fact that she was the daughter and grand-daughter of a minister, and his social superior according to the opinions of zealous Christians, whose prejudices were extreme toward a calling they deemed hardly honest.

Ten years of quiet home life succeeded her marriage, during which time little transpired worthy of record. "She appears to have passed an apparently very happy life, having her residence in Braintree, or in Boston, according as the state of her husband's health, then rather impaired, or that of his professional practice, made the change advisable. Within this period she became the mother of a daughter and of three sons."

Mr. Adams was elected one of the delegates on the part of Massachusetts, instructed to meet persons chosen in the same manner from the other colonies, for the purpose of consulting in common upon the course most advisable to be adopted by them. In the month of August, 1774, he left home in company with Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushings, and Robert Treat Paine, to go to Philadelphia, at which place the proposed assembly was to be held. In two months, Mr. Adams was home again. Congress met again in May, 1775, and Mr. Adams returned to Philadelphia to attend it. The long distance was traversed on horseback, and was replete

with hardships. At Hartford he heard of the memorable incident at Lexington, only five days after his departure from Braintree. Up to this time, the trouble between the two countries had been a dispute, henceforth it resolved itself into open hostilities.

"In November, 1775," says Bancroft, "Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at her home near the foot of Penn Hill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the houseless, and giving with good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied, now at the spinning wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion. She herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood, she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing. Her own mother had been taken away, and after the austere manner of her forefathers, buried without prayer. Woe followed woe, and one affliction trod on the heels of another. Winter was hurrying on; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound

of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonesome and melancholy. Ever in the silent night ruminating on the love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when she read the king's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties, and sent him her cheering message: 'This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices.'"

Such words of patriotism falling from the lips of a woman who had just buried three members of her household, one her own mother, and who was alone with her four little children within sight of the cannonading at Boston, discovers a mind strong, and a spirit fearless and brave under scenes of harrowing distress.

Now she was alone, and she writes to her husband, "The desolation of war is not so distressing as the havoc made by the pestilence. Some poor parents are mourning the loss of three, four, and five children, and some families are wholly stripped of every member."

December found Mr. Adams once more at home to cheer his suffering family, but Congress demanded his presence, and after a stay of one month, he returned again to the halls of the nation. March came, and her anxious, solitary life was in nowise brightened. The distance, in those days of slow travel and bad roads, from Boston to Philadelphia was immense, and letters were precious articles hard to receive. In speaking of the anticipated attack on Boston, she says: "It has been said to-morrow and to-morrow; but when the dreadful to-morrow will be I know not." Yet even as she wrote, the first peal of the American guns rang out their dissonance on the chilling night winds, and the house shook and trembled from cellar to garret. It was no time for calm thoughts now, and she left her letter unfinished to go out and watch the lurid lights that flashed and disappeared in the distance. Next morning she walked to Penn's Hill, where she sat listening to the amazing roar, and watching the British shells as they fell round about the camps of her friends. Her home at the foot of the hill was all her earthly wealth, and the careful husbanding of each year's crop her only income; yet while she ever and anon cast her eye upon it, the thoughts that welled into words were not of selfish repinings, but of proud expressions of high-souled patriotism. "The cannonade is from our army," she continues, "and the sight is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar. To-night we

shall realize a more terrible scene still; I wish myself with you out of hearing, as I cannot assist them, but I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins before I send this away." But events were not ordered as she feared, and the result was more glorious than she dared hope. All the summer the army lay encamped around Boston, and in early fall her husband came home again, after an absence of nearly a year. Yet his coming brought her little satisfaction, since it was to announce the sad truth that he had been chosen Minister to France. Could he take his wife and little ones? was the oft-recurring question. A small and not very good vessel had been ordered to carry him: the British fleet knew this, and were on the watch to capture it. On every account it was deemed best he should go alone, but he finally concluded to take his eldest son, John Quincy Adams, to bear him company, and in February, 1778, sailed for Europe.

The loneliness of the faithful wife can hardly be understood by those unacquainted with the horrors of war. Yet doubtless there are many, very many, who in the dark gloom of the civil war can record similar feelings of agony, and can trace a parallel in the solitary musings of this brave matron. The ordinary occupations of the female sex have ever confined them to a very limited sphere, and there is seldom an occasion when they can with propriety extend their exertions beyond the domestic hearth. Only through the imagination can they give unlimited scope to those

powers which the world until recently has never understood, and which are even now but dimly defined. Had mankind given them the privileges of a liberal education, and freedom to carve their own destiny, to what dazzling heights would a mind so naturally gifted as Mrs. Adams', have attained? Circumscribed as her lot was, she has left upon the pages of history an enviable record, and while Americans forget not to do honor to her husband's zeal and greatness, her memory lends a richer perfume, and sheds a radiance round the incidents of a life upon which she wielded so beneficial an influence.

Ofttimes weather-bound and compelled to remain indoors for days, with no society save her children and domestics, it is not strange that she should be lonely. Nor could her mind dwell upon any pleasing anticipations for the future. Her husband three thousand miles away, a hostile army encompassing the country, poor and forlorn, she yet so managed and controlled her little estate, that it served to support her, and in old age, to prove the happy asylum of her honored family. Mr. Adams knew her exposed condition, yet trusted to her judgment to protect herself and little ones. On a former occasion he had written to her "in case of danger to fly to the woods," and now he could only reiterate the same advice, at the same time feeling that she was strong and resolute to sustain herself. Six months passed, and Mrs. Adams writes to him: "I have never received a syllable from you or my

dear son, and it is five months since I had an opportunity of conveying a line to you. Yet I know not but you are less a sufferer than you would be to hear from us, to know our distresses, and yet be unable to relieve them. The universal cry for bread to a humane heart is painful beyond description." Mr. Adams returned to his family after an absence of eighteen months, but no sooner was he established in his happy home, than he was ordered to Great Britain to negotiate a peace. Two of his sons accompanied him on this trip. He went over night to Boston to embark early next day, and the sad heart left behind again, found relief in the following touching words: "My habitation, how disconsolate it looks! my table, I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food! Oh, why was I born with so much sensibility, and why, possessing it, have I so often been called to struggle with it? Were I sure you would not be gone, I could not withstand the temptation of coming to town though my heart would suffer over again the cruel torture of separation." Soon after this time, she wrote to her eldest son in regard to his extreme reluctance at again crossing the ocean, and for its perspicuity and terseness, for the loftiness of its sentiments, and the sound logical advice in which it abounds, ranks itself among the first literary effusions of the century:

"*June*, 1778.

"My Dear Son: 'Tis almost four months since you left your native land and embarked upon the mighty

waters in quest of a foreign country. Although I have not particularly written to you since, yet you may be assured you have constantly been upon my heart and mind.

"It is a very difficult task, my dear son, for a tender parent, to bring her mind to part with a child of your years, going to a distant land; nor could I have acquiesced in such a separation under any other care than that of the most excellent parent and guardian who accompanied you. You have arrived at years capable of improving under the advantages you will be likely to have, if you do but properly attend to them. They are talents put into your hands, of which an account will be required of you hereafter; and, being possessed of one, two, or four, see to it that you double your number.

"The most amiable and most useful disposition in a young mind is diffidence of itself; and this should lead you to seek advice and instruction from him who is your natural guardian, and will always counsel and direct you in the best manner, both for your present and future happiness. You are in possession of a natural good understanding, and of spirits unbroken by adversity and untamed with care. Improve your understanding by acquiring useful knowledge and virtue, such as will render you an ornament to society, an honor to your country, and a blessing to your parents. Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. Adhere to those religious sentiments and principles which were

early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all your words and actions. Let me enjoin it upon you to attend constantly and steadfastly to the precepts and instructions of your father, as you value the happiness of your mother and your own welfare. His care and attention to you render many things unnecessary for me to write, which I might otherwise do; but the inadvertency and heedlessness of youth require line upon line and precept upon precept, and, when enforced by the joint efforts of both parents, will, I hope, have a due influence upon your conduct; for, dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child.

"You have entered early in life upon the great theatre of the world, which is full of temptations and vice of every kind. You are not wholly unacquainted with history, in which you have read of crimes which your inexperienced mind could scarcely believe credible. You have been taught to think of them with horror, and to view vice as

> "'A monster of so frightful mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.'

Yet you must keep a strict guard upon yourself, or the odious monster will lose its terror by becoming familiar to you. The modern history of our own times furnishes as black a list of crimes as can be paralleled in ancient

times, even if we go back to Nero, Caligula, Cæsar Borgia. Young as you are, the cruel war into which we have been compelled by the haughty tyrant of Britain and the bloody emissaries of his vengeance, may stamp upon your mind this certain truth, that the welfare and prosperity of all countries, communities, and, I may add, individuals, depend upon their morals. That nation to which we were once united, as it has departed from justice, eluded and subverted the wise laws which formerly governed it, and suffered the worst of crimes to go unpunished, has lost its valor, wisdom, and humanity, and, from being the dread and terror of Europe, has sunk into derision and infamy.

"But, to quit political subjects, I have been greatly anxious for your safety, having never heard of the frigate since she sailed, till, about a week ago, a New York paper informed that she was taken and carried into Plymouth. I did not fully credit this report, though it gave me much uneasiness. I yesterday heard that a French vessel was arrived at Portsmouth, which brought news of the safe arrival of the Boston; but this wants confirmation. I hope it will not be long before I shall be assured of your safety. You must write me an account of your voyage, of your situation, and of every thing entertaining you can recollect.

"Be assured, I am most affectionately

"Your mother, ABIGAIL ADAMS."

The Government was organized under its present

Constitution in April, 1789, and Mr. Adams was elected Vice-President. He established himself in New York, and from there Mrs. Adams wrote to her sister, "that she would return to Braintree during the recess of Congress, but the season of the year renders the attempt impracticable." She speaks in one of her letters of the drawing-rooms held by Mrs. Washington, and the many invitations she received to entertainments. After a residence of one year in New York, the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia. She says in a letter to her daughter, "that she dined with the President in company with the ministers and ladies of the court," and that "he asked very affectionately after her and the children," and "at the table picked the sugar plums from a cake and requested me to take them for Master John." In February, 1797, Mr. Adams succeeded President Washington, and from Braintree she wrote to her husband one of the most beautiful of all her noble effusions:

"'The sun is dressed in brightest beams
To give thy honors to the day.'

"And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people; give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people:' were

the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty. My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to heaven are that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of yours—"

Soon as the funeral rites of Mrs. Adams, the venerable mother of President Adams, were performed, and the sad leave-takings over, Mrs. Adams set out to join her husband at Philadelphia, from whence the seat of government was removed in June, 1800, to Washington City.

Her impression of the place is graphically described in the following letter to her daughter, Mrs. Smith:

"WASHINGTON, *November 21st*, 1800.

"MY DEAR CHILD:—

"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were

obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city,—which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables: an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them

visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood; a small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals: but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within-side, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor and one for a levee room. Up-stairs there is the oval room, which is de-

signed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now, but when completed will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it. Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind, congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, upon my arrival in the city, with Mrs. Washington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon, where, health permitting, I will go, before I leave this place. . . . Two articles are much distressed for: the one is bells, but the more important one is wood. Yet you cannot see wood for trees. No arrangement has been made, but by promises never performed, to supply the newcomers with fuel. Of the promises, Briesler had received his full share. He had procured nine cords of wood: between six and seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in, but shiver, shiver. No wood-cutters nor carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania wagon to bring us, through the first clerk in the Treasury Office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we

have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required, and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coal, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for wood-cutters and wagons.

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matter is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses, but dwarfs, for this house; nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it Many things were stolen, many were broken, by the removal; amongst the number, my tea-china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant, and warm, whilst the doors of the hall are closed.

"You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness-city, I should find myself so occupied as it is. My visitors, some of them, come three and four miles. The return of one of them is the work of one day. Most of the ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city at two and three miles distance. We have all been very well as yet; if we can by any means get wood, we shall not let our fires go out, but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some say it will fall, but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants."

The Hon. John Cotton Smith, a member of Congress

from Connecticut, describing Washington as it appeared to him on his arrival there, wrote as follows:

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's House, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were striking objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended Avenue the then ensuing winter. . . . The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved; a side-walk was attempted in one instance by a covering formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewed for the Capitol. It extended but a little way, and was of little value, for in dry weather the sharp fragments cut our shoes, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar; in short, it was a new settlement. The houses, with two or three exceptions, had been very recently erected, and the operation greatly hurried in view of the approaching transfer of the national government. A laughable desire was manifested by what few citizens and residents there were, to render our condition as pleasant as circumstances would permit. Not-

withstanding the unfavorable aspect which Washington presented on our arrival, I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of its local position. From the Capitol you have a distinct view of its fine, undulating surface, situated at the confluence of the Potomac and its Eastern Branch, the wide expanse of that majestic river to the bend at Mount Vernon, the cities of Alexandria and Georgetown, and the cultivated fields and blue hills of Maryland and Virginia on either side of the river, the whole constituting a prospect of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The city has also the inestimable advantage of delightful water, in many instances flowing from copious springs, and always attainable by digging to a moderate depth.

"Some portions of the city are forty miles from Baltimore. The situation is indeed beautiful and pleasant.

"The President's house was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupants an object of ridicule with some and of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants. There are but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other."

The first New-Year's reception at the White House was held by President Adams in 1801. The house was

only partially furnished, and Mrs. Adams used the oval room up-stairs, now the library, as a drawing-room. The formal etiquette established by Mrs. Washington at New York and Philadelphia was kept up in the wilderness-city by Mrs. Adams.

At this time the health of Mrs. Adams, which had never been very firm, began decidedly to fail. Her residence at Philadelphia had not been favorable, as it had subjected her to the attack of an intermittent fever, from the effects of which she was never afterward perfectly free. The desire to enjoy the bracing air of her native climate, as well as to keep together the private property of her husband, upon which she early foresaw that he would be obliged to rely for their support in their last years, prompted her to reside much of her time at Quincy.

Thus closed Mrs. Adams' life in Washington, of which she has given a picture in her letter to her daughter; and spring found her once more in her Massachusetts home, recuperating her failing health. She lived in Washington only four months—and yet she is inseparably connected with it. She was mistress of the White House less than half a year, but she stamped it with her individuality, and none have lived there since who have not looked upon her as the model and guide. It is not asserting too much, to observe that the first occupant of that historic house stands without a rival, and receives a meed of praise awarded to no other American woman.

In the midst of public or private troubles, the buoyant spirit of Mrs. Adams never forsook her. "I am a mortal enemy," she wrote upon one occasion to her husband, "to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart, which Solomon tells us does good like a medicine." "This spirit," says her son, "contributed greatly to lift up his heart, when surrounded by difficulties and dangers, exposed to open hostility, and secret detraction, and resisting a torrent of invective, such as it may well be doubted whether any other individual in public station in the United States has ever tried to stem. It was this spirit which soothed his wounded feelings when the country, which he had served in the full consciousness of the perfect honesty of his motives, threw him off, and signified its preference for other statesmen. There are oftener, even in this life, more compensations for the severest of the troubles that afflict mankind, than we are apt to think."

The sacrifices made by Mrs. Adams during the long era of war, pestilence, and famine, deserves and should receive from a nation's gratitude a monument as high and massive as her illustrious husband's.

Let it be reared in the hearts of the women of America, who may proudly claim her as a model, and let her fame be transmitted to remotest posterity—the "Portia" of the rebellious provinces.

Statues and monuments belong rather to a bygone than a present time, and are indicative of a less degree of culture than we of this century boast. The pages

of history are the truest, safest sarcophagi of greatness, and embalm in their records the lives of the master-workers. Not in marble or bronze be her memory perpetuated, for we need no such hieroglyphics in this country of free schools. Place her history in the libraries of America, and the children of freedom will live over her deeds. To the crumbling monarchies of Europe on their way to dissolution, it may be necessary to erect statues of past greatness, that some shadow of their nothingness may remain as warnings; but the men and women of revolutionary memory are become a part and parcel of this government, whose very existence must be wiped from the face of the earth ere one jot or tittle of their fame is lost.

In viewing the character of Mrs. Adams, as it looms up in the pages of the past, we can but regret that she occupied no more enlarged sphere. The woman who could reply as she did to the question, ("Had you known that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?")—could have filled any position in civil life. "If I had known," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, "that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three more years should be added to the number. I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider

myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community."

With the marked characteristics which made her determined and resolute, she could have occupied any post of honor requiring a strong mind and clear perceptions of right; cut off, as was her sex, from participation in the struggle around her; confined by custom to the lonely and wearisome monotony of her country home, she nevertheless stamped her character upon the hearts of her countrymen, and enrolled her name among its workers. Had she been called into any of the departments of State, or required to fill any place of trust, hers would have been an enviable name; even as it is, she occupies the foreground of the Revolutionary history, and so powerful were the energies of her soul, that biographers and historians have deemed it worth their while to deny, in lengthy terms, her influence over her husband, and exert every argument to prove that she in no way controlled his actions. The opinions of men differ on this point, and the students of American biographies decide the questions from their own stand-points. Yet who will not venture to assert, that with the culture bestowed upon her which many men received, she would have towered high above them in their pride and selfishness! Controlled by the usages of society, she could only live in her imagination, and impress upon her children the great ideas that were otherwise doomed to fritter away uselessly in her brain. Indifferent to the charms of fashionable life,

deprived of the luxuries which too often enervate and render worthless the capacities of woman, she was as independent and self-supporting in her actions, as were the inspirations of her mind; and through good and evil report, conduced by her example to place that reliance in her country's success which in a great measure secured its independence. Her character was one of undeviating fairness and frank truthfulness, free from affectation and vanity.

From the year 1801 down to the day of her death, a period of seventeen years, she lived uninterruptedly at Quincy. The old age of Mrs. Adams was not one of grief and repining, of clouds and darkness; her cheerfulness continued with the full possession of her faculties to the last, and her sunny spirit enlivened the small social circle around her, brightened the solitary hours of her husband, and spread the influence of its example over the town where she lived. "Yesterday," she writes, to a granddaughter, on the 26th of October, 1814, "completes half a century since I entered the marriage state, then just your age. I have great cause of thankfulness that I have lived so long and enjoyed so large a portion of happiness as has been my lot. The greatest source of unhappiness I have known, in that period, has arisen from the long and cruel separations which I was called, in a time of war, and with a young family around me, to submit to."

The appointment of her eldest son as Minister to Great Britain, by President Madison, was a life-long sat-

isfaction to her; and the testimony President Monroe gave her of his worth, by making him his Secretary of State, was the crowning joy of her life. Had she been spared a few years longer, she would have enjoyed seeing him hold the position his father had occupied before him. Mrs. Adams lost three of her children: a daughter in infancy; a son grown to manhood, who died in 1800; and in 1813 her only remaining daughter, Abigail, the wife of Colonel William S. Smith.

The warmest feelings of friendship had existed between Mr. Jefferson and herself until a difference in political sentiments, developed during the administration of President Washington, disturbed the social relations existing. "Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson tried as hard as men could do, to resist the natural effect upon them of their antagonist positions. They strove each in turn, to stem the proscriptive fury of the parties to which they belonged, and that with equally bad success.

"Mrs. Adams felt as women only feel, what she regarded as the ungenerous conduct of Mr. Jefferson towards her husband during the latter part of his public life, and when she retired from Washington, notwithstanding the kindest professions from his mouth were yet ringing in her ears, all communication between the parties ceased. Still, there remained on both sides, pleasant reminiscences to soften the irritation that had taken place, and to open a way for reconciliation whenever circumstances should present a suitable opportunity."

The little daughter of Mr. Jefferson, in whom Mrs. Adams had taken so much interest in 1787, had in the interval grown into a woman, and had been married to Mr. Eppes of Virginia. In 1804 she ceased to be numbered among the living, and almost against her own judgment Mrs. Adams wrote to him. He seemed to be much affected by this testimony of her sympathy, and replied, not confining himself to the subject-matter of her letter, and added a request to know her reasons for the estrangement that had occurred. Without the knowledge of her husband she replied to him, but he at first did not choose to believe her assertion. Fortunately, the original endorsement, made in the handwriting of letters retained by herself, will serve to put this matter beyond question. Her last letter to him was as follows:

"QUINCY, *25th October*, 1804.

"SIR: Sickness for three weeks past has prevented my acknowledging the receipt of your letter of Sept. 11th. When I first addressed you, I little thought of entering into a correspondence with you upon subjects of a political nature. I will not regret it, as it has led to some elucidations, and brought on some explanations, which place in a more favorable light occurrences which had wounded me.

"Having once entertained for you a respect and esteem, founded upon the character of an affectionate parent, a kind master, a candid and benevolent friend, I could not suffer different political opinions to obliterate them

from my mind. I felt the truth of the observation, that the heart is long, very long in receiving the conviction that is forced upon it by reason. It was not until circumstances occurred to place you in the light of a rewarder and encourager of a libeler, whom you could not but detest and despise, that I withdrew the esteem I had long entertained for you. Nor can you wonder, Sir, that I should consider as a personal unkindness, the instance I have mentioned. I am pleased to find that which respected my son altogether unfounded. He was, as you conjecture, appointed a commissioner of bankruptcy, together with Judge Dawes, and continued to serve in it with perfect satisfaction to all parties (at least I never heard the contrary), until *superseded* by the appointment of others. The idea suggested that no one was in office, and consequently no removal could take place, I cannot consider in any other light than what the gentlemen of the law would term a quibble—as such I pass it. Judge Dawes was continued or reappointed, which placed Mr. Adams in a more conspicuous light as the object of personal resentment. Nor could I, upon this occasion, refrain calling to mind the last visit you made me at Washington, when in the course of conversation you assured me, that if it should lay in your power at any time to serve me or my family, nothing would give you more pleasure. With respect to the office, it was a small object, but the disposition of the remover was considered by me as the barbed arrow. This, however, by your declaration, is withdrawn from my mind. With

the public it will remain. And here, Sir, may I be allowed to pause, and ask whether, in your ardent desire to rectify the mistakes and abuses, as you may term them, of the former administrations, you may not be led into measures still more fatal to the constitution, and more derogatory to your honor and independence of character? I know, from the observations which I have made, that there is not a more difficult part devolves upon a chief magistrate, nor one which subjects him to more reproach and censure, than the appointments to office. And all the patronage which this enviable power gives him is but a poor compensation for the responsibility to which it subjects him. It would be well, however, to weigh and consider characters, as it respects their moral worth and integrity. He who is not true to himself, nor just to others, seeks an office for the benefit of himself, unmindful of that of his country. I cannot accord with you in opinion that the Constitution ever meant to withhold from the National Government the power of self-defence; or that it could be considered an infringement of the liberty of the press, to punish the licentiousness of it. Time must determine and posterity will judge with more candor and impartiality, I hope, than the conflicting parties of our day, what measures have best promoted the happiness of the people; and what raised them from a state of depression and degradation to wealth, honor, and reputation; what has made them affluent at home and respected abroad; and to whomsoever the tribute is due, to them may it be given. I will not further intrude upon

your time; but close this correspondence by my wishes that you may be directed to that path which may terminate in the prosperity and happiness of the people over whom you are placed, by administering the government with justice and impartiality; and be assured, Sir, no one will more rejoice in your success than

"ABIGAIL ADAMS."

(MEMORANDUM subjoined to the copy of this letter, in the handwriting of Mr. Adams.)

"QUINCY, 19*th November*, 1804.

"The whole of this correspondence was begun and conducted without my knowledge or suspicion. Last evening and this morning, at the desire of Mrs. Adams, I read the whole. I have no remarks to make upon it, at this time and in this place.

"J. ADAMS."

"A new and strong tie was beginning indeed to bind the stately old men together. They were speedily becoming the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—the last of the great actors and leaders of 1776. Their common and dearly-loved friend Rush had died in April, 1813, after a brief illness." Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Adams of this occurrence, and said: "Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the independence of our country. I believe we are under half a dozen at present; I mean the signers of the Declaration. Yourself, Gerry, Carroll and myself, are all I know to be living."

Appended to a letter from Adams to Jefferson, dated July 15th, 1813, we find the following:

"I have been looking for some time for a space in my good husband's letters to add the regards of an old friend, which are still cherished and preserved through all the changes and vicissitudes which have taken place since we first became acquainted, and will, I trust, remain as long as

"A. ADAMS."

"Neither Mrs. Adams nor her husband ever met Mr. Jefferson again, but she had the opportunity, and eagerly availed herself of it, to bestow kindly and assiduous attentions on some of his family.

"She lost none of the imposing features of her character in the decline of life. An observing and intelligent gentleman who was a guest at Quincy within a year or two of her death, has given us a description of his visit. Mr. Adams shook as if palsied; but the mind and the heart were evidently sound. His spirits seemed as elastic as a boy's. He joked, laughed heartily, and talked about everybody and everything, past and present, with the most complete *abandon*. He seemed to our highly educated informant to be a vast encyclopædia of written and unwritten knowledge. It gushed out on every possible topic, but was mingled with lively anecdotes and sallies, and he exhibited a carelessness in his language which suggested anything but pedantry or an attempt at 'fine talking.' In short, the brave old man was as delightful as he was commanding in conversation. While

the guest was deeply enjoying this interview, an aged and stately female entered the apartment, and he was introduced to Mrs. Adams. A cap of exquisite lace surrounded features still exhibiting intellect and energy, though they did not wear the appearance of ever having been beautiful. Her dress was snowy white, and there was that immaculate neatness in her appearance which gives to age almost the sweetness of youth. With less warmth of manner and sociableness than Mr. Adams, she was sufficiently gracious, and her occasional remarks betrayed intellectual vigor and strong sense. The guest went away feeling that he never again should behold such living specimens of the 'great of old.'"

Mrs. Adams died of an attack of fever, the 28th of October, 1818, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. "To learning," says her grandson, "in the ordinary sense of that term, Mrs. Adams could make no claim. Her reading had been extensive in the lighter departments of literature, and she was well acquainted with the poets in her own language, but it went no further. It is the soul, shining through the words, that gives them their great attraction; the spirit ever equal to the occasion, whether a great or a small one; a spirit, inquisitive and earnest in the little details of life, as when she was in France and England; playful, when she describes daily duties, but rising to the call when the roar of cannon is in her ears—or when she reproves her husband for not knowing her better than to think her a coward and to fear telling her bad news."

"The obsequies of Mrs. Adams were attended by a great concourse of people, who voluntarily came to pay this last tribute to her memory. Several brief but beautiful notices of her appeared in the newspapers of the day, and a sermon was preached by the late Rev. Dr. Kirkland, then President of Harvard University, which closed with a delicate and affecting testimony to her worth. 'Ye will seek to mourn, bereaved friends,' it says, 'as becomes Christians, in a manner worthy of the person you lament. You do then bless the Giver of Life that the course of your endeared and honored friend was so long and so bright; that she entered so fully into the spirit of those injunctions which we have explained, and was a minister of blessings to all within her influence. You are soothed to reflect that she was sensible of the many tokens of divine goodness which marked her lot; that she received the good of her existence with a cheerful and grateful heart; that, when called to weep, she bore adversity with an equal mind; that she used the world as not abusing it to excess, improving well her time, talents and opportunities, and though desired longer in this world, was fitted for a better happiness than this world can give.'"

Mr. Jefferson, despite the feeling that he had not been understood by Mrs. Adams as he thought he deserved, never lost any part of the profound respect and friendship he entertained for her, and soon as the news of her death reached him he wrote as follows to her husband:

To John Adams.

"Monticello, *November 13th*, 1818.

"The public papers, my dear friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October the 20th had given me ominous foreboding. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well, and feel what you have lost, what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. The same trials have taught me that for ills so immeasurable, time and silence are the only medicine. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open afresh the sluices of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely my tears with yours, will I say a word more where words are vain, but that it is of some comfort to us both that the time is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same casement our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless you, and support you under your heavy affliction.

"Th. Jefferson."

Side by side in the Congregational church in Quincy, to which he had given the donation to erect it with, lie the mortal remains of Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Within the same house, a plain white marble slab, on the right hand of the pulpit, surmounted by his bust, bears the following inscription, written by his eldest son:

Libertatem. Amicitiam. Fidem Retinebis.
D. O. M.

Beneath these walls,
Are deposited the mortal remains of

JOHN ADAMS,

Son of John and Susanna (Boylston) Adams,
Second President of the United States,
Born $\frac{19}{30}$ October, 1735.

On the fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honour,
To the Independence of his country.

On the third of September, 1783,
He affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain,
Which acknowledged that independence,
And consummated the redemption of his pledge.

On the fourth of July, 1826,
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality
And to the judgment of his God.

This house will bear witness to his piety;
This Town, his birth-place, to his munificence;
History to his patriotism;
Posterity to the depth and compass of his mind.
At his side,
Sleeps, till the trump shall sound,

ABIGAIL,

His beloved and only wife,
Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith.
In every relation of life a pattern
of filial, conjugal, maternal, and social virtue.
Born November $\frac{11}{22}$, 1744,
Deceased 28 October, 1818,

Aged 74.

Married 25 October, 1764.

During an union of more than half a century
They survived, in harmony of sentiment, principle and affection,
The tempests of civil commotion.
Meeting undaunted and surmounting
The terrors and trials of that revolution,
Which secured the freedom of their country;
Improved the condition of their times;
And brightened the prospects of futurity
To the race of man upon earth.
Pilgrim!
From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn:
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn:
Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,
And serve, like them, thy country and thy age.

III.

MARTHA JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Jefferson had been dead nineteen years when, in 1801, President Jefferson took possession of the White House, and there was, strictly speaking, no lady of the mansion during his term. His daughters were with him in Washington only twice during his eight years' stay, and he held no formal receptions as are customary now; and being of the French school of democratic politics, professed a dislike of all ceremonious visitors.

On the 1st day of January, 1772, Mr. Jefferson was married to Mrs. Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, of "the Forest," in Charles City County.

Mr. Lossing, in his very interesting book of the Revolution, gives a fac-simile of Mr. Jefferson's marriage license bond, drawn up in his own handwriting, which the former found in a bundle of old papers in Charles City Court House while searching for records of Revolution events. "Mrs. Skelton was remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her solid merit. In person she was a little above medium height, slightly but exquisitely formed. Her complexion was brilliant—her large expressive eyes of the richest tinge of auburn. She walked, rode, and danced with admir-

able grace and spirits—sang and played the spinet and harpsichord [the musical instruments of the Virginia ladies of that day] with uncommon skill. The more solid parts of her education had not been neglected." She was also well read and intelligent, conversed agreeably, possessed excellent sense and a lively play of fancy, and had a frank, warm-hearted and somewhat impulsive disposition. She was twenty-three years of age at the time of her second marriage, and had been a widow four years. Her only child she lost in infancy.

Tradition, says Randall, has preserved one anecdote of the wooers who sought her hand. It has two renderings, and the reader may choose between them. The first is that two of Mr. Jefferson's rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Skelton's door-stone. They were shown into a room from which they heard her harpsichord and voice, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice, in the passages of a touching song. They listened for a stanza or two. Whether something in the words, or in the tones of the singers appeared suggestive to them, tradition does not say, but it does aver that they took their hats and retired to return no more on the same errand! The other, and, we think, less probable version of the story is, that the three met on the door-stone, and agreed that they would "take turns" and that the interviews should be made decisive; and that by lot or otherwise Mr. Jefferson led off, and that then during his trial they heard the music that they concluded settled the point. After the bridal festivities at

the Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson set out for Monticello, and they were destined to meet some not exactly amusing adventures by the way. A manuscript of their eldest daughter (Mrs. Randolph) furnished Mr. Randall by one of her granddaughters and published in his "Life of Jefferson"—says: "They left the Forest after a fall of snow, light then, but increasing in depth as they advanced up the country. They were finally obliged to quit the carriage and proceed on horseback. Having stopped for a short time at Blenheim (the residence of Colonel Carter) where an overseer only resided, they left it at sunset to pursue their way through a mountain track rather than a road, in which the snow lay from eighteen inches to two feet deep, having eight miles to go before reaching Monticello.

"They arrived late at night, the fires all out and the servants retired to their own houses for the night. The horrible dreariness of such a house, at the end of such a journey, I have often heard them both relate." Part of a bottle of wine, found on a shelf behind some books, had to serve the new-married couple both for fire and supper. Tempers too sunny to be ruffled by many ten times as serious annoyances in after life, now found but sources of diversion in these ludicrous *contre-temps*, and the horrible dreariness was lit up with songs, and merriment and laughter.

Nine years afterward, Mrs. Jefferson, the mother of five children, was slowly declining, and her husband, refusing a mission to Europe on that account, deter-

mined to give up all other duties to soothe and sustain her. She had borne her fifth child in November, and when it was two months old, she had fled with it in her arms as Arnold approached Richmond. "The British General Tarleton sent troops to capture Governor Jefferson, who was occupied in securing his most important papers. While thus engaged, his wife and children were taken in a carriage, under the care of a young gentleman who was studying with him, to Colonel Coles, fourteen miles distant. Monticello was captured (if a residence occupied by unresisting servants may be said to be captured), and the house searched, though not sacked by the enemy. Many of the negroes were taken, and but five ever returned, while the greater part of those left behind sank under the epidemics raging at the time. The house was robbed of nothing save a few articles in the cellar, the farm was stripped of valuable horses, and many thousand dollars' worth of grain and tobacco. An anecdote is told of two of Mr. Jefferson's slaves—Martin and Cæsar, who were left in charge of the house and were engaged in secreting plate and other valuables under the floor of the front portico, when a party of British soldiers arrived. The floor was then of planks. One of these was raised, and Martin stood above handing down articles to Cæsar, in the cellar improvised by the faithful slaves in the emergency. While he was finishing his packing, Martin heard the tramp of horses' feet, and looking in the direction indicated saw the red coats coming. For

Cæsar to get out was to inform the British where the valuables they were trying to save were secreted, and without a word of warning the plank was put down. Cæsar understood the sudden action to mean danger, and very soon he knew by the noise overhead that the enemy had come. For eighteen hours he remained in the dark hole, and was not released until Martin was sure of the departure of the last one of the raiders."

In April, the loss of her infant, together with constant anxiety for the safety of her husband, shattered the remaining strength of Mrs. Jefferson. Toward the close of 1781, she rallied. Her last child was born the 8th of May, 1782. Greater apprehensions than usual had preceded the event and they were fatally verified. The delicate constitution was irrevocably sapped. "A momentary hope for her might sometimes flutter in the bosom of her lonely husband, but it was in reality a hope against hope, and he knew it to be so. That association which had been the first joy of his life, which blent itself with all his future visions of happiness, which was to be the crowning glory of that delightful retreat he was forming, and which was to shed mellow radiance over the retirement to which he was fondly looking forward, was now to end; and it was only a question of weeks, or, possibly, months, how soon it would end. Mrs. Jefferson had returned her husband's affection, with not only the fervor of a woman whose dream of love and pride (for what woman is not proud of the world's estimation of her husband?) has been more than

gratified, but with the idolatrous gratitude of a wife who knew how often that husband had cast away the most tempting honors without a sigh, when her own feeble health had solicited his presence and attentions. And now, as the dreadful hour of parting approached, her affection became painfully, almost wildly absorbing. The faithful daughter of the church had no dread of the hereafter, but she yearned to remain with her husband with that yearning which seems to have power to retard even the approaches of death. Her eyes ever rested on him, ever followed him. When he spoke, no other sound could reach her ear or attract her attention. When she waked from slumber, she looked momentarily alarmed and distressed, and ever appeared to be frightened, if the customary form was not bending over her, the customary look upon her. For weeks Mr. Jefferson sat at that bedside, only catching brief intervals of rest."

She died on the 6th of September. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Randolph, many years afterward, said of the sad scene: "He nursed my poor mother in turn with Aunt Carr and her own sister, sitting up with her and administering her medicines and drink to the last. For four months that she lingered, he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside he was writing in a small room which opened immediately into hers."

To her were denied the honors that later in life crowned the brow of her gifted husband. Had she survived, no more pleasant life could have been traced than this gentle, cultivated woman's. Hers was no

passive nature, swayed by every passing breeze, but a loving, strong heart, a rare and gifted intellect, cultivated by solid educational advantages, experience, and the society of the greatest statesman and scholar of his day. In the midst of all happiness, vouchsafed to humanity, she died; and her husband, faithful to her memory, devoted himself to their children, and lived and died her lonely-hearted mourner.

Martha Jefferson, after the death of her mother, was placed at school in Philadelphia, at the age of eleven years, where she remained until her father took her, in 1784, to Europe. His other two daughters, being too young for such a journey, were left with their maternal aunt, Mrs. Eppes, wife of Francis Eppes, Esquire, of Eppington, Chesterfield County, Virginia. Mary, the second of his surviving children, was six years old, and Lucy Elizabeth, the third, was two years old. The latter died before the close of 1784. The child of sorrow and misfortune, her organization was too frail and too intensely susceptible to last long. Her sensibilities were so precociously acute, that she listened with exquisite pleasure to music, and wept on hearing a false note.

After a short period of sight-seeing, Martha Jefferson was placed at a convent, and continued to reside there during her father's stay in Europe. In July, 1787, "the long-expected Mary (called Marie in France, and thenceforth through life, Marie) reached London." She had crossed the Atlantic with simply a servant girl, though doubtless they were both intrusted to the charge

of some passenger friend, or some known and trusted ship commander, whom we do not find named. They were received by Mrs. Adams, and awaited an expected opportunity of crossing the Channel with a party of French friends of Mr. Jefferson. These continued to defer their return, and Mr. Jefferson became too impatient to await their movements. Accordingly, his steward, the favorite and trusty Petit, was sent to London after Marie, and she reached her father's hotel in Paris, on the 29th of July, just three days before her ninth birthday.

Mrs. Adams thus describes her little guest, immediately after her departure, in a letter to her sister, Mrs. Cranch, of Massachusetts:

"I have had with me for a fortnight a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson's, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant, from Virginia. Mr. Jefferson wrote me some months ago that he expected them, and desired me to receive them. I did so, and was amply rewarded for my trouble. A finer child of her age I never saw. So mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility, united, are rarely to be met with. I grew so fond of her, and she was so attached to me, that when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away. She is but eight years old. She would sit, sometimes, and describe to me the parting with her aunt, who brought her up,* the obligations she was under to her, and the love she had for her

* Mrs. Francis Eppes, of Eppington, Va.

little cousins, till the tears would stream down her cheeks; and how I had been her friend, and she loved me. Her papa would break her heart by making her go again. She clung round me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house. I regret that such fine spirits must be spent in the walls of a convent. She is a beautiful girl, too."

Marie (for so we shall henceforth call her, unless when adopting her father's sobriquet of Polly) was soon placed with Martha in the school of the Abbaye de Panthemont. Martha had now grown into a tall, graceful girl, with that calm, sweet face, stamped with thought and earnestness, which, with the traces of many more years on it, and the noble dignity of the matron superadded, beams down from the speaking canvas of Sully. The most dutiful of daughters, the most attentive of learners, possessing a solid understanding, a judgment ripe beyond her years, a most gentle and genial temper, and an unassuming modesty of demeanor, which neither the distinction of her position, nor the flatteries that afterward surrounded her, ever wore off in the least degree, she was the idol of her father and family, and the delight of all who knew her.

The little Marie has been sufficiently described by Mrs. Adams. "Slighter in person than her sister, she already gave indications of a superior beauty. It was that exquisite beauty possessed by her mother—that beauty which the experienced learn to look upon with dread,

because it betrays a physical organization too delicately fine to withstand the rough shocks of the world."

In April, an incident of an interesting character occurred in Mr. Jefferson's family. His oldest daughter, as has been seen, had been educated in the views and feelings of the Church of England. Her mother had zealously moulded her young mind in that direction. Her father had done nothing certainly, by word or act, to divert it from that channel; and it had flowed on, for aught Martha knew or suspected to the contrary, with his full approbation. If she had then been called upon to state what were her father's religious beliefs, she would have declared that her impressions were that he leaned to the tenets of the church to which his family belonged. The daring and flippant infidelity now rife in French society, disgusted the earnest, serious, naturally reverential girl. The calm seclusion of Panthemont, its examples of serene and holy life, its intellectual associations, wooed her away from the turmoil and glare and wickedness and eruptions without. After meditating on the subject for a time, she wrote to her father for his permission to remain in a convent, and to dedicate herself to the duties of a religious life.

For a day or two she received no answer. Then his carriage rolled up to the door of the Abbaye, and poor Martha met her father in a fever of doubts and fears. Never was his smile more benignant and gentle. He had a private interview with the Abbess. He then told his daughters he had come for them. They stepped into

his carriage, it rolled away, and Martha's school life was ended. Henceforth she was introduced into society, and presided, so far as was appropriate to her age, as the mistress of her father's household. Neither he nor Martha ever, after her first letter on the subject, made the remotest allusion to each other to her request to enter a convent. She spoke of it freely in after years, to her children, and always expressed her full approbation of her father's course on the occasion. She always spoke of her early wish as rather the dictate of a transient sentiment than a fixed conviction of religious duty; and she warmly applauded the quick and gentle way which her father took to lead her back to her family, her friends, and her country. Mr. Jefferson left the shores of Europe with his two daughters the 28th of October, 1789, and the following February Martha was married to Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., who had been a ward of her father's. "The young people were cousins, and had been attached to each other from childhood. He was tall, lean, with dark, expressive features and a flashing eye, commanding in carriage, elastic as steel, and had that sudden sinewy strength which it would not be difficult to fancy he inherited from the forest monarchs of Virginia."

On his return home, Mr. Jefferson was immediately tendered, and accepted a position in President Washington's cabinet, and made his home in New York and afterward in Philadelphia until his withdrawal from public life.

Mr. Jefferson was elected Vice-President on the ticket

with President John Adams, and at the end of this administration he was elected to fill the first position in the gift of the nation. On the fourth of March, 1801, he was inaugurated President of the United States. His daughter Martha was living at her husband's country home near Monticello, the mother of several children, and Marie, who had previously married Mr. Eppes, of Eppington, was happily situated at Monticello, awaiting her father's promised visit in early summer.

Sir Augustus Foster, who was Secretary of Legation at Washington to the British Minister, Mr. Merry, has given some rather entertaining accounts of the state of society there in the time of Jefferson. "In going to assemblies, one had to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at the risk of an overturn, or of being what is termed stalled, or stuck in the mud, when one can neither go backward nor forward, and either loses one's shoes or one's patience. Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of brag, the most gambling of all games. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who when they were looed, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner.

"The New Englanders, generally speaking, were very religious, but though there were many exceptions, I cannot say so much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians. But in spite of its inconveniences

and desolate aspect, it was, I think, the most agreeable town to reside in for any length of time. The opportunity of collecting information from Senators and Representatives from all parts of the country—the hospitality of the heads of the Government and the Corps Diplomatique—of itself supplied resources such as could nowhere else be looked for."

In Mr. Jefferson's time, the population numbered about five thousand persons, and their residences were scattered over an immense space. Society presented a novel aspect; unconnected by similarity of habits, by established fashions, by the ties of acquaintance or consanguinity, the motley throng became united into one close and intimate circle by a feeling common to all; they were strangers in a strange land, and felt the necessity of mutual aid and accommodation, and might be compared to a beautiful piece of mosaic, in which an infinity of separate pieces of diversified colors are blended into one harmonious whole. Mr. Jefferson, many years after his retirement from public life, recurring to that time, remarked to a friend that the peculiar felicity of his administration was the unanimity that prevailed in his Cabinet; "we were," said he, "like one family." The same spirit of union and kindness pervaded the whole circle of society—a circle at that time very limited in its extent and very simple in its habits. The most friendly and social intercourse prevailed through all its parts, unshackled by that etiquette and ceremony which have since been introduced, to the no

small detriment of social enjoyment. The President's house was the seat of hospitality, where Mrs. Madison always presided (in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters) when there were female guests. Mrs. Madison and her husband spent three weeks at the White House after their arrival in the city, until they could make arrangements to obtain a suitable house. President Jefferson abolished the custom of holding levees which Mrs. Washington had introduced, and the fashionable people of the city did not like the innovation. The ladies in particular were opposed to it, and they made up their minds to muster in force at the Presidential Mansion at the usual time. They accordingly did so, and the President received them as they found him, hat in hand, spurs on his feet, and clothing covered with dust just after a long ride on horseback. He welcomed his guests heartily, did what he could to make their call agreeable, but it was not repeated. His opposition to levees was said to be due to the fact that he was democratic in his ideas and thought them unsuited to American institutions. But the fact that there was no lady to preside over them was doubtless one of his reasons.

In March, 1802, Mr. Jefferson wrote to his youngest daughter that he would be at home between the 15th and 20th of April, and that he wished her to be prepared to go back to Washington with him and her sister; but Congress did not adjourn as he expected, and he did not get off until the first of May. The measles

broke out in the family of Mrs. Randolph, and she did not go to Washington. The same cause prevented Mrs. Eppes from seeing her father, but during the summer months he was at Monticello as usual.

From the letters of Mr. Jefferson of November and December to his youngest daughter, we find him advising her to have good spirits and profit by her sister's cheerfulness. "We are all well here," he says, "and hope the post of this evening will bring us information of the health of all at Edgehill, and particularly that Martha and the new bantling are both well; and that her example gives you good spirits." "Take care of yourself, my dearest Marie, and know that courage is as essential to triumph in your case as in that of a soldier. * * * Not knowing the time destined for your expected indisposition, I am anxious on your account. You are prepared to meet it with courage, I hope." And again he writes:—

"WASHINGTON, *March* 3, 1804.

"The account of your illness, my dearest Marie, was known to me only this morning. Nothing but the impossibility of Congress proceeding a single step in my absence, presents an insuperable bar. Mr. Eppes goes off, and, I hope, will find you in a convalescent state. Next to the desire that it may be so, is that of being speedily informed and of being relieved from the terrible anxiety in which I shall be till I hear from you. God bless you, my ever dear daughter, and preserve you safe to the blessing of us all."

But she was not preserved: frail and sensitive, her nervous system gave way, and she died on the 17th of April, little more than a month after her father's letter was written, leaving to her sister's care her children, the youngest of whom was a young infant. Her niece in writing of her some years later said:—"She had been delicate and something of an invalid, if I remember right, for some years. She was carried to Monticello from her home in a litter borne by men. The distance was perhaps four miles, and she bore the removal well. After this, however, she continued as before steadily to decline. She was taken out when the weather permitted, and carried around the lawn in a carriage, I think drawn by men, and I remember following the carriage over the smooth green turf. How long she lived I do not recollect, but it could have been but a short time. One morning I heard that my aunt was dying; I crept softly from my nursery to her chamber door, and being alarmed by her short, hard breathing, ran away again. I have a distinct recollection of confusion and dismay in the household. I did not see my mother. By-and-by one of the female servants came running in where I was with other persons, to say that Mrs. Eppes was dead. The day passed I do not know how. Late in the afternoon I was taken to the death-chamber. The body was covered with a white cloth, over which had been strewn a profusion of flowers. A day or two after, I followed the coffin to the burying-ground on the mountain side, and saw it consigned to the earth, where it has lain undisturbed for more than fifty years.

"My mother has told me that on the day of her sister's death, she left her father alone for some hours. He then sent for her, and she found him with the Bible in his hands. He who has been so often and so harshly accused of unbelief, he, in his hour of intense affliction, sought and found consolation in the sacred volume. The Comforter was there for his true heart and devout spirit, even though his faith might not be what the world called orthodox.

"There was something very touching in the sight of this once beautiful and still lovely young woman, fading away just as the spring was coming on with its buds and blossoms—nature reviving as she was sinking and closing her eyes on all that she loved best in life. She perished not in autumn with the flowers, but as they were opening to the sun and air in all the freshness of spring. I think the weather was fine, for over my own recollection of these times there is a soft, dreamy sort of haze, such as wraps the earth in warm, dewy, spring time.

"You know enough of my aunt's early history to be aware that she did not accompany her father, as my mother did, when he first went to France. She joined him, I think, only about two years before his return, and was placed in the same convent where my mother received her education. Here she went by the name of Mademoiselle Polie. As a child she was called Polly by her friends. It was on her way to Paris that she stayed a while in London with Mrs. Adams, and there is a pleasing mention of her in that lady's published letters.

"I think the visit (not a very long one) made by my mother and aunt to their father in Washington, must have been in the winter of 1802–3. My aunt, I believe, was never there again; but after her death, about the winter of 1805–6, my mother, with all her children, passed some time at the President's House. I remember that both my father and uncle Eppes were then in Congress, but cannot say whether this was the case in 1802–3."

Ever delighting in the society of his two children and deeply attached to his home, Mr. Jefferson felt this blow with terrible anguish. Worthy of so good a man's affection, they were never so happy as in being with their father, contributing to his comfort in numberless ways. They both married cousins when quite young, but were never far from their childhood's home, and were always under his roof when he paid his semi-annual visits there. Mrs. Randolph was a brilliant woman; and had her tastes been less inclined to domestic life, she would have been a renowned belle. Educated abroad and strengthened mentally by travel and the society of the literary talent ever to be found about her father, she became conversant with knowledge's richest store, and surpassed most of the women of her day in accomplishments. Though widely different in other respects, there was much resemblance between the President and Vice-President in the intensity of their love for their daughters. Theodosia Burr and Martha Jefferson will be familiar names so long as the history of this country shall be among the things of earth. Both intellectual

companions of their only parents, both ardently attached to fathers they deemed the wisest and greatest of earth —they have become forever linked with the life and times of each, and covers for the one a multitude of faults, and has made the other dear to his people. Both were great men, adored by daughters gifted and good. Theodosia Burr has thrown around her father's name a romantic interest which veils many infirmities, and adds lustre to the traits which in the eyes of the world redeemed him.

Mrs. Adams, who had known Maria Jefferson and loved her when a child, overcame the pride she had allowed to control her silent pen, and wrote to Mr. Jefferson, awakening in his heart tender feelings of friendship too long allowed to lie dormant. He replied that her former kindnesses to his lost child made a deep impression on her mind, and that to the last, on our meetings after long separations, "whether I had heard lately of you," and "how you did," were among the earliest of her inquiries. Mrs. Adams' letter was as follows:

"QUINCY, 20*th May*, 1804.

"Had you been no other than the private inhabitants of Monticello, I should, ere this time, have addressed you with that sympathy which a recent event has awakened in my bosom; but reasons of various kinds withheld my pen, until the powerful feelings of my heart burst through the restraint, and called upon me to shed the tear of sorrow over the departed remains of your beloved and deserving daughter—an event which I sincerely mourn.

"The attachment which I formed for her when you committed her to my care, upon her arrival in a foreign land, under circumstances peculiarly interesting, has remained with me to this hour: and the account of her death, which I read in a late paper, recalled to my recollection the tender scene of her separation from me, when, with the strongest sensibility, she clung round my neck, and wet my bosom with her tears, saying, 'Oh! now I have learned to love you, why will they take me from you?'

"It has been some time since I conceived that any event in this life could call forth feelings of mutual sympathy. But I know how closely entwined around a parent's heart are those cords which bind the paternal to the filial bosom; and, when snapped asunder, how agonizing the pangs. I have tasted of the bitter cup, and bow with reverence and submission before the great Dispenser of it, without whose permission and overruling providence not a sparrow falls to the ground. That you may derive comfort and consolation in this day of your sorrow and affliction from that only source calculated to heal the wounded heart—a firm belief in the being, perfection and attributes of God—is the sincere and ardent wish of her who once took pleasure in subscribing herself your friend, "ABIGAIL ADAMS."

Mr. Jefferson was inaugurated President a second time on the 4th of March, 1805, then in the sixty-second year of his age. The following winter his only daughter, with all her children, passed most of the season in Wash-

ington. She never made but two visits there; one with her sister, the second year of his first term, and this last one in the winter of 1805–6, after her sister's death. Means of travel were not so rapid or pleasant as now, and the laborious and extremely tedious undertaking of travelling so far in a carriage was sufficient to dampen the desire of living for a few alternate months with her father. The unhealthy condition of Washington at that time, its low and marshy condition, engendering disease, rendered it absolutely necessary for those unacclimated to be out of its limits during the hot months of summer. The increasing cares of children and the duties of Virginia matrons also deterred Mrs. Randolph from becoming, as we must only regret she did not, permanently located in the President's House.

Her memory is so fragrant with the perfume of purity and saintly sweetness, that it is a privilege to dwell and muse upon a theme so elevating. The world has not yet developed a more harmonious, refined or superior type of womanhood than the daughters of Virginia in the last century. Reared in ease and plenty, taught the virtues that ennoble, and valuing their good name no less than prizing their family lineage, they were the most delightful specimens of womanhood ever extant. Most particularly was Martha Jefferson of this class, whose image is fast losing originality in the modern system of utilitarian education. Her father's and her husband's great enemy pronounced her "the sweetest woman in Virginia;" and the assurance comes laden with the tes-



MONTICELLO—THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

timony of many tongues, that her existence was one of genial sunshine and peace. Are not such natures doubly blessed, first, in the happiness they secure to themselves, and, secondly, in the blessing they are to those who walk in the light of their example? With the retirement of Mr. Jefferson from public life, came a new trouble in the shape of innumerable visitors, and the seventeen years he lived at Monticello was one continued scene of new faces and old friends. Even after the loss of property and accumulated debts, he was compelled to entertain thoughtless crowds who made pilgrimages to his shrine. Time and again he would go to an adjoining estate to secure that rest and quiet so essential to his health; but these visits were never of long duration, for he could not consent to be separated from his daughter, even though accompanied by his grandchildren. As the shadows began to darken round his earth-life, and bankruptcy to hover over him, he turned with redoubled affection to this idol, and she was strong and faithful to the last. Mother and sister she had buried, and she was yet strong enough to see her husband and father taken.

"There were few eminent men of our country who did not visit Mr. Jefferson in his retirement, to say nothing of distinguished foreigners." But all visitors were not as agreeable as "eminent men." "There are a number of persons now living who have seen groups of utter strangers, of both sexes, planted in the passage between his study and dining-room, consulting their watches, and

waiting for him to pass from one to the other to his dinner, so that they could momentarily stare at him. A female once punched through a window-pane of the house with her parasol to get a better view of him. When sitting in the shade of his porticoes to enjoy the coolness of the approaching evening, parties of men and women would sometimes approach within a dozen yards, and gaze at him point-blank until they had looked their fill, as they would have gazed on a lion in a menagerie."

Mrs. Randolph was "the apple of her father's eye." All his letters bear witness to his affection, and all his life records this prominent sentiment of his heart. A gentleman writing to him for his views on a proper course of education for woman, he takes the opportunity of complimenting her unconsciously. "A plan of female education," he says, "has never been a subject of systematic contemplation with me. It has occupied my attention so far only as the education of my own daughters occasionally required. Considering that they would be placed in a country situation where little aid could be obtained from abroad, I thought it essential to give them a solid education, which might enable them—when become mothers—to educate their own daughters, and even to direct the course for sons, should their fathers be lost, or incapable, or inattentive.

"My surviving daughter accordingly, the mother of many daughters as well as sons, has made their education the object of her life, and being a better judge of

the practical part than myself, it is with her aid and that of one of her *élèves*, that I shall subjoin a catalogue of the books for such a course of reading as we have practised."

Again, in a letter to his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, he says:

"You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits; but oppressed with disease, debility, age and embarrassed affairs, this is difficult. For myself, I should not regard a prostration of fortune; but I am overwhelmed at the prospect of the situation in which I may leave my family. My dear and beloved daughter, the cherished companion of my early life, and nurse of my age, and her children, rendered as dear to me as if my own, from having lived with me from their cradle, left in a comfortless situation, hold up to me nothing but future gloom; and I should not care were life to end with the line I am writing, were it not that in the unhappy state of mind which your father's misfortunes have brought upon him, I may yet be of some avail to the family."

Ex-President Jefferson died the 4th of July, 1826, and at nearly the same hour passed away the spirit of John Adams. He lingered a little behind Jefferson, and his last words, uttered in the failing articulation of the dying, were: "Jefferson still survives." Mrs. Randolph left no written account of the scene. On the 2d of July, Mr. Jefferson handed her a little casket. On opening it, after his death, she found a paper on which he had written the lines of Moore, commencing—

"It is not the tear at this moment shed
When the cold turf has just been lain o'er him"—

There is also a touching tribute to his daughter, declaring that while he "goes to his fathers," "the last pang of life" is in parting from her; that "two seraphs" "long shrouded in death" (meaning doubtless his wife and younger daughter) "await him;" that he will "bear them her love."

After this all is sadness. To satisfy creditors, all the property was sold, and the proceeds did not fully meet the debts.

"When it became known that Monticello had gone, or must go out of the hands of Mr. Jefferson's family, and that his only child was left without an independent provision, another exhibition of public feeling took place. The Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana promptly voted her $10,000 each, and the stocks they created for the purpose sold for $21,800. Other plans were started in other States, which, had they been carried out, would have embraced a liberal provision for Mr. Jefferson's descendants. But, as is usual on such occasions, the people in each locality obtained exaggerated impressions of what was doing in others, and slackened their own exertions until the feeling that prompted them died away."

Two years passed, and Mrs. Randolph was called upon to see her husband die, and she of all her name remained to link the memory of her ancestors with those of her descendants.

To her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Jefferson Trist, I am indebted for this narrative of the closing eight years of Mrs. Randolph's life:

"My Dear Mrs. Holloway:

"I wish it were in my power to answer your inquiries more satisfactorily than I am able to do. My recollections of my mother, at so early a period of my life as the one referred to, are altogether childish and imperfect. It is true, my very earliest recollections are connected with a winter passed in the White House during my grandfather's Presidency, but they are so few and so scanty and childish, as they rise before me in the mists of long past years, that really nothing worth offering you suggests itself to my mind.

"My mother was born in September, 1772, and had therefore entered her 29th year when her father was elected President. She was then the mother of five children, having married at the early age of seventeen. Thus surrounded by a family of young children, she could not pass much of her time in Washington; she did, however, spend two winters there, the first in 1802–3, the second in 1805–6. Her health was very bad on the first of these two occasions of her visiting her father. Having an abscess on her lungs, she was advised by her physician to go to pass the winter in Bermuda, and for this purpose left her home in Albemarle, Virginia, to go as far as Washington in her travelling carriage—the only mode at that day of making the journey of four

days' duration. During this journey the abscess broke, and she felt so much relieved that her going to Bermuda was no longer considered necessary, and she passed that winter with her father. I believe my father was in Congress at that time. My mother's only sister, Marie Jefferson, then Mrs. John W. Eppes, was also a member of her father's family that winter, her husband being in Congress. There was a difference of six years in the ages of the sisters; my mother, who was the oldest, had accompanied her father to France, where she was educated under his eyes. My aunt had afterward followed them to Paris under the wing of Mrs. John Adams, in whose correspondence mention is made of her. The three became thus reunited only two years before their return home, after which she (my aunt) was placed at school in Philadelphia. She grew up possessed of rare beauty and loveliness of person as well as disposition; but her health was delicate, and her natural modesty and timidity was so great as to make her averse to society. Undervaluing her own personal advantages, she regarded with the warmest admiration, as well as sisterly affection, her sister's more positive character and brilliant intellectual endowments. My mother was not a beauty; her features were less regular than her sister's, her face owing its charms more to its expressiveness, beaming as it ever was with kindness, good humor, gayety and wit. She was tall and very graceful, notwithstanding a certain degree of embonpoint. Her complexion naturally fair, her hair of a dark chestnut color, very long

and very abundant. I have always heard that her manners were uncommonly attractive from their vivacity, amiability, and high breeding, and her conversation was charming. These two sisters were the ladies of the White House in 1802–3. My mother was very sociable and enjoyed society. I remember hearing her mention a circumstance which seemed to illustrate the natural difference of their characters. She said one day, laughingly, 'Marie, if I had your beauty, I should not feel so indifferent as you do about it.' My aunt looked vexed and pained, and observed, 'Compliments to a pretty face were indications that no intellectual attractions existed in its possessor.'

"From their contemporary, Mrs. Madison, I have heard, that that winter when the sisters were going together into society, although on entering a room all eyes were turned on the younger, who became a centre of attraction, particularly to the gentlemen, that by degrees my mother's vivacity and the charms of her conversation and manners drew around her a circle of admirers who delighted in listening to her even more than in looking at her beautiful sister. These two sisters lived in perfect harmony, linked together by the warmest mutual affection, as well as their common devotion to their father, whom both idolized.

"My mother's second visit to her father was in the winter of 1805–6. She had then lost her sister. My aunt left two children, Francis and Maria Jefferson; the little girl was only a few months old and did not long

survive her mother. Francis passed that winter under my mother's care, his father being still in Congress. One of my brothers was born that same winter; the first birth which took place in the White House. He was called James Madison. Mrs. Madison was an intimate and much valued friend of my mother's, and her amiable, playful manners with children attracted my sisters and myself and made her a great favorite with us. Among my childish recollections is her 'running away with us,' as she playfully expressed it, when she took us away with her in her carriage, to give us a drive and then take us home with her to play with two of her nieces near our ages, and lunch on cranberry tarts. My oldest sister, Anne, completed her fifteenth year that winter, and was not yet going into society; but my mother permitted her to go to a ball under the care of a lady friend, who requested that my sister might go to her house to dress and accompany her own daughter near her age to the ball. My sister excited great admiration on that occasion. She had a 'remarkably classic head,' as I remember hearing an Italian artist remark at Monticello upon seeing her there after she was the mother of several children. Her hair was a beautiful auburn, and her complexion had a delicate bloom very becoming to her, and with the freshness of fifteen I can readily imagine how strikingly handsome she was. My mother, accompanied by Mrs. Cutts—the mother of Gen. Richard D. Cutts—went to the ball at a later hour. She was very short-sighted, and seeing my sister

on entering the ball-room she asked Mrs. Cutts, 'Who is that beautiful girl?' Mrs. Cutts, much amused, answered, 'Why, woman, are you so unnatural a mother as not to recognize your own daughter?'

"My sister died many years ago; if she were now living, she could no doubt tell much of what happened that winter in the White House. She formed some pleasant acquaintances in Washington, and made some friends with whom she corresponded for years. I have some recollections of the house as it was before being burned by the British, and as it was rebuilt on the same plan, I have since recognized parts of it most familiar to my eyes. A lasting impression was made upon my memory by the reception in one of the drawing-rooms, of the Tunisian Ambassador and suite; the brilliantly lighted room, the odd appearance to my puzzled senses of the rich Turkish dresses, and my alarm at receiving a kiss from the Secretary of the Ambassador, whilst one of my sisters, just two years old, whose Saxon complexion and golden hair made her a beautiful picturè, was honored by a kiss from the Ambassador, of which she has no recollection. I heard of the elegant presents brought by them for my mother and aunt, and which were publicly exhibited and sold. My mother wished to purchase one of the shawls intended for her, but when Mrs. Madison went to make the purchase she found that she had been anticipated by another person. The talk about these presents could not, of course, fail to greatly excite my childish curiosity, but my desire to

see them was not gratified. My grandfather did not allow them to be brought to the President's House, as it was then called—a name which, it seems, was too plain English to suit modern notions of dignified refinement, for it has been superseded by the more stately appellation of 'Executive Mansion.'

"From its being the cause of my disappointment in seeing those beautiful specimens of Oriental luxury and taste, my grandfather's strictness on that occasion served to impress upon my mind, earlier than it otherwise would have been impressed, a trait of his character which afterward became as familiar to me, and as natural a part of himself, as the sound of his voice—I mean his scrupulousness in conforming to the laws in all things, great or small.

"To return to my mother, it is to that period that belongs a remark which long afterward I was told had been made of her by the Marquis de Yrugo, the Spanish Ambassador, that she was fitted to grace any court in Europe. I was then too young to know and appreciate her as I afterward came to do. I have never known any one who accomplished as much as she did, making use of all she had been taught, in an education which fitted her for the performance of the various duties which fell to her lot. After my grandfather retired from public life, she became the mistress of his house. My father visited his farm in the neighborhood of Monticello daily, and during the busy season of harvest my mother always stayed with him while it lasted.

My mother educated her six daughters unassisted by any one. During the summer months, the crowds of visitors to my grandfather who filled the house and engrossed much of her time, interrupted our studies and made us lose much precious time; but she had the art of awakening an interest in what she taught us, and exciting a desire for improvement, which made us make the most of the quiet winter months which she could devote to us. She was a good musician, and was fond of gardening; she superintended personally all household matters, and in the winter evenings when my grandfather was seated in his arm-chair in the chimney corner, a small candle-stand was placed between them, and they spent the evenings reading. She had all the tastes which made country life agreeable, without losing her relish for the attractions of town life. Such was my mother as I knew her, and I remember her most perfectly. She was the mother of twelve children, eleven of whom lived to grow up.

"My youngest sister's name was Septimia. She was my mother's seventh daughter, and her name was the occasion of a poetic compliment to my mother from an old Portuguese gentleman, the Abbé Correa de Serra, who visited my grandfather every year during his long residence in Philadelphia. He was for several years Portuguese Ambassador to the United States. His learning, his interesting and instructive conversation, the amiable, child-like simplicity of his character and manners, made this old philosopher alike attractive to

the older and younger members of the family. His visits were enjoyed by us all, from my grandfather and mother down to the youngest child of the house, only two years old. In allusion to her name of Septimia, he said to my mother, 'Your daughters, Mrs. Randolph, are like the Pleiades; they are called seven, but six only are seen.' The second daughter died an infant.

"My mother survived her father upward of ten years, and her husband about eight years; during that period losing a grown son, James Madison Randolph, born in the President's House.

"In the autumn after my grandfather's death, she went to Boston, and passed the winter in the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of that city, having with her the two youngest children, Septimia and George Wythe, who went to day-schools during that winter. Septimia was the only one of her daughters who ever went to school at all; my other sisters and myself having our education conducted by our mother; she being our only teacher, assisted somewhat by her father. The following summer she accompanied my sister, Mrs. Coolidge, to Cambridge, where the two children again attended day-schools. My eldest brother, Mr. Jefferson Randolph, was his grandfather's executor; he had been in all business affairs the staff of his declining years, and afterward became a father to his younger brothers. The sale of furniture, pictures, and other movables at Monticello, took place the winter following my grandfather's death, after my mother's

departure for Boston. The rest of the family passed that winter in my brother's house, then the ensuing summer at Monticello, a purchaser for which could not be found until two years or more after. My mother remained in Cambridge the second winter, as a boarder, with her two children, in the family of Mr. Stearns, law-professor of Harvard College, to whose excellent family she became much attached.

"My sister Cornelia went to join her in Cambridge, and the two were alternately in Boston and Cambridge, the one with Mrs. Coolidge, and the other with the children.

"In the spring of 1828, my mother returned to Monticello, accompanied by Cornelia and Septimia, leaving my brother at a boarding school in the country near Cambridge. This being their first separation, it was felt most acutely on both sides, for he, just ten years old, was an unusually sensitive and warm-hearted boy, and as the 'youngling of her flock,' was the darling of her heart. He was to remain behind among strangers, whilst his mother, the object of his passionate fondness and devoted attachment, was to return without him to that dear old home he so well remembered and loved. My mother, on her return to Monticello after an absence of eighteen months, found my father very ill. He had been a part of the previous winter in Georgia, engaged as commissioner on the part of the United States in establishing a boundary line between that State and Florida. His letters spoke of his enjoying the climate,

and he enjoyed also the opportunities which he there found of gratifying his fondness for botanical studies; but he returned home in very bad health, and after a few months of severe suffering, died on the 20th of June, 1828, in his sixtieth year. Monticello was sold the following winter. My mother took leave of her beloved home in December—that home which had been the scene of her happiest years, where she had enjoyed her dear father's society, and been the solace of his age; where her children had been, most of them, born and grown up around her, and where her own happy childhood had been passed before the death of her mother.

"She removed with her family to the house of her son Jefferson. My mother lived a year with my brother's family, during which time she formed a plan of keeping a school for young ladies, assisted by her unmarried daughters, who were to be teachers under her superintendence. This plan was, however, rendered unnecessary by the donations so generously made her by the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, of $10,000 each. About this time, also, Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, prompted by the wish to do something in aid of Mr. Jefferson's daughter, offered to my husband, who had just then commenced the practice of the law, one of the higher clerkships in the State Department, with a salary of $1,400. This offer was accepted by him, with the understanding that my mother and sisters would go with us to live in Washington as one family. In the autumn of 1829, we bade adieu to our native mountains,

and removed to Washington. We occupied a small house with a pretty garden, pleasantly situated, where we lived together, forming one family, consisting of seven grown persons and four children, the two youngest being my own, and the other two orphans of my eldest sister, who had been taken by their grandmother to her home at Monticello, while her father was still living.

"Upon her arrival in Washington, my mother was visited by everybody, and received the most marked attentions. The President and the Heads of Departments called upon her; the lady of the White House of that day, Mrs. Donelson, and the wives of the cabinet ministers, laid aside etiquette, and paid her the respect of a first call.

"General Jackson, during the whole time of her residence in Washington, never omitted making her a visit once a year, accompanied usually by the Secretary of State. As a tribute to her father's memory, these marks of respect were peculiarly gratifying. Her disposition was naturally cheerful and social, though she was not dependent on society for happiness. Her habits of regular occupation, possessing as she did various tastes, the cultivation of which afforded her variety, and increased her interest in life; and surrounded as she was by a large, cheerful family circle, she lived contentedly in the country, even during the winters at Monticello, which were seldom enlivened by visitors. That season was devoted principally to the education of her children;

the constant crowds of visitors during the rest of the year leaving her very little time not engrossed by household cares, arising from the duties of hospitality.

"During the years which she passed in Washington, she resumed many of her old occupations; her taste for flowers revived, and good music afforded her enjoyment, although she no longer played much herself after my grandfather's death. Her habits of reading she never lost, and she always began the day with some chapter of the New Testament. She was an early riser in summer and in winter. She liked an east window in her bedroom, because it enabled her to read in bed before the household were stirring. Every year she visited alternately my elder brother at his residence near Monticello, in the southwest mountains of Virginia, or my sister, Mrs. Joseph Coolidge, in Boston.

"In the spring of 1831 she was called on to make a painful sacrifice, such as mothers only can appreciate—she gave her consent to George's entering the navy. After passing a winter with her in Washington, he had entered a school near the University of Virginia, when a midshipman's warrant was procured for him. At his boarding-school in Massachusetts, his conduct had gained for him the respect, confidence, and good-will of all, teachers and associates; but he was yet a mere child, and his mother's heart sickened at the thought of his going forth alone to encounter the naval perils, as well as brave the hardships of a sea-faring life. She had, however, the fortitude to approve of what was judged

best for his future, and her sorrow was borne with the patient and cheerful resignation which belonged to her character.

"The recollection of that parting as a trial for her stirs up, even at this distance of time, the long dormant feelings which I thought my last tear had been shed for. You, dear madam, will excuse this revival of incidents not required for your sketch, and will use such things only as may have an interest for the public. His first cruise lasted eighteen months, in the U. S. ship John Adams, which went up the Mediterranean as far as Constantinople; and one of its incidents was the breaking out of the cholera on board. He got back to us safely, however, and my mother was rewarded for her sufferings by the encomiums elicited by his conduct and character from the officers under whom he had served, and their predictions as to the useful and honorable career which lay before him. She continued to hear him highly spoken of, and to learn that he was respected by all who knew him, and that his leisure hours on board the ship were devoted to reading and study. In the interval between his cruises, he was to stay with her in Washington.

"In the second year of her residence there, she had the happiness of having my brother Lewis, another of her younger children, added to her family. He obtained a clerkship, which afforded him a post while he was qualifying himself for the practice of the law, and he remained with us until his marriage, which took place a

few years later. He was highly gifted, remarkably handsome, and shone in the social circle, but never formed one of the idle throng always to be found in cities. Very domestic in his tastes and habits, his leisure hours were divided between his professional studies and associates belonging to the circle in which his family moved. He married Miss Martin, a niece of Mrs. Donelson, with whom he became acquainted at the 'White House,' where she was staying. He then moved to the young State of Arkansas, where a promising career at the bar was cut short by an early death from congestive fever, less than a year after his mother's death.

"In the summer of 1832, my mother parted with the orphan granddaughter, Ellen Bankhead, whom she had adopted, and who, being then married to Mr. John Carter, of Albemarle, returned to live on his estate in his native mountains, and among the scenes of her childhood. Willie, her little orphan brother, was about that time claimed by his paternal grandfather, and placed at a day-school near him. In the following spring, Mr. Trist purchased a house into which we all moved. I think my mother felt more at home in this pleasant, new abode than she had ever done since leaving Monticello. The house had been built by Mr. Richard Rush, our Minister to England for many years, and when we first moved to Washington, was occupied by this gentleman and his lovely wife and family. It was a spacious dwelling, admirably planned and built, with a large garden

and out-buildings, the whole enclosed by a high brick wall. There the last three years of my mother's life were spent, although her death took place suddenly at Edgehill, my brother's residence in Virginia.

"The winter preceding had been marked by the death of my brother, James Madison Randolph, who had just completed his 27th year. He was buried at Monticello on a cold day in January. I remember the negroes assembled there, and made a fire to keep them warm while they waited for the procession which followed him to his early grave, who, they said, was the 'black man's friend,' and would have shared his last cent with one of them. At the time of our removal to that pleasant new home, my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, having gone to China, was engaged in business in Canton; his family remaining in Boston. In the summer of 1834, and during the absence of her husband, my sister paid us a visit, passing the summer in Virginia at my brother's, and the following winter with us in Washington. On that occasion, my mother had all her daughters with her for the last time; and Lewis, yet unmarried, was still living with her. The season was remarkable for its severity, the thermometer falling so low as 16° below zero, on a gallery with a southern exposure of our house, and so late even as the 1st day of March, stood at zero—the snow a foot deep in the garden. Soon after the purchase of that house, Mr. Trist, whose health had been very delicate, was appointed by General Jackson to be United States Consul

at Havana, which post had become vacant by the death of Mr. Shaler, long distinguished as our Consul at Algiers. He proceeded there alone, and in the summer returned to Washington. After remaining with us a few months, he again went to Havana alone to pass one more winter there, and then return to take charge of the office of First Comptroller of the Treasury, which General Jackson had tendered to him. He was still in Havana in the spring of 1835, when my brother Lewis left us to be married in Tennessee, and Mr. Coolidge arrived from China and came immediately to Washington, where his wife and family were still staying with us. He found my mother slowly recovering from a very severe illness, considered by our friend and physician, Dr. Hall, as a 'breaking up of her constitution,' and which was regarded by my brothers, Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin (who repaired from their homes in Virginia to their mother's bedside), as seriously alarming. She, however, recovered to a certain point, but never perfectly. Mr. Coolidge and my sister with their children returned to Boston, whilst my mother was to follow them as soon as she was able to travel. Accordingly, when her strength became sufficiently restored, she made the journey, going from Washington to Baltimore by steamer down the Potomac and up the Chesapeake Bay, she not having strength for the stage-coach ride of forty miles, then the only direct public conveyance between the two cities. My sister Mary accompanied her, and she reached Boston safely. Mr.

Trist returned from Havana in August after my mother's departure. He had then decided, most reluctantly yielding to the advice of his physician, to prolong his residence in Havana: his continuance in that climate for several years being judged essential to his recovery from an affection of the throat, of which there were at that period a number of fatal cases. That winter, instead of accompanying my husband on his return to Havana, as I should have wished, I had to take up my abode in Philadelphia to be near our little mute son, Thomas Jefferson, whom I entered—the youngest pupil there—as a boarder at the institution for deaf-mutes. This last winter of her life my mother passed in Boston with but two of her children near her: Mrs. Coolidge and Mary —the others scattered far away from her, fortunately for their peace of mind unconscious how soon the last parting was to come. My own departure for Havana the following autumn was decided on, but dreaded by all—still nearer was that other parting scene at which we were to meet no more on earth.

"In the month of May, 1836, my mother left Boston for Virginia, accompanied by my sister Mary. A final adieu it proved to her daughter, Mrs. Coolidge—her favorite child, it was generally thought, but we never felt jealous of her. Our family was, I think, a very united one. On her journey south, she passed some weeks in Philadelphia on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hackley, the mother of Mrs. Cutts. I was still in Philadelphia with my little deaf-mute boy, and it was on

that occasion that this precious portrait was secured by my prevailing on her to sit to Mr. Sully, then considered the best female portrait painter in our country. Twenty years previously, Mr. Sully had passed some time as a guest at Monticello, having been employed to make a portrait of my grandfather for the Military Academy at West Point. Since that time my mother had changed very much. Mr. Sully had then found her living with her dear father in that happy home, surrounded by a large, cheerful family circle unbroken by death. But in the long interval, many of its members had been taken away, and grief had left its traces not less plainly stamped upon her face than age. She was thinner and more feeble than I had ever seen her—it was just six months before her death. I accompanied her to Mr. Sully's studio for her first sitting, and as she took her seat before him she said playfully: 'Mr. Sully, I shall never forgive you if you paint me with wrinkles.' I quickly interposed,—'Paint her just as she is, if you please, Mr. Sully: the picture is for me.' He said, 'I shall paint you, Mrs. Randolph, as I remember you twenty years ago." He approved of her dress, particularly a large cape worn by old ladies, and requested her not to make any change in it. The picture does represent her twenty years younger than when she sat to him, but it failed to restore the embonpoint, and especially the expression of health, and cheerful, even joyous, vivacity, which her countenance then habitually wore. While she was sitting for her portrait, her

youngest daughter, Septimia, arrived by sea from Pensacola, where she had been taken by Mr. Trist to pass the winter with some friends, soon after which my mother pursued her journey to Virginia, accompanied by Mary and Septimia.

"Mr. Trist returned in August, and I set out with him in September for Virginia to take leave of my friends. On our arrival at Washington, finding General Jackson there alone in the White House—soon to set out for Tennessee, where his family had preceded him—the General expressed a wish for my husband's company during the days he might still be detained there. This being acceded to, I pursued my journey alone, little dreaming that this detention of a few days was to deprive my husband of ever again seeing my mother, between whom and himself the warmest attachment existed. On reaching Edgehill, I found them all assembled under my brother's roof, soon to travel together northward again before the separation so dreaded by us all. My mother and Mary were to pass the winter with Mrs. Coolidge, in Boston, whilst Cornelia and Septimia were to accompany me to Havana. I found my mother still looking very delicate and troubled with sore throat, for which a gargle had been prescribed by my brother, Dr. Benjamin F. Randolph. She complained of a vertigo when she threw back her head in using it. The day appointed for our departure being close at hand, she had exerted herself more than usual in packing a trunk; the following day she had a sick-headache and

kept her bed. She had all her life been subject to these headaches, but within the last few years had ceased to have them. One of my sisters expressed the hope that their recurrence might be a favorable symptom, a proof of returning vigor, as she had not had anything of the sort since her illness eighteen months before in Washington. We watched by her bedside, though feeling no alarm at an affection which we had always been accustomed to see her suffer with for several days at a time. One of my sisters slept in the room with her, and before parting with her for the night, I gave my mother some arrow-root. Early next morning I was called and told she was worse. I hurried to her bedside, but was too late to be recognized, a blue shade passed over the beloved face; it was gone and she lay as in sleep, but life had gone too. It was apoplexy. She died on the 10th of October, 1836, having just completed her sixty-fourth year on the 27th of September, ten years and three months after her father, and was laid by his side in the graveyard at Monticello."



D. P. Madison

IV.

DOROTHY P. MADISON.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his letters, has given an amusing account of his troubles in Washington, in preparing to attend a levee given by President Madison. After a ludicrous description of his vexations, he says, he finally emerged into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room. Here he was most graciously received, and found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly and old women, and beautiful young ones. Mrs. Madison, he adds, was a fine, pretty buxom dame, who had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, were also present on this occasion, and looked "like the merry wives of Windsor."

Dorothy Payne, the second child of John and Mary Coles Payne, was born the 20th of May, 1772. Her mother was a daughter of William Coles, Esq., of Coles Hill; and was a lady of pleasing social manners. The family were Virginians, and though Mrs. Madison was born in the State of North Carolina, she ever prided herself on a title so dear to all its possessors: that of being a daughter of the old commonwealth. Her parents removed to Philadelphia when she was quite young, and joined the Society of Friends at that place. Here their little daughter was reared according to the

strict system of the society, and by example and precept taught to ignore all those graceful accomplishments deemed so necessary in the formation of a woman's education. Attired in the close-fitting dress of her order, she would demurely attend to the duties imposed upon her, and the wonderful undertone of sweetness in her character kept the brow serene, and the heart ever bright and hopeful. Hers was a sunny, elastic nature, even as a child; and if she was not permitted to learn the worldly arts she desired, her disposition was not soured by these restrictions, and the inner graces which afterward made her famous, blossomed and bloomed in native harmony. Nothing could conceal her beautiful character. Nor could the quaint bonnet of the Friends hide her sparkling eyes and perfectly rounded features from the admiring gaze of her young acquaintances. At the age of nineteen she was married to John Todd, a rising young lawyer of Philadelphia and a member of the Society of Friends. Her father had manumitted his slaves when he moved to the city, and Miss Payne was accustomed to a life of simplicity and plentifulness, but never to even comparative wealth. Nor was she remarkable for her literary abilities or acquired attainments; but her warm heart beamed goodness from her expressive lips and lent a fascination to her frank, earnest face. After her union with Mr. Todd, her time was spent in her modest home according to the secluded manner of her sect, and during her short married life she pursued the even tenor of her quiet way, uncon-

scious of her rapidly unfolding beauty, or of the admiration it was exciting. Soon she was left a widow with an infant son, and made her home with her widowed mother.

The personal charms of the young widow, united as they were, with manners cordial, frank and gay, excited the admiration and awakened the kind feelings of all who came within their influence, and unaided by the extrinsic and accidental advantages of fortune or fashion, she became a general favorite, and the object not only of attention, but of serious and devoted attachment.

In October, 1794, Mrs. Todd was married to Mr. Madison, then one of the most talented members of Congress, a statesman of wealth and social position, and withal a great and good man. She had been a widow less than a year, and was at the time of her second marriage in the twenty-third year of her age. The ceremony was performed at "Harewood," Jefferson county, Virginia, the residence of her younger sister, Lucy, the wife of George Steptoe Washington. From this time forward she lived at "Montpelier," the rural home of Mr. Madison, until he was called again to public life. It was at this time of her life that she developed the loveliest traits of her noble character. Placed in a position where she could command resources, the warmth and generosity of her nature was displayed, not in lavish personal expenditures, but in dispensing the bounties bestowed upon her to all who came as suppliants, and in giving to her widowed mother and orphaned sisters a home. The

blessings of her kindred, and the fond love of her husband, gladdened these, the first years of her married life, and her relatives and friends were made partakers of her abundance, while the tender attentions of Mr. Madison to her aged mother filled her heart to repletion. Had she not been placed in a position harmonious to her nature, it is probable that her days would have been spent in indifferent adherence to a dull routine, and the rills of her heart which bubbled and sang so gleefully in the summer of her content, never been discovered beneath the weight of circumstances. Fortunately hers was a disposition to rightfully appreciate the gifts of fortune and social consideration, and in accepting her bright future prospects, she determined to nourish the smothered generosity of her soul. Hitherto her lot had been circumscribed and the charitable desires of her heart been restrained; but when the power was given her to do good, she filled the measure of her life with the benedictions of humanity, and reigned in the affections of her friends without a rival.

Mr. Jefferson appointed Mr. Madison Secretary of State in 1801, and in April of that year he removed with his family to Washington. Here her position was in perfect accordance with her disposition, and her house was a radiating point for every acquaintance. The great secret of her success lay in the innocence which dwelt in her noble nature; and this nobleness of innocence underlaid the dignity and high-mindedness which attested an elevated nature. She drank the wine of human ex-

istence without the lees, and inhaled the perpetual breath of summer, even after the snows of winter had clogged the dull course of life. She was gifted with that which was better than Ithuriel's spear, whose touch reveals the beauty which existed in everything, for she was humble-hearted, tolerant and sincere. Entirely free from malignant cavil, her instinctive sympathy with the good and beautiful led her to seek it in everything around her, and her life, if not devoted to the higher cultivation of the mind, developed the sunny brightness of her heart.

The power of adaptiveness was a live-giving principle in Mrs. Madison's nature. With a desire to please, and a willingness to be pleased, she was popular in society, and was to her husband a support and friend. Washington was little more than a wilderness, when, in the spring, she commenced life there as the wife of a cabinet officer. The elements which combined to form the society of the Capital were various, and difficult to harmonize, and her situation was a delicate one to fill; yet she was loved by all parties, and embittered politicians who never met save at her hospitable board, there forgot "the thorns of public controversy under the roses of private cheerfulness." In those days steamboats were just beginning, railroads unknown, stage-coaches extremely inconvenient, national, indeed even turnpike roads were very rare, and the journeys were mostly performed in the saddle. The daughter of one of the senators, who wished to enjoy the gayeties of the Capital,

accompanied her father five hundred miles on horseback. The wife of another member not only rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, but passed through several Indian settlements, sleeping for many nights in a tent in the woods. Mrs. Madison herself had travelled from her Virginia home by easy stages, cumbered with household furniture, and stopping on the road to visit relatives; occupying what seems to us at this day an incredible length of time to perform such a journey. Her house, after the President's, was the resort of most company, and the cordial manners of the hostess lent a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembled.

Political feuds ran high, and party spirit was more virulent than ever before experienced. Washington's administration had been a success, and in the eyes of the public, he was not included in any party, but was above them all. Yet he placed himself, when the question was of a political order, under the banner of the federal party, and was the declared advocate of the unity and force of the central power. He insured its triumph during his two terms, and let his mantle descend upon one of his most attached friends. The democratic party, desiring the rule of the majority, opposed to the preponderance of the higher classes, and to aristocratic tendencies, overcame the successor of Washington, who was defeated by Mr. Jefferson, the leader of the opposition. At the commencement of this era, Mrs. Madison appeared upon the scene, and gave to her husband that support which enhanced his popularity as a public man,

and made his house the most attractive place of resort in the city. During his eight years' life as Secretary of State, she dispensed with no niggard hand the abundant wealth she rightly prized, and the poor of the district loved her name as a household deity.

In 1810, Mr. Madison was elected President, and after Mr. Jefferson left the city, he removed to the White House. Under the former administration, Mrs. Madison had, during the absences of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, presided at the receptions and levees, and was in every particular fitted to adorn her position as hostess of the mansion she was called to preside over. Every one in Washington felt that her watchful care and friendly interest would be in nowise diminished by her advancement to a higher position; and the magical effects of her snuff-box were as potent in one capacity as another. The forms and ceremonials which had rendered the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Adams dull and tedious, were laid aside, and no kind of stiffness was permitted. Old friends were not forgotten, nor new ones courted; but mild and genial to all, each person felt himself the object of special attention, and all left her presence pleased and gratified with her urbanity and refinement.

Possessing a most retentive memory, she never miscalled a name, or forgot the slightest incident connected with the personal history of any one; and therefore impressed each individual with the idea of their importance in her esteem. Mrs. Madison's sole aim was to be pop-

ular and render her husband's administration brilliant and successful. Her field was the parlor; and with the view of reigning supreme there, she bent the energies of her mind to the one idea of accomplishment. In her thirty-seventh year she entered the White House. Still youthful in appearance, denied the cares of maternity, which destroy the bloom of beauty on the delicate faces of American women, she assumed her agreeable position with no encumbrances, no crosses, in perfect health, the possessor of great beauty of feature and form, and eminently happy in the sincere regard of her husband. Contentment crowned her lot with happiness, and the first four years of her life there must have been one continued pleasure.

With all her appreciation of admiration, she was not extravagant; her house, during the time of Mr. Jefferson's term, was very plainly furnished, and in no way elegant. Like most Virginians, she delighted in company, and her home was the most hospitable abode in Washington. Her table was her pride; and the multiplicity of dishes, and their size, was a subject of ridicule to a foreign minister, who observed "that it was more like a harvest-home supper, than the entertainment of a Secretary of State." She heard of this and similar remarks, and only observed with a smile, "that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so repugnant to foreign customs arose from the happy circumstance of the super-

abundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant, but more liberal fashion of Virginia." But this time of prosperity was doomed, and war insatiate was already treading upon the shores of the Atlantic. Mr. Madison, the peace-loving, humane Executive, was compelled to declare war with Great Britain; and after a time its actual presence was felt at the National Capital. June, 1812, is memorable as the second appeal of the United States to arms, to assert once more the rights of its freemen; and for three years its fierceness was felt from Canada to New Orleans, and over the blue waters of the oceans of the world.

"Generous British sentiments revolted at the destruction of the American Capital: which might not have been branded with universal infamy if confined to navy yards, warlike implements, vessels of war, and even private rope-walks, if the enormity had stopped there. But no warfare can satisfy its abominable lust with impunity on libraries, public and private, halls of legislation, residences of magistrates, buildings of civil government, objects of art, seats of peace, and embodiments of rational patriotic pride. The day before the fall of Washington was one of extreme alarm: the Secretary of State wrote to the President: 'The enemy are advanced six miles on the road to the wood-yard, and our troops are retreating, you had better remove the records.' Then commenced the panic which was destined to grow more general the coming day. Tuesday night every clerk was

busy packing and aiding in the removal of valuables. Coarse linen bags were provided, and late in the evening, after all the work was over, and the bags were hanging round the room, ready at a moment's warning to be moved, Mr. Pleasanton, one of the clerks, procured conveyances, and crossing the Potomac, deposited them in a mill three miles off. But fearing for their safety, he determined to go farther into the interior, and the next night slept at Leesburg, a small town thirty-five miles from Washington. The light that shone against the cloudless sky revealed the fate of the city, and the doom of his charge had they delayed. Amongst the documents were the original Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, and General Washington's commission as Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Revolution, which he relinquished when he resigned it at Annapolis (found among the rubbish of a garret). Scarcely had the wagon that bore the papers crossed the wooden bridge of the Potomac, than crowds of flying fugitives, men, women and children, pressed upon it in such numbers as to render the threatened danger almost imminent. The frightened multitude swayed to and fro, seeking means of escape till night closed the horrible drama; then upon Capitol Hill appeared the red-coated soldiery of the British army. The sun sank beneath the golden sheen of fleecy clouds that floated softly over the southern horizon, but the going down of the king of day in nowise relieved the atmosphere. Dust and heat were intolerable, and a rumor that the water was poisoned ren-

dered the sufferings of the weary soldiers painful in the extreme. For the seventh time that day a retreat was commanded, and the city troops, mortified and enraged, refused to obey. Back from the city to the heights of Georgetown was the order; but how could they leave their families, their homes and property, and march by those they were sworn to protect! Down the long, broad, and solitary avenue, past the President's now deserted house, through Georgetown, and some as far as Tenlytown, the disorganized, demoralized remnant of the army strayed, and slept on the ground, lighted up by the fiery red glare from the burning buildings in Washington. All night they lay alarmed and distressed, while but few could steal a moment's repose. The bursting shells in the navy yard were heard for miles, and each boom was a knell to the agonizing hearts, who knew not where their helpless ones were in this hour of horrors. When the British marched slowly into the wilderness city, by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses, scattered over a large space, were shut, and no sign of life was visible. The President had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Madison had followed in another direction. The bayonets of the British guard gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the ladies, and the expostulations of the nearest residents, deterred the British

General Ross from blowing up the Capitol; but he ordered it to be fired at every point, and many houses near it were consumed. A house hard by, owned by General Washington, was destroyed, which, in justice to human nature be it said, the General regretted. Not so the Admiral, who ordered the troops to fire a volley in the windows of the Capitol, and then entered to plunder. I have, indeed, to this hour (said Mr. Richard Rush, in 1855), the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of flame and smoke ascending throughout the night of the 24th of August from the Capitol, President's house, and other public edifices, as the whole were on fire, some burning slowly, others with bursts of flame and sparks mounting high up in the dark horizon. This never can be forgotten by me, as I accompanied out of the city, on that memorable night, in 1814, President Madison, Mr. Jones, then Secretary of the Navy, General Mason, of Anacostia Island, Mr. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, and Mr. Tench Ringgold. If at intervals the dismal sight was lost to our view, we got it again from some hill-top or eminence where we paused to look at it."

It was among the stories when Congress met near the ruins three weeks afterward, that the Admiral in a strain of coarse levity, mounting the Speaker's chair, put the question, "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" and when the mock resolution was declared unanimous, it was carried into effect by heaping combustibles under the furniture. The temporary

wooden structure, connecting the two wings, readily kindled. Doors, chairs, the library and its contents, in an upper room of the Senate-wing, everything that would take fire, soon disappeared in sheets of flame, illuminating and consternating the environs for thirty miles around, whence the conflagration was visible. Through "the eternal Pennsylvania Avenue," the Admiral and General led their elated troops, where but a few hours before the flying, scattered Americans, dismayed, ashamed, and disgusted, had wended their sorrowing way. The Capitol behind them was wrapt in its winding robes of flame, and on through the darkness they passed to that other house of the nation.

An aged lady lived in the nearest residence to the Presidential Mansion, and here the ruffianly Cockburn and the quiet, sad General Ross halted and ordered supper, which they ate by the light of the burning buildings. A letter written by Mrs. Madison to her sister at Mount Vernon, gives us an insight into her feelings, at this time of trial and danger.

"TUESDAY, *August 23d*, 1814.

"DEAR SISTER:—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's House until his return, on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the

Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with intention to destroy it. * * * I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself, until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me—as I hear of much hostility toward him. * * * Disaffection stalks around us. * * My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C., with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. * * French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

"Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock.—Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all

directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit, to fight for their own firesides!

"Three o'clock.—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly; but I wait for him. * * * At this late hour a wagon has been procured; I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house; whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out; it is done—and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York for safe-keeping. And now, my dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!"

On the removal of the seat of government to Washington, in 1800, a magnificent portrait of General

Washington, painted by Stuart partly, and completed by Winstanley, to whom President John Adams' son-in-law, Colonel Smith, stood for the unfinished limbs and body, hung in the state dining-room. Colonel Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, a grandson of Mrs. Washington, called at the President's to save this picture of his illustrious grandfather, in whose house he was reared. Then, as now, it was one of the very few ornaments which adorned the White House, and at the risk of capture Mrs. Madison determined to save it. The servants of the house broke with an axe the heavy gilt frame which protected the inner one of wood, upon which the canvas was stretched, and removed, uninjured, the painting, leaving the broken fragments screwed to the wall, which had held in place the valued relic. Mrs. Madison then left the house, and the portrait was taken by Mr. Baker beyond Georgetown and placed in a secure position.

Half a century later, when the White House was undergoing a renovation, this portrait was sent, with many others subsequently added to this solitary painting, to be cleaned and the frame burnished. The artist found on examination that the canvas had never been cut, since the rusted tacks, time-worn frame, and the size compared with the original picture, was the most conclusive evidence that Mrs. Madison did not cut it out with a carving-knife, as many traditions have industriously circulated.

The frame was a large one, hanging high on the wall,

and it was impossible that a lady could by mounting a table be enabled to reach any but the lower portion; then, too, in that moment of nervous alarm, the constant noise of cannon filling each heart with dread, it seems improbable that any hand, above all a woman's, could be steady enough to cut, without ruining the canvas.

Again, from the lips of a descendant, the assurance is given that Mrs. Madison repeatedly asserted that she did not cut it, but only lingered to see it safely removed before she stepped into her waiting carriage and was driven rapidly toward Georgetown.

First to the residence of the Secretary of the Navy, then to Belleview, and joined by the family of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll, she returned to town insisting that her terrified coachman should take her back toward the President's house to look for Mr. Madison, whom she unexpectedly found near the lower bridge, attended by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Rush, who had reached the White House soon after she left it and stopped for refreshments.

It has been related that the British found a sumptuous meal smoking on the table when they reached there after dark, and that they enjoyed the iced wines and cold ham, amusing themselves with the coarse assertion that "Jemmy" ran from his bacon "to save his bacon." The low pun found ears ready to credit and circulate it, but the porter, who died but a few years since, has repeatedly asserted that the occupants of the house had been in such constant fright that but little had been

cooked, and no regular meal partaken of that day; that there was always plenty in the larder for any emergency, and a wine-cellar kept well stored, but that after the President's party had eaten on their arrival, soon after Mrs. Madison's departure, and given the remnants of their hasty meal to the tired, jaded soldiers of Col. Savol's regiment, that there was nothing left.

Water was furnished the troops in buckets, and all the wine in the house given them. John Siousa, the French porter, after seeing the President and his attendants off, took the parrot belonging to Mrs. Madison to the residence of Col. Tayloe, and then returned and fastened the house securely and took the keys with him to Philadelphia. All the afternoon, parties of straggling soldiers, on their way to Georgetown, hung about the house and grounds, and vagrant negroes pilfered in spite of the efforts of the servants. Many articles were taken from the house to be secured and returned as some were, but much was never restored. The porter secreted the gold and silver mounted carbines and pistols of the Algerian minister, which are now in the Patent Office, but the revolvers belonging to the Secretary of the Treasury, which the President laid on a table, were stolen.

Gloating with revenge, at the escape of the President and his wife, "whom they wanted to show in England," the enemy broke open the doors of the White House, and ransacked it from cellar to garret, finding nothing of value, or as objects of curiosity, save a small parcel

of the pencil notes received from her husband by Mrs. Madison, while he was with the troops, which she had rolled up together and put in a table drawer. To all the rest of the contents: furniture, wines, provisions, groceries, and family stores, which cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire was procured at a small beer house opposite the Treasury to light the buildings with, and while the commanders were eating their evening meal at the house of Mrs. Suter, on the corner, the common soldiers, together with the negroes and thieves of all grades, were pillaging the rapidly burning buildings.

The White House was not so large or complete then as now; the East Room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying room, was unfurnished and unoccupied, and the front vestibule not then added, which so greatly enhances the interior of the present mansion. The House was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament, the grounds uninclosed, and materials for building purposes lying scattered about the woods which have since become the ornament of this portion of the city. Nothing but the lateness of the hour, and the storm coming on, saved the War Department. The squadron which was to have co-operated with them, failing to come, filled the officers with timorous fear, and they determined to evacuate the city the next day unless it should arrive in the meantime. For over a week the unhappy citizens of Washington had not slept or pur-

sued the avocations of daily life. Constant rumors and frights had unnerved the stoutest hearts, and families fleeing from a foreign foe rendered the situation of those who could not leave more distressing. Every vehicle had been pressed into service, and valuables scattered over the country for safety. The city contained about eight thousand inhabitants, living at great distances, of whom not more than one-tenth remained in its limits to see the entrance and exit of the British army. Over the Long Bridge, until it was in danger of giving way, through the country into the interior of Maryland and beyond the Georgetown limits, the flying, frightened people wandered, not caring whither or how they went, so that they escaped from their remorseless foes. It was a whole week, said the aged Mrs. Suter (at whose house the intruders demanded supper), of great trouble, no one sleeping at night and the day spent in fright. After the terrors of that sad week and dreadful day, the Capitol and other buildings blazing, the ammunition in the navy yard exploding, a rain set in which in intensity and duration was scarcely ever witnessed, and which continued during the following day. A British narrator states, "that the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant in the place came on. Of the prodigious force of the wind, it is impossible for you to form any conception. Roofs of houses were torn off by it, and whisked into the air like sheets of paper; while the rain which accompanied it resembled the rushing of a mighty cataract, rather than

the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning streaming through it, which together with the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of roofs as they were stripped from the walls, produced the most appalling effect I shall probably ever witness. This lasted for nearly two hours without intermission; during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down, and thirty of our men, beside several of the inhabitants, buried beneath their ruins. Our column was as completely dispersed as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground to prevent themselves from being carried away by the tempest; nay, such was the violence of the wind that two pieces of cannon which stood upon the eminence, were fairly lifted from the ground and borne several yards to the rear."

This second storm, which was most terrifying to the British, unaccustomed as they were to the grand forests and heavy rains of America, was, if possible, more destructive than the one of the night before. It commenced about one o'clock in the afternoon, and was so awful to the troops that they neglected to fire the post-office, and Congress was thereby saved the necessity of being driven to Georgetown or Philadelphia, when it again met in three weeks. After an occupation of

twenty-nine hours, the British withdrew and Washington was evacuated.

Mrs. Madison, after meeting her husband, accompanied him to the banks of the Potomac, where one small boat was kept ready—of the many others all sunk or removed but that one—to transport the President, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Rush, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Carroll to the Virginia shore. The boat was too small to carry all at once, so that several trips were necessary; and as the shades of night set in upon them, they looked like departing spirits leaving the world behind, to be ferried over an inevitable Styx. Bidding them adieu as the last one entered the frail bark, Mrs. Madison returned to her friends at Georgetown, but agreeably to her husband's orders, she started on to a more secure retreat. The roads were so blocked with wagons that their progress was very slow, and they left their carriages and walked to relieve their anxiety. Crowds of soldiers, panic-stricken, were retracing their steps to the remnant of troops with General Winder. Families, with their conveyances loaded down with household goods, moved slowly forward, amid the tumult, while the coming darkness increased the general alarm. Long after dark, the party accompanying Mrs. Madison reached the residence of Mr. Love, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where they begged the privilege of remaining all night. There was little need of beds for that agitated band of frightened women, and the night was passed by some in tears; by Mrs. Madison in sitting by an open window,

gazing back upon the weird and fantastic flames as they met and lapped in the far distance.

Smothered rumbling noises started the listening ear, as ever and anon some huge edifice or wing of a building fell. The head of the house was away with the troops, and his wife was ill and alone with her servants, but the sudden visit of so many strangers was no check to the hospitality of the hostess. Every sofa and available substitute was brought into requisition, and all rendered comfortable. Sleep was banished from all eyes, even had any been inclined to repose. The clanking, clattering noise of several hundred disorderly cavalrymen around the house kept every one awake, while all felt the desolate weariness of the night to be but a harbinger of the coming day. "What must have been the feelings of the occupants of that house that summer night, we of the present day cannot realize," writes an eminent historian in 1842; but those who had not "fallen asleep" when the summer of 1862 came upon us, endured similar hours of anguish, which seared their hearts forever. No scene of horror was enacted in or about Washington in that week of excitement that was not repeatedly paralleled in the sad years of our civil war.

Long before day, the sleepless caravan, with Mrs. Madison at the head, started forward to the place appointed for a meeting with Mr. Madison. Consternation was at its uttermost: the whole region filled with frightened people, terrified scouts roaming about and spreading alarm that the enemy were coming from

Washington and Alexandria, and that there was safety nowhere. As the day wore on, in which the British were plundering and burning Washington, the storm that sent terror to their superstitious bosoms overtook the tired refugees. But the elemental war, with its bolts of thunder and zigzag lightning penetrating the darkened recesses of the forest, caused no feeling so insupportable as the flying rumor that the negroes were in revolt, and maddened with drink and promised liberty, were roaming in numbers, committing every excess, worse than those at Hampton the year before. As the day gradually drew to a close, the faint and drenched companions of Mrs. Madison reached the appointed place, sixteen miles from Washington. But the President was not there, and here occurred one of those disagreeable scenes that are a disgrace to the name of humanity, and which, be it said to the shame of her sex, are oftener the acts of woman than of man. Crowds of persons from Washington occupied the tavern, and the women declared that the wife of him who had brought war upon the country, should not find shelter with them, its innocent victims. Jaded and exhausted from constant travel and want of sleep, the devoted band about Mrs. Madison waited in the rain, urging the tavern-keeper to give them an apartment until the President should arrive. The furious storm grew louder, the sky, lowering before, was black as night now, and a tornado of tropical fury set in which spread desolation for many miles around. Women

who had repeatedly enjoyed the hospitalities of the White House, been admitted with kind cordiality to drawing-rooms and dinings, now vied with the wife of the landlord in denouncing vehemently the inclination of the men present to admit the Presidential party. Embittered by their real and imaginary wrongs, they lost all sense of honor and refinement, and stood in their true colors before the lady who never for one moment forgot the dignity becoming her station. She preferred exposure to the storm to contention; but the escort with her, indignant at the contemptible conduct of the rude persons within, obliged the ungracious occupants to open the doors. The old tavern stood in the midst of an apple orchard laden with ripening fruit, and hardly had the travellers left their carriages when the hurricane dashed the apples, in several instances the entire trees, with fearful strength against the house. Mrs. Madison spread the lunch she had prepared the day before at the White House, and in silence, interrupted only by her inquiries for the welfare of her attendants, they ate their damp food and smothered the intense disgust they felt for families who only the day before they deemed firm friends. The hours dragged slowly on, and the anxious wife looked in vain for her absent husband. Did she, in that hour of grief and humiliation, think of her illustrious predecessors who had endured like her the black ingratitude of the women of her country? Had she forgotten that the ladies of Philadelphia, in 1776, refused Mrs. Washington similar attention, and treated with

scorn the wife of the Commander-in-chief, who was using every human endeavor to organize and establish a continental army? Or did it recur to her that a time would come when, like Mrs. Washington, she would again, through the brightening prospects of peace, receive the flattering adulation of those very persons, and the respect and admiration of the more cultivated throughout the land? Did she think of that strong, resolute "Portia" of the Revolution who, in her modest home near the sea, denied and scorned the report that her husband had deserted to the British, yet who patiently submitted to the averted looks, and silent reproaches of those whom she thought her friends, and waited for the storm to blow over, and truth once more to triumph? Philadelphia was a great distance then from the coast of Massachusetts, and mails were brought only at rare intervals, but with her strong faith she trusted in her husband's honor and felt that it was not betrayed. Time corrected the false rumor, but her heart had been deeply wounded, and it never forgot, if it forgave, the conduct of many who, in her hour of trial, turned against her.

Nervous and impatient, Mrs. Madison waited in her inhospitable quarters for the President's coming; and as night came on, her mind was relieved by seeing him approaching, accompanied by the friends with whom she left him the night before. He was careworn and hungry, and after devouring the remnants of her scanty meal, sought the repose he so needed. "That uneasy and humiliating repose, not the last of Mr. Madison's degra-

dations, was, however, the turning point of his fortunes; for while he slept, Ross hastily and clandestinely evacuated Washington, victor and vanquished alike victims of, and fugitives from, imagined perils." But the terrified citizens knew not that the British were impotent, and dismayed at the non-appearance of their fleet. Every crash of thunder was to them a source of alarm, and its rumblings in the distant clouds the imagined noise of approaching troops. Toward midnight, a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy were coming, and he was compelled to pass the rest of that miserable night in a hovel in the distant woods, with the boughs sobbing and sighing their requiem around him, and the last efforts of the storm expending itself in moans, while the wind swept through the tall trees. The atmosphere was cooled by the great and prolonged storm, but all nature seemed to weep from exhaustion, and the stillness of the closing hours of the night were in marked contrast to the roar and din of the preceding twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Madison was warned by her husband to use a disguise, and leaving her carriage and companions, procure another conveyance and fly farther. Attended by a nephew of Judge Duvall, she set out accompanied by one soldier, and at the dawn of day left the inhospitable inn where the most unhappy night of her life had been passed. Her carriage and four horses were left with her friends, and a substitute obtained from a gentleman of Georgetown. Soon tidings reached her that Washington

was evacuated, and retracing her steps, she reached, after a weary ride, the Long Bridge, which had been burned at both ends. Here the officer in charge positively refused to let an unknown woman cross in a carriage in his only remaining boat. No alternative was left her but to send for him and explain who she was, when she was driven in her carriage upon the dangerous little raft, which bore her nearer home. Reaching Washington, so disguised that no one knew her, in a strange carriage, she found her former home in ruins, and the noblest buildings reduced to blackened heaps of smoking timber. Desolation met her on every side, and the deserted streets were as quiet as the depths of the forest through which she had passed. Fortunately her sister, Mrs. Cutts, lived in the city, and she repaired there to await Mr. Madison's return. "The memory of the burning of Washington," says another, "cannot be obliterated. The subject is inseparable from the great international principles and usages. It never can be thought of by an American, and ought not to be thought of by an enlightened Englishman, but in conjunction with the deplorable and reprehensible scenes it recalls. It was no trophy of war for a great nation. History cannot so record it. Our infant metropolis at that time had the aspect of merely a straggling village, but for the size and beauty of its public buildings. Its scattered population scarcely numbered eight thousand; it had no fortresses or sign of any; not a cannon was mounted."

Late in the morning, news reached the President at his

hiding-place in the hovel, that the enemy were retreating to their shipping—and he, too, turned his steps toward the capital, and found his wife before him. He rented the house called the Octagon, owned by Colonel Tayloe, where his family passed the winter, and where he signed the treaty of peace.

It was situated on the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth street. He afterward removed to the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth street, where he resided until the President's House was repaired. This house had been previously occupied by the Treasury Department. On F street, in a house between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, now numbered 246, Mr. and Mrs. Madison lived when he was Secretary of State. All three of these residences still remain.

At the last New Year's Reception held by President Madison, he was dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, made of the wool of merinoes raised in the United States.

"An old citizen has informed me," says Mr. Gobright, in his "Men and Things at Washington," "that the levee of Mr. Madison, in February, 1816, was remembered for years as the most brilliant ever held up to that date in the Executive Mansion. The Justices of the Supreme Court were present in their gowns, at the head of whom was Chief-Justice Marshall. The Peace Commissioners to Ghent—Gallatin, Bayard, Clay and Russell—were in the company. Mr. Adams alone was absent. The levee

was additionally brilliant—the heroes of the war of 1812, Major-Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott and Ripley, with their aides, all in full dress, forming an attractive feature. The return of peace had restored the kindest feeling at home and abroad. The Federalists and Democrats of both Houses of Congress, party politicians, citizens and strangers were brought together as friends, to be thankful for the present, and to look forward with delight to the great future. The most notable feature of the evening was the magnificent display of the Diplomatic Corps, prominent in which was Sir Charles Bagot, special ambassador from our late enemy, Great Britain. It was on this occasion that Mr. Bagot made the remark, that Mrs. Madison 'looked every inch a queen.' The only incident of a disagreeable character was the coolness toward the French minister (who was very popular with the Republicans) by the Representatives of the Holy Alliance. Mrs. Madison, like Mr. Clay, was very fond of snuff. The lady offered him a pinch from her splendid box, which the gentleman accepted with the grace for which he was distinguished. Mrs. Madison put her hand into her pocket, and pulling out a bandanna handkerchief, said, 'Mr. Clay, this is for rough work,' at the same time applying it at the proper place; 'and this,' producing a fine lace handkerchief from another pocket, 'is my polisher.' She suited the actions to the words, removing from her nose the remaining grains of snuff."

Mrs. Madison at this time was represented as being a very gay lady, with much rouge on her cheeks, and

always appearing in a turban. She was fond of bright colors and the elegances of the toilet; yet she generally wore inexpensive clothing, preserving always the neatness of a Quaker, with the elegance of a lady of taste.

Two plain ladies from the West, passing through Washington, determined to see Mrs. Madison; but as they reached there late at night, and were to leave early next day, they were much puzzled to know how the feat should be performed. Meeting in the street an old gentleman next morning, they timidly approached and asked him to show them the way to the President's House. Being an old acquaintance of Mrs. Madison, he took pleasure in conducting the strangers to the White House. The President's family were at breakfast when the party arrived, but Mrs. Madison good-naturedly went in to be seen by the curious old ladies, who were evidently much astonished to find so august a personage in a plain dark dress, with a linen handkerchief pinned about her neck. Her friendly welcome soon put them at ease, and rising to leave, after a visit never to be forgotten, one of them said, "P'rhaps you wouldn't mind if I jest kissed you, to tell my gals about." Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone by her guest's politeness, gracefully saluted each of the delighted old ladies, who adjusted their spectacles, and, with evident admiration, departed.

Mr. Madison was a silent, grave man, whose nature was relieved by a vein of quiet good-humor, which in his moments of relaxation gave an inexpressible charm to his presence. A statesman of vast mind and research,

he could not always descend to the graceful little accomplishments which were so attractive to many ladies, and hence he was not so universally admired by the fair sex as his charming wife was by the gentlemen; but nothing gave him more pleasant satisfaction than to feel that Mrs. Madison could do credit to both in the drawing-room, and he was willing to be banished to his cabinet.

When Mr. Madison was attending Congress in 1783, he became attached to an interesting and accomplished young lady, daughter of an old friend of Mr. Jefferson, who was a co-signer with him of the Declaration of Independence.* This attachment, which promised at one time the most auspicious result, terminated at last in disappointment. The following extract of a letter addressed to him on the occasion by Mr. Jefferson, is given because of its connection with an event which is never without importance in the life of a man of virtuous sensibilities, and as affording a touching proof of the intimate and fraternal sympathies which united the two friends.

"I sincerely lament," he said, "the misadventure which has happened, from whatever cause it may have happened. Should it be final, however, the world still presents the same and many other sources of happiness, and you possess many within yourself. Firmness of mind and unintermitting occupation will not long leave you in pain. No event has been more contrary to my

* General William Floyd, one of the delegates of New York.

expectations, and these were founded on what I thought a good knowledge of the ground. But of all machines, ours is the most complicated and inexplicable."

A curious coincidence connected with three of the four first Presidents is, that they married widows, and each had been at a previous time seriously interested in other ladies. It is also remarkable that neither Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or his successor, had sons, and two of them were childless.

Mrs. Madison was not a learned woman, but decidedly a talented one, and her name will ever be a synonym for all that is charming and agreeable.

A warm admirer of hers was convincing a friend that she was not vain. "But," said the other, "you tell me she used rouge and powder." "Yes, yes, she did," he replied, "but it was to please and gratify those who were thrown with her, not because she was fond of admiration."

Mrs. Trist, the daughter of Mrs. Randolph, in reply to my request for her description of Mrs. Madison, sent me the following:

"My recollections of Mrs. Madison are of the most agreeable nature, and were formed from a long, intimate acquaintance beginning in my childhood, and ending only with her life. She had a sweet, natural dignity of manner which attracted while it commanded respect; a proper degree of reserve without stiffness in company with strangers; and a stamp of frankness and sincerity which, with her intimate friends, became gayety and

even playfulness of manner. There was, too, a cordial, genial, sunny atmosphere surrounding her, which won all hearts—I think one of the secrets of her immense popularity. She was said to be, during Mr. Madison's administration, the most popular person in the United States, and she certainly had a remarkable memory for names and faces. No person introduced to Mrs. Madison at one of the crowded levees at the White House required a second introduction on meeting her again, but had the gratification of being recognized and addressed by his or her own name. Her son, Payne Todd, was a notoriously bad character. His misconduct was the sorrow of his mother's life. Mr. Madison, during his lifetime, bore with him like a father, and paid many of his debts, but he was an incorrigible spendthrift. His heartless, unprincipled conduct embittered the last years of his mother's life, and no doubt shortened it."

An anecdote is related of Mrs. Madison, in connection with Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister, and Thomas Moore, the poet. Mr. and Mrs. Merry were invited to dine with President Jefferson; when dinner was announced, Mrs. Madison happened to be standing and talking to the President, at some distance from Mrs. Merry, and he offered his arm to her and conducted her to the table, where she always presided when no members of his family were present. This attention to the wife of the Secretary of State was considered by Mrs. Merry as an insult. "Such a stir was made by the angry ambassador, that Mr. Madison wrote to Mr. Monroe (who

had succeeded Mr. King as our Minister to England), apprising him of the facts, to enable him to answer an expected call of the British Government for official explanations. Mr. Monroe, however, got his first information from a friendly British under-secretary, who intimated that he would soon probably hear of the matter through a different channel. The Minister was delighted. Within a very short period, the wife of an English under-secretary had been accorded precedence over his own, under analogous circumstances. He had no great fund of humor, but the absurdity of the whole affair, and the excellent materials in his possession for a reply to a call for explanations, struck him in a most amusing light. Shaking with merriment, he hinted to his informant the satisfaction the call would give him. He never afterward heard a lisp on the subject."

President Jefferson had abolished all etiquette in regard to official precedence when he went in office, and Mrs. Merry knew this, but she never forgave the occurrence, and never afterward went to the White House. Mrs. Madison regretted being the innocent cause of such a trouble, but she was spared further notoriety by the absence of the British Minister or his family ever afterward at the President's reunions. The affair was not, however, destined to end here, for after the first clamor had subsided, the President, through another foreign Minister, inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Merry would accept an invitation to a family dinner. It was understood that they would accept, and Mr. Jefferson wrote the invi-

tation himself. Mr. Merry addressed a note to the Secretary of State to know if he was invited in his private or official capacity; "if in the one, he must obtain the permission of his sovereign; if in the other, he must receive an assurance in advance that he would be treated as became his position." Mr. Madison ended the correspondence with a very dry note. Thomas Moore, who was travelling in the United States at this time, and being a friend of Mrs. Merry's, and disgusted with his reception, fell to lampooning the President and everything American, except a few attentive Federal gentlemen and ladies.

In 1817, President Madison's term expired, and his Secretary of State, James Monroe, assumed the duties of President. Washington had so long been the home of Mrs. Madison, that it was with much regret she prepared to leave the city. Many and dear were her friends, and the society of relatives was another strong link binding her to the city.

Always fond of agricultural pursuits, Mr. Madison joyfully returned to his beautiful and peaceful home. Montpelier was within less than a day's ride of Monticello, and in the estimate of a Virginian, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were neighbors.

The *National Republican*, of November 2d, 1831, thus speaks of Mr. and Mrs. Madison:

"How must they look in these days on the tempestuous sea of liberty; on the dangers incident to the little barks now floating on its agitated surface. Can they



MONTPELIER—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MADISON.

feel for the safety of that on which embarked the fortunes of Henry Clay? We hope and trust they do; and at any rate we rejoice that, safe in port, they can review with just pride and pleasure their own safe and triumphant voyage, and can recollect the auspicious day of their landing. One of them the rallying point, the beginning and end of the cabinet in all of its just works, and the other the chief ornament and glory of the drawing-room, in the purest and most intelligent days of our Republic."

"Embosomed among the hills which lie at the foot of the South Mountain, is the paternal estate of Mr. Madison. A large and commodious mansion, designed more for comfort and hospitality than ornament and display, rises at the foot of a high wooded hill, which, while it affords shelter from the northwest winds, adds much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. The grounds around the house owe their ornaments more to nature than art, as, with the exception of a fine garden behind, and a wide-spread lawn before the house, for miles around the ever-varying and undulating surface of the ground is covered with forest trees. The extreme salubrity of the situation induced the proprietor to call it Montpelier.

"One wing of the house during her lifetime was exclusively appropriated to the venerable and venerated mother of Mr. Madison, to which were attached offices and gardens, forming a separate establishment, where this aged matron preserved the habits and the hours

of her early life, attended by old family slaves, and surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

"Under the same roof, divided only by a partition-wall, were thus exhibited the customs of the beginning and end of a century; thus offering a strange but most interesting exhibition of the differences between the old and the new age. By only opening a door, the observer passed from the elegancies, refinements, and gayeties of modern life into all that was venerable, respectable, and dignified in gone-by days; from the airy apartments—windows opening to the ground, hung with light silken drapery, French furniture, light fancy chairs, gay carpets, etc., etc., to the solid and heavy carved and polished mahogany furniture darkened by age, the thick rich curtains, and other more comfortable adjustments of our great-grandfathers' times. It was considered a great favor and distinction by the gay visitors who thronged Mrs. Madison's hospitable mansion, to be admitted to pay the homage of their respect to his reverend mother." A lady who visited Montpelier in 1836, when the latter was in her ninety-seventh year, said of her:

"She still retained all her faculties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was sitting, or rather reclining, on a couch; beside her was a small table filled with large, dark, and worn quartos and folios of most venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took up her knitting which lay beside her. Among other inquiries, I asked her how she passed her time. 'I

am never at a loss,' she replied; 'this and these (touching her knitting and her books) keep me always busy; look at my fingers, and you will perceive I have not been idle.' In truth, her delicate fingers were polished by her knitting-needles. 'And my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day; but in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe everything to her,' pointing to Mrs. Madison, who sat by us. 'She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants.' My eyes were filled with tears as I looked from the one to the other of these excellent women, and thought of the tender ties by which they were united. Never, in the midst of a splendid drawing-room, surrounded by all that was courtly and brilliant, all that was admired and respected—the centre of attraction—the object of admiration—never was Mrs. Madison so interesting, so lovely, so estimable as in her attendance on this venerable woman, the acknowledged object of her grateful affection.

"Much as she graced her public station, she has not been less admirable in domestic life. Neighborly and companionable among her country friends, as if she had never lived in a city; delighting in the society of the young, and never better pleased than when promoting every youthful pleasure by her participation; she still proved herself the affectionate and devoted wife during the years of suffering health of her excellent husband. Without neglecting the duties of a kind hostess, a faithful friend and relative, she soothed and enlivened, occupied

and amused, the languid hours of his long confinement; he knew, appreciated, and acknowledged the blessing which heaven had bestowed on him in giving him such a wife."

At about sixty-six years of age Mr. Madison retired from public life, and ever after resided on his estate in Virginia, except about two months while at Richmond as a member of the convention in 1829, which sat there to remodel the constitution of that State. His farm, his books, his friends, and his correspondence, were the sources of his enjoyment and occupation during the twenty years of his retirement. During most of that time his health, never robust, was as good as usual, and he partook with pleasure of the exercise and the conviviality in which he had always enjoyed himself.

At eighty-five years of age, though much reduced by debility, his mind was bright, his memory retentive, and his conversation highly instructive and delightful. Suffering with disease, he never repined. Serene and even lively, he still loved to discuss the constitution, to inculcate the public good, and to charge his friends with blessings for his country. He was long one of the most interesting shrines to which its votaries repaired: a relic of republican virtue which none could contemplate without reverence and edification.

On the 28th of June, 1836, he died; as serene, philosophical, and calm in the last moments of existence as he had been in all the trying occasions of life.

In the winter of 1836, Mrs. Madison wrote to Presi-

dent Jackson in regard to a manuscript left by her husband and which he intended for publication. The copyright had been offered to several publishing houses, but their offers had fallen so far below her expectations, that she determined to lay the matter before the Chief Magistrate. In a special message, the President communicated the contents of her letter to Congress, and the manuscript was purchased as a national work, and thirty thousand dollars paid her for it.

The novel and interesting features of the case, the venerable relict of one of the founders of the Republic coming before the country with a manuscript precious in its relation to its national destiny, were such that the proposition was not to be met with a cold appreciation of merits, or with nice questions of Congressional power. It was this feeling also which induced Congress to pass a subsequent act, giving to Mrs. Madison the honorary privilege of a copyright in foreign countries. The work is a record of the Debates in the congress of the convention during the years 1782–1787.

Congress also conferred the franking privilege upon Mrs. Madison, and voted her a seat upon the floor of the Senate.

The last twelve years of Mrs. Madison's life were spent in Washington, where she mingled in the society of the young and happy, as well as the aged and recluse. Many remember her dignified bearing, and gentle, kind manner in her old age, and it was considered a pleasure to be a guest where she was to be present. On New Year's

and Fourth of July, she held public receptions, and the throng of visitors was equal to that which assembled at the President's house. She took up her residence in Washington in 1837, in the house in which she died. This house on the southeast corner of H. street North and Madison Place was built by President Madison in 1819; after her death it was purchased by Captain Wilkes and by him enlarged. She died on the 12th of July, 1849, at the age of eighty-two years. Her funeral, which was attended by a large concourse of people, took place on the 16th, from St. John's Episcopal Church, and the interment took place at Montpelier. The grave is near by that of her husband's, over which latter a noble monument stands. The old homestead has passed into other hands, but it will ever be associated with the illustrious man who gave it name and fame, and the fact that it is the last resting-place of the fourth President of the United States, and of his wife, will ever hallow it in the hearts of reverent Americans.

V.

ELIZABETH K. MONROE.

The era in which Mrs. Monroe lived was the most eventful in the history of nations, and her record is of interest and value, in a twofold degree. The women who stamp the influence of their virtues on a time of public excitement and wonderful changes, bear in their natures strength of character worthy of emulation; and they become the benefactors of succeeding ages, as they were the blessings of their own. The memorials of such should be familiar to the children of America, who under the genius of Republican institutions, are the inheritors of, and successors to, their fame and positions. No daughter of Columbia should be ignorant of the history and experiences of their national ancestors, whose lives were beautiful in their simplicity, and rich in varied experiences.

The rarest treasure our country possesses is the fame of her children; and her noblest legacy to posterity should be the record of those, who by their talents have adorned, and by their wisdom sustained, the pioneers of liberty in their first weak efforts. Of such a class was Mrs. Monroe, whose husband for half a century reaped the reward of his country's constancy, and filled in that period more important offices than any other man in the United States.

Statesmen in this country are too often forced to give way to politicians, and patriots to demagogues. The perpetual agitations of a Republic carry up on the flood those who in turn are swept down with the tide; while in the commotion many are lost to history. But this is less the case with Virginia statesmen than with any other class of public men. Whatever may be said of the ingratitude of other States, the "Old Mother" has been true to her children, and the caprice and changeableness of younger commonwealths but render her trust and confidence the more conspicuous. And if she has trusted implicitly the integrity of her offspring, she has been rewarded by the love and fidelity of the noblest public men of the nation.

The inauguration of Washington at New York, in 1789, was followed by the immediate assembling of Congress, and thither went Mr. Monroe, as Senator from Virginia, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, the newly-appointed Secretary of State.

The ancient seat of the Dutch dynasty on this Continent was a place of much wealth; and not the least of its possessions were the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked descendants of the rich old Patroons, whose delight knew no bounds when their city was chosen as the capital. No less pleased were their fathers who, in their capacities as merchants and capitalists, hoped to achieve new honors and increased wealth.

The festivities which subsequently followed the inauguration were attended by all the members of Con-

gress, who, as strangers of distinction, received the largest share of the young belles' attention. Prominent among these belles was Miss Elizabeth Kortright, the daughter of Lawrence Kortright, a former captain in the British army. After the peace of 1783, he remained with his family in New York, where his children were reared and educated. Of this interesting family there were one son and four daughters, two of whom, Mrs. Heyliger, of Santa Cruz, whose husband, Mr. Heyliger, had been Grand Chamberlain to the King of Denmark, and Mrs. Knox, were married when Congress assembled in their adopted city. The other daughter was the wife of Nicholas Gouverneur of New York.*

Mrs. Monroe's marriage took place in New York, in 1786, while Mr. Monroe was attending a session of Congress. Soon after their marriage they took up their abode in Philadelphia, whither the seat of the General Government had been removed. In this position he remained until 1794, when he was appointed from the Senate to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Thus is shadowed forth the five years of Mrs. Monroe's life succeeding her marriage. Nothing more definite can be gathered. It is a matter of regret that no biographer of her day anticipated the needs of a coming generation, and transcribed, with all the facts and incidents fresh in his mind,

* The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knox married Colonel Alexander Hamilton, son of the statesman, Alexander Hamilton.

an impartial account of the every-day existence of the woman whose memory appeals now for justice.

Very little was written of her during her life, beyond occasional mention after her husband's election to the Presidency, nor has any history of his life been written from which to glean even a mention of her name. This is a remarkable fact, that in none of the public libraries of New York or Brooklyn, is there any history of a man who occupied the Presidential chair eight years, and whose record should be the inheritance of his descendants. A brief sketch, written many years ago, is all that was to be found, and there is no mention of his wife in it.

Of dignified and stately manners was Mrs. Monroe, and possessed of a face upon which beauty was written in unmistakable lines. Tall and gracefully formed, polished and elegant in society, she was one fitted to represent her countrywomen at the court of St. Cloud. Her position, as the wife of a wealthy Virginia Senator, surrounded by luxury and prosperity, proud of her husband and of her country, was calculated to enhance the pleasure of a trip to Europe, while the comparative infrequency of a voyage across the Atlantic heightened the pleasure with which she received the announcement of his appointment.

During their residence in Paris, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, who afterwards married Judge George Hay, of Richmond, Virginia,* was a pupil at

* Their eldest daughter, Hortensia, a very beautiful girl, married Lord Rogers, of Baltimore.

Madame Campan's celebrated school, where Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine, and the future Queen of Holland and mother of Napoleon III., was also a pupil, and between whom there existed a warm friendship.

Young and ambitious, full of enthusiasm and admiration for the principles of a free government, Mr. Monroe left the shores of his native land, whose liberty he had so recently assisted in establishing. He had entered the service of his country as a cadet in a corps under the command of the gallant General Mercer, of Virginia. Soon afterward he was appointed a lieutenant, and joined the army at New York. Following the fortunes of the Chief, he was with him at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. Retiring from the staff of Lord Sterling, where he had served two campaigns, after being wounded in the shoulder at Trenton, he repaired to Virginia to raise a regiment. From various causes he failed in this undertaking, and did not return to the army, but entered Mr. Jefferson's office as a student at law. A member of the Legislature, and at the age of twenty-four elected to the Continental Congress, from which he passed to the Congress of the United States, we find him from his earliest boyhood devoted to the land of his birth, and serving it in these various positions of honor and eminence.

But glowing with youthful admiration for the Republic he had left behind, he was not careful to conceal his feelings in imperial France, and hence made himself un-

popular with those in power. He was deemed too enthusiastically engaged in the feelings of revolutionary France to do justice to his own country, and he was recalled by Washington.

In August, 1792, Lafayette was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and after being thrown like a criminal in the Prussian dungeon at Wesel on the Rhine, was transferred successively to Magdeburg, Glatz, Neisse, and finally to Olmutz. In this Austrian dungeon he was convinced by the rigor of his confinement and the brutal treatment of his captors that his fate was sealed. Down in his dark cell, ten paces deep, where the rain through the loop-holes poured, and the sun did not shine, the young defender of American liberty lay chained, while the weary months dragged by, and no word of hope or certainty of death came from his wife and children left behind in Paris. Wasted by disease, deprived of light, air, and decent food—the loathsome dampness and filth of his dungeon so reducing him that his hair fell from him entirely by the excess of his sufferings, his cruel tormentors cheered his gloom and oppression by no word or look of sympathy. America knew the fate of his loved ones, and while his estates were confiscated, his wife in the prison of La Force, and his little children, two of whom shared the confinement of their mother, awaiting the wrath of their oppressors, the agents of the country whose once hopeless cause he had espoused were actively employed in behalf of their former friend.

It is not to be wondered that Mrs. Monroe shared the feeling entertained by her husband, or that her warmest womanly feelings were stirred by the recital of Madame Lafayette's woes. The Marquis de Lafayette was adored by Americans, and the indignities heaped upon his heroic wife could scarcely be borne by the Minister and his family, when they felt that the death of a martyr would be the result of her cruel and protracted confinement. The lofty position America had just assumed among the nations of the earth, and the respect engendered by her success rendered her Ministers in foreign countries objects of special attention and regard. When Mr. Monroe decided to risk displeasure by sending his wife to see Madame Lafayette, he appreciated the decided effect it would have for good or evil. He well knew that either it would meet with signal success, and be of benefit to his unfortunate friend, or render her slight claim to clemency yet more desperate. Enlisted as his feelings were, he determined to risk the die, and Mrs. Monroe was consulted in regard to the plan. To her husband's anxious queries, she replied calmly, and assured him of her ability to control and sustain herself.

As the carriage of the American Minister, adorned with all the outward emblems of rank, halted before the entrance of the prison, the keeper advanced to know the object of the visit. Mrs. Monroe, with firm step and steady voice, alighted and made known her business, and to her surprise was conducted to the reception room, while the official retired to make known her re-

quest. Her heart beat loudly as she alone listened to the tread of the jailer as he closed the heavy door and passed down the long hall which separated the cells. After a lapse of time, which to one in her nervous state seemed an age, she heard the footsteps returning, and soon the opening of the ponderous door discovered to her astonished view the presence of the emaciated prisoner, assisted by her guard.

The emotion of the marchioness was touching in the extreme, and she sank at the feet of Mrs. Monroe, unable to articulate her joy.

All day she had been expecting the summons to prepare for her execution, and when the silence of her cell was disturbed by the approach of the gendarmes, her last hope was fast departing. Instead of the cruel announcement—the assurance that a visitor awaited her presence in the receiving-room of the prison, and on finding in that visitor the American Ambassadress, the representative of her husband's adopted home, her long-pent feelings found relief in sobs. The reaction was sudden, and the shock more than her feeble frame could bear.

The presence of the sentinels precluded all efforts at conversation, and both hesitated to peril the frail chance of life, or to abuse the unheard-of privilege of an interview. After a painful stay of short duration Mrs. Monroe rose to retire, assuring her friend in a voice audible to her listeners, for whom it was intended, that she would call the following morning, and then hastened to relieve the anxiety of her husband.

Madame Lafayette's long-delayed execution had been decided upon, and that very afternoon she was to have been beheaded, but the unexpected visit of the Minister's wife altered the minds of the officials, and to the surprise of all, she was liberated the next morning.

The prestige of the young Republic was appreciated by the French in power, and they dared not, from motives of self-interest, sacrifice a lady in whom the American Minister was so directly interested. They had not forgotten with what admiration the people of the United States looked upon her husband, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Deaf to all the entreaties of her friends, and firm in her determination to carry immediate consolation to the dungeon of her persecuted husband, Madame Lafayette left Paris accompanied by her two daughters in disguise, and under the protection of American passports.

Passing under the name of Mrs. Motier, she landed at Altona on the ninth of September, 1795, and after repeated difficulties eventually reached the prison, where she was notified that if she passed its threshold, she must remain.

The heroic woman signed her consent and determination, to share his captivity in all its details, being "fully determined never again to expose herself to the horrors of another separation."

The two most conspicuous men of their age, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, effected by their co-operation the release of Lafayette and his deeply-

injured family—the former after an imprisonment of more than five years, the latter a period of twenty-two months.

Mr. Monroe was recalled, and after his return to America, he published a justification of his conduct while abroad; the pamphlet settled nothing, but justified both parties in the views which they had taken.

Thus was Mrs. Monroe's short stay in Europe brought to a termination. In many ways it had been pleasant and beneficial, and although she regretted her husband's unfortunate recall, she rather joyed in the conduct which had produced this result. Unacquainted with diplomacy and the line of action necessary between nations, she allowed her own feelings to decide her movements, and honored the same spirit in her husband. The privilege of being a succor and means of relief to Madame Lafayette satisfied her more than ministerial honors, and she would rather have performed this deed prompted by Mr. Monroe's advice than remained the wife of the Ambassador.

The friendship between Mr. Monroe and Lafayette was very strong. The latter felt that Mr. Monroe was largely instrumental in the presentation of the $200,000 which the United States gave him in 1824, and also for kindness shown his son, George Washington Lafayette, when he was in prison. The lad was about to be conscripted into the army, and Mr. Monroe, aided by two American gentlemen, Joseph Russell and Col. Perkins, raised the amount necessary to buy a substitute ($1,500),

and then sent him to America, where he was the guest of Washington for a year.

When news reached Lafayette in 1828 of the pecuniary trouble which Mr. Monroe was in, and the ill health of his wife, he wrote him offering him the proceeds of the sale of half of his Florida lands, which were very valuable, as a loan, and urging Mr. Monroe not to mortify him by a refusal, since he had accepted like favors from him in the past. The generous offer was declined by Mr. Monroe.

Paris as now, though in a less degree, was the centre of all that was to be enjoyed, and Mrs. Monroe did not regret her stay there, though so abruptly ended. This first trip over the tedious waters was fraught with interest and improvement to both. New fields of thought were explored by them, and the expanse of their souls, under a sense of freedom and change, gained for their ultimate happiness more than mere worldly honors could give or take away.

Thus in the devious windings of life we are constantly reminded that after the lesson is the application, and experience pronounces both, though hard to bear, necessary for ultimate progression.

Mrs. Monroe returned to New York with her husband, who was looked upon as a disgraced minister, and being the first who had been so designated, was viewed by his friends with deep sympathy. For a time the society of her family and friends soothed her sensitive feelings, but she soon afterwards accompanied her husband to Virginia, where he was at once chosen Governor.

This evidence of affection gladdened the hearts of both recipients, and during the constitutional term of three years, through which he served, Mrs. Monroe added to the dignity and success of his official life by her uniform and acceptable course. The capital of the State at that time was Williamsburg, a place of refined hospitality and sociability, and here the fine character of the Governor's wife was discovered under the most delicate circumstances, as well as during the most pleasing occasions.

After President Jefferson came into power, he appointed Mr. Monroe Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of France, to act with Mr. Livingston in negotiating for the purchase of Louisiana. As soon as he arrived on the French soil, Mr. Livingston wrote as follows to him:

PARIS, *10th of April*, 1803.

DEAR SIR:—I congratulate you on your safe arrival. We have long and anxiously wished for you. God grant that your mission may answer your and the public expectation. War may do something for us; nothing else would. I have paved the way for you, and if you could add to my memoirs an assurance that we were now in possession of New Orleans, we should do well. But I detain Mr. Beutalon, who is impatient to fly to the arms of his wife. I have apprised the minister of your arrival, and told him you would be here on Tuesday or Wednesday. Present my compliments and Mrs. Livingston's to Mrs. Monroe, and believe me, dear sir, your friend and humble servant, ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

After the business of the treaty was arranged, Mr. Monroe was sent as Minister to London, to succeed Mr. King, who wished to return home. From there he was ordered to Spain, which country he visited by way of Paris. Mrs. Monroe accompanied him in all his wanderings, and returned with him to England soon after the death of Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Monroe was minister to England when the attack on the frigate "Chesapeake" placed the two countries, already irritated, in a hostile attitude, and finding his position at the St. James anything but pleasant, he returned to this country. Thus did Mrs. Monroe spend almost ten years in Europe, returning only when the country was plunging again into a second war with the mother land. She gladly sought retirement at Oak Hill, her husband's Virginia home, and the following years passed in the enjoyment of the serene pleasures of country life—Mr. Monroe engaged during the day in reading and taking the general supervision of his plantation, while she supervised the education of their two daughters and the household duties, which in a Virginia home were always arduous.

But this quiet home-life was not destined to last, and the husband and father resumed the duties of a politician, and was elected to the Legislature. In a few months he was again chosen Governor of the old commonwealth, and continued to discharge the duties of that office until chosen Secretary of State by President Madison.

When the war of 1812 was declared, Mrs. Monroe was

living in Washington City, dispensing the duties of a minister's wife, and enjoying the society of her two daughters.

As the strife came nearer home and the capital was threatened, she returned to Oak Hill, and there remained until peace was finally proclaimed. Anxious and uneasy about her husband, who was ever beside the President, she yet felt that her place was at her own home, that he might feel assured of the safety of herself and children.

In 1817, Mr. Monroe became President of the United States, and removed his family to the White House, where they continued to reside during both terms of his administration. Mrs. Monroe was spoken of at this time by the leading paper of the day as follows:

"Mrs. Monroe is an elegant, accomplished woman. She possesses a charming mind and dignity of manners, which peculiarly fit her for her elevated station. Her retired domestic habits will be much annoyed by what is here called society, if she does not change the etiquette (if it may be called so), established by Mrs. Washington, Adams and Madison, a routine which her feeble constitution will not permit her to encounter. To go through it, she must become a perfect slave to the sacrifice of her health. The secretaries, senators, foreign ministers, consuls, auditors, accountants, officers of the navy and army of every grade, farmers, merchants, parsons, priests, lawyers, judges, auctioneers and nothingarians—all with their wives and some with their gawky offspring, crowd to the President's house every Wednes-

day evening; some in shoes, most in boots, and many in spurs; some snuffing, others chewing, and many longing for their cigars and whiskey-punch left at home. Some with powdered heads, others frizzled and oiled, with some whose heads a comb has never touched, half-hid by dirty collars, reaching far above their ears, as stiff as pasteboard."

And an English writer comments in a similar strain:

"Mrs. Monroe is a lady of retired and domestic habits, not ungraceful and apparently very amiable.

"Having resided in Europe with her husband, she has acquired some of its manners and a good deal of its polish. She receives company, but returns no visits; she seems more attached to the silence and peace of obscurity, than the bustle, confusion and glare of public assemblies. But to preserve a custom established by her predecessor, a lady it is said of great elegance of manners and much dignity of deportment, she gives what are termed 'drawing-rooms' for the purpose of gratifying the wishes and curiosity of such strangers as may please to visit her and the President.

"These drawing-rooms are conducted on principles of republican simplicity, and are widely different from the magnificence and splendor of the English levees. They appeared to me, however, very unpleasant; the rooms are so crowded, the hum of voices so loud, and the motion of the company so incessant, that the possibility of continuing a conversation on any subject is wholly precluded, and you are jostled every instant

without the power of enjoying the 'feast of reason' or even the pleasure of the senses."

The White House had been partly rebuilt when Mr. Monroe became President, but it possessed but few comforts and no elegance. The furniture was not of the kind nor quality befitting the house of the Chief Magistrate, and the débris of the former ill-fated building lay in heaps about the mansion. The country being once more at peace, Congress ordered Consul Lee, then residing at Paris, to purchase a silver service of plate, which was forwarded at once, and which has continued in use until replaced by a more modern and expensive set in March, '69.

About the same time was bought for the East Room the furniture which now adorns that famous apartment. When the purchase was made in Paris, each article was surmounted by the royal crown of Louis XVIII. This ornament of gilt was removed, and the American Eagle substituted before it was sent from France. To the thoughtful mind this furniture is of interest in so far as it recalls the dead who have long since crumbled back to dust, yet, whose memory is associated with the chairs and ottomans still remaining where they were placed years ago. True, they have been often repaired, but the original eagles are as bright as when they left the shores of the Empire, to grace the house of the Republic.

Mrs. Monroe mingled but little in the society of Washington, and always secluded herself from the observation of the throng. Her health was frail during the latter

years of her life in the White House, and she became more than ever a recluse. One of the many guests of the President and Mrs. Monroe during the last winter of their stay in the White House was Lafayette, who afterward visited them at their residence in Loudon county, Virginia.

In a recent publication there is a copy of an old letter written by Mr. Cooper, in which he thus mentions a dinner and a reception at the White House during Mr. Monroe's time.

"On this occasion we were honored with the presence of Mrs. Monroe and two or three of her female relatives. Crossing the hall we were admitted to a drawing-room, in which most of the company were already assembled. The hour was six. By far the greater part of the guests were men, and perhaps two-thirds were members of Congress.

"There was great gravity of mien in most of the company, and neither any very marked exhibition, nor any positively striking want of grace of manner. The conversation was commonplace and a little sombre, though two or three men of the world got around the ladies, where the battle of words was maintained with sufficient spirit. To me the entertainment had rather a cold than a formal air. When dinner was announced, the oldest Senator present (there were two, and seniority of service is meant) took Mrs. Monroe and led her to the table. The rest of the party followed without much order. The President took a lady, as usual, and preceded the rest of the guests. The dining-room was in better

taste than is common here, being quite simple and but little furnished. The table was large and rather handsome. The service was in china, as is uniformly the case, plate being exceedingly rare, if at all used. There was, however, a rich plateau, and a great abundance of the smaller articles of table-plate. The cloth, napkins, etc., etc., were fine and beautiful. The dinner was served in the French style, a little Americanized. The dishes were handed around, though some of the guests, appearing to prefer their own customs, coolly helped themselves to what they found at hand.

"Of attendants there were a good many. They were neatly dressed, out of livery, and sufficient. To conclude, the whole entertainment might have passed for a better sort of European dinner-party, at which the guests were too numerous for general or very agreeable discourse, and some of them too new to be entirely at their ease. Mrs. Monroe arose, at the end of the dessert, and withdrew, attended by two or three of the most gallant of the company. No sooner was his wife's back turned than the President reseated himself, inviting his guests to imitate the action. After allowing his guests sufficient time to renew, in a few glasses, the recollections of similar enjoyments of their own, he arose himself, giving the hint to his company that it was time to rejoin the ladies. In the drawing-room coffee was served, and every one left the house before nine."

"On the succeeding Wednesday, Mrs. Monroe opened her doors to all the world. No invitation was necessary,

it being the usage for the wife of the President to receive company once a fortnight during the session, without distinction of persons. We reached the White House at nine. The court (or rather the grounds) was filled with carriages, and the company was arriving in great numbers. On this occasion, two or three additional drawing-rooms were opened, though the frugality of Congress has prevented them from finishing the principal reception-room of the building. I will acknowledge the same sort of surprise I felt at the Castle Garden fête, at finding the assemblage so respectable in air, dress and deportment. The evening at the White House, or drawing-room, as it is sometimes pleasantly called, is, in fact, a collection of all classes of people who choose to go to the trouble and expense of appearing in dresses suited to an ordinary evening party. I am not sure that even dress is much regarded, for I certainly saw a good many there in boots. The females were all neatly and properly attired, though few were ornamented with jewelry. Of course, the poor and laboring classes of the community would find little or no pleasure in such a scene. The infamous, if known, would not be admitted, for it is a peculiar consequence of the high tone of morals in this country, that grave and notorious offenders rarely presume to violate the public feeling by invading society.

"Squeezing through the crowd, we achieved a passage to a part of the room where Mrs. Monroe was standing, surrounded by a bevy of female friends. After making our bow here, we sought the President. The latter had

posted himself at the top of the room, where he remained most of the evening, shaking hands with all who approached. Near him stood all the secretaries, and a great number of the most distinguished men of the nation. Individuals of importance from all parts of the Union were also here, and were employed in the manner usual to such scenes. Besides these, one meets here a great variety of people in other conditions of life. I have known a cartman to leave his horse in the street, and go into the reception-room to shake hands with the President. He offended the good taste of all present, because it was not thought decent that a laborer should come in a dirty dress on such an occasion; but while he made a trifling mistake in this particular, he proved how well he understood the difference between government and society. He knew the levee was a sort of homage paid to political equality in the person of the First Magistrate, but he would not have presumed to enter the house of the same person as a private individual without being invited, or without a reasonable excuse in the way of business."

Maria Monroe, the youngest daughter of the President, was married March, 1820, in the East Room, to her cousin, Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York, after what a letter writer of that day describes as "the New York style." This was a wedding where only the attendants, the relations, and a few old friends of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony. Then the bridesmaids were dismissed until a week from that day, when the bride received visitors. A reception was given then at which

Mrs. Gouverneur presided in the place of her mother, and was formally introduced to all the guests present. The President and Mrs. Monroe mingled with the crowd, and left the bridal couple to do the duties of host and hostess. The bridal festivities were to include general receptions, and Commodore and Mrs. Decatur gave the young couple a largely attended ball shortly after the White House reception. Cards had been issued by Commodore Porter for an entertainment in their honor, when the news of the death of Commodore Decatur put an end to all gayety in Washington. The couple soon after took up their residence in New York. The eldest daughter was living at this time in Richmond, Virginia.

After Mr. Monroe retired from office, he returned to his home in Loudon county, and engaged with Messrs. Jefferson and Madison in establishing the University of Virginia. This occupation formed a pleasant pastime to him, and was of lasting benefit to his beloved State. Afterward he was chosen President of the Virginia Convention to amend the Constitution of his native State. Meanwhile Mrs. Monroe found womanly employment for hands and heart in caring for those dependent upon her bounty, and entertaining the various throngs who delighted to do honor to the three ex-Presidents of the United States, and sons of the old commonwealth.

Mrs. Monroe was now alone and becoming aged, and was pleasing herself with the delusion that after so many years of public life, her husband would spend the evening of his days with her, around the fireside. But

he felt as if he could never cease to serve Virginia. Long after his duty to his country had been performed and she had dismissed him with plaudits and laurel wreaths, he struggled under accumulated infirmities and trials, and to the last hearkened to the voice of his State. The last public position he held was a magistracy in the county of Loudon, where he resided, and was as attentive and devoted to the performance of every duty as when holding the highest office in the gift of the people.

Mrs. Monroe died suddenly in 1830, and thus was ended the old home-life. Oak Hill was closed, and the crushed husband sought refuge from loneliness in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, in New York, whose devoted affection soothed his pathway to the grave.

The venerable Dr. Francis tells us that he often met Mr. Monroe walking out when the weather was fine, and that on these occasions he was the object of the most affectionate attentions. He has often met him making purchases for the family, at the Centre Market, where all the stallmen knew and honored him.

He was tall and spare, very modest in his bearing, dignified and gentlemanly. In his address, he was hesitating and diffident, and polite to the poorest and humblest as to any. He was one of the most industrious of men, a hard student, and his cares left their marks on his face. The wound he received at Trenton was felt for many years afterward—indeed, throughout his life he occasionally suffered from it.

Less than a year after Mrs. Monroe's death her husband was preparing to join her. On the 4th of July, 1831, the anniversary of American Independence, just five years after his predecessors had quitted this scene of their labor and their triumph, he, too, joined them.

His funeral was a very imposing one—the largest that at that time had ever been seen in New York. The military under Gen. Jacob Morton, Grand Marshal, filled Broadway from Prince to Broad Street, through which it passed to the cemetery. The day was fine, and the signs of mourning were generally adopted by the citizens of New York.

There is an old cemetery on the north side of Second street, in this city (New York), between First and Second Avenues, separated from the sidewalk by a tall iron fence, placed upon a granite foundation.

The shrubbery is always clean and vigorous; the grass is always the greenest, and the walks are scrupulously neat. There are many tasteful and appropriate monuments to the dead that sleep within this hallowed inclosure; but to the memory of the most famous of its dumb inhabitants there was no marble shaft, no obelisk, not even a head-stone erected. But upon a simple slab of marble that lies flat, some two feet square, upon the earth, and is almost covered by grass, is the following inscription:

JAMES MONROE,
ROBERT TILLOTSON,
Vault No. 147.

There is nothing to indicate that the James Monroe mentioned is the Monroe who was in the battle of White Plains, and received a ball in the shoulder at the attack on Trenton, who fought by the side of Lafayette at Brandywine, who was Minister to France in 1794, and afterward to England; who was Secretary of State in 1811, and for two full terms President of these United States. Yet such is the fact, and that weather-stained slab of marble, two feet square, covered for many years the grave of Ex-President Monroe.

Many years afterward, by order of the Virginia Legislature, the remains of Ex-President Monroe were removed to Richmond, and a monument befitting his fame was erected over his grave.

The property of Oak Hill is now owned by Mr. Fairfax, and with it one thousand acres of land. Three hundred acres are comprised in the McGowan estate.

The second daughter of President Monroe, Mrs. Maria Gouverneur, died in 1850 at Oak Hill, where she was buried by the side of her mother. The eldest daughter died in Paris, and was buried in Pere la Chaise. There are now living but few descendants of Mrs. Monroe.

At this short remove from her day, not many incidents relating to her career are extant. She lived as public a life as did Mrs. John Adams, and was far better acquainted with society in this country and Europe than several of the ladies who preceded her in the semi-official position she filled, but her ill health

and her temperament unfitted her for familiarity with the people, and kept her from being popular in the sense that Mrs. Madison was. The difference between these two women was that the latter was fond of company, enjoyed life and had a healthy, hearty interest in the events transpiring about her. The other lived in retirement as far as possible, and the record of so quiet an existence is not as familiar to the people of this country as is that of those of her contemporaries who occupied the high place she filled.

Society was differently organized in her time than it is now. It is difficult to realize that newspaper correspondents were the exception and not the rule, and that public attention was rarely directed to ladies; whereas now it is impossible for women in semi-official life to keep themselves out of the multitudinous prints of the day, object as they may.

VI.

LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams was the sixth in the succession of occupants of the Executive Mansion, and with her closed the list of the ladies of the Revolution. A new generation had sprung up in the forty-nine years of Independence, and after her retirement, younger aspirants claimed the honors. Born in the city of London on the 12th of February, 1775, she received advantages superior to those enjoyed by most of the ladies of America. Her father, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, although living at the outbreak of the war, in England, was ever a patriotic American, and soon after hostilities commenced, removed with his family to Nantes, in France. "There he received from the Federal Congress an appointment as Commissioner to examine the accounts of all the American functionaries then entrusted with the public money of the United States, in Europe; in the exercise of the duties of which he continued until the peace of 1782. Our National Independence having then been recognized, he returned to London, where he continued to reside, and where he acted as consular agent for the United States, until his final return in 1797, to his native soil."

It was fortunate for Mrs. Adams that her husband was a strong, intellectual nature; he both satisfied and



Louisa Catherine Adams

sustained her, and rendered her sojourn on earth contented and agreeable. In her father's house in London he first saw her, in 1794, and on the 26th of July, 1797, they were married at the Church of All-Hallows. Soon afterward his father became President, and he was transferred to Berlin, where he repaired with his wife as a bride, to play her part in the higher circles of social and political life. It need scarcely be added that she proved perfectly competent to this; and that during four years, which comprised the period of her stay at that court, notwithstanding almost continual ill-health, she succeeded in making friends and conciliating a degree of good-will, the recollection of which is, even at this distance of time, believed to be among the most agreeable of the associations with her varied life. In 1801, after the birth of her eldest child, she embarked with Mr. Adams on his return to the United States. Not to Maryland, the home of her childhood, but, a stranger to their habits and manners, she went among the New England people, and settled with her husband in Boston. Here she determined to be satisfied and live with a people whom in feeling she was not unlike, but scarcely was she beginning to feel at home when Mr. Adams was elected Senator, and she removed with him to Washington. A sister was already established there, and she met once more the members of her own family, where to her the winter months passed pleasantly away. Each summer she returned to Boston, and thus alternating between there and Washington in win-

ter, she passed the eight years of Jefferson's term. To many, the capital was an out-of-the way place, and not always pleasant to Congressmen's wives, some of whom left the gayeties of larger cities to be detained six or eight months; but Mrs. Adams was peculiarly fortunate in her position, having around her near and dear relations from whom she had been separated many years. It became home to her, and to a Southerner, the climate was more congenial than the region of her husband's birthplace.

Mr. Adams, called by President Madison, to embark for Russia as its first accredited minister, Mrs. Adams determined to go, even at the cost of leaving her two eldest children with their grandparents, and taking with her a third, not yet two years old. They sailed from Boston early in August, and after a long and somewhat hazardous passage arrived in St. Petersburg toward the close of October.

What voyages those must have been, when nearly three months was consumed in getting from one country to another; when weary weeks of summer merged into winter before the barrier between the old and the new world could be passed. Yet how often had members of that family braved dangers unknown to perform some duty in the other world. Far back into the past, their Puritan ancestors had found a refuge on "wild New England's shore," and in that interval, the waters of the sea had wafted the children of the third and fourth generations over its crested waves, to ask for the heritage their forefathers claimed—liberty of conscience, and freedom to worship God.

Years before, a brave, strong woman had, with streaming eyes, seen the form of her eldest boy start over the same track he was now treading, and she had gone back to her lonely home to suffer. Now, through its well-known and treacherous path, that son, grown to man's estate, with children of his own left behind, wends his tedious way, to bear to the halls of remotest nations the wishes and intentions of his young country.

His wife, preferring an uncertain exile in a foreign country to a separation from her husband, suffered extremest anguish as she thought of her weeping children, for the first time separated from her. She felt the great distance and doubtful prospects of hearing from them, not less keenly than she did the length of time which might elapse before she again would tread the shores of her native land. And the bleak climate to which she was hastening in nowise tended to make her cheerful; nor did the fact that Mr. Adams was the first Minister, allay her anxious sadness. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, were such scenes being enacted as now. Europe was literally a battle-field, and Napoleon, the scourge of the continent, was ruling, by the mighty force of his great skill, the destinies of the Old World. Shut up in St. Petersburg, Mrs. Adams gathered rumors of the progress of that "man of destiny," and listened for his knock even at the gates of the imperial capital.

During the six years of her stay in Russia, what wondrous things transpired! What intense interest marked

the era, we, of comparative quiet, can scarcely conceive. Death took from her an infant, born whilst there, and the twofold affliction of public and private trouble weighed upon her.

"Mr. Adams," said his son, "lived there poor, studious, ambitious and secluded, on the narrow basis of the parchment of his commission, respected for learning and talents, but little given to the costly entertainments of an opulent and ostentatious court circle. But the extraordinary mission could afford and was entitled to more expensive circulation in the splendid palaces of a magnificent city, inhabited by the owners of thousands of serfs, and some of them of Ural Mountains containing mines of gold. Living frugally, withdrawn from all but indispensable parade, Mr. Adams laid the basis of a modest competency for his return to America, whose official acquisition American, republican parsimony induces, if not justifies."

The war between England and America broke out in the meantime, and communication was almost entirely cut off. British ships cruised about our ports to capture peaceful vessels, and thundered their cannon at the capital of the country. While Mrs. Adams grew tired and weary of her cheerless abode in that far, northern climate, British troops were busy devastating the country round about her old home, and burning the mansion which later in life she was to occupy. Completely cut off from all that made life dear, Mr. Adams hoped for some opportunity to be recalled, and restore his divided family to

each other. Emperor Alexander unconsciously prepared the way for their return by proposing to be mediator for England and the United States. In consequence of this offer, the commissioners repaired to St. Petersburg, accompanied by Mr. Payne Todd, the stepson of President Madison, whose simple position in America was exaggerated by European mistake to princely position. Their coming was a source of pleasure to Mrs. Adams, whose time had been spent so quietly, and it was her hope to return with them; but while the commissioners enjoyed themselves with the sights of the Russian capital, great changes were taking place on the continent, and they were unaware how radical they were. The return ship to the United States brought the news to Boston that Napoleon was banished to Elba, Louis the XVIII. propped on the throne of his ancestors by foreign armies, and England was at the zenith of her power and greatness. Never were the prospects of republican America so low since its independence, and the hearts of those patriots trembled when they thought of the future. The Russian mediation failed, but the commissioners afterward met at Ghent, where delays succeeded each other until on Christmas eve, Saturday, 24th December, 1814, the treaty was signed. It was the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Adams to have returned home this winter, but the failure of the commissioners at St. Petersburg necessitated the presence of Mr. Adams at Ghent, and it was thought best she should remain in Russia. The state of Europe, restless and revolutionary, was considered another

argument in favor of her remaining, and consequently Mr. Adams set out without her. Alone in that place where she had lived five years, where she had buried one child, and where she hoped her husband would soon rejoin her, she passed the sixth winter, and wished only for the spring to come to release herself and son from their exile. How her heart must have yearned, in days short only because the darkness was so long, for her little ones over the wide Atlantic, and with what zeal must she have prepared for that homeward-bound trip, so near in anticipation, yet in reality so far off. But her trial was in proportion to her strength, and if she did not go home, her children came to her afterward.* Spring at last came, on the almanac at least, if not in the gorgeous beauty it was wont to appear in her far-off southern home, and she was advised to travel by land to rejoin her husband at Paris, whither he had gone from Ghent. The difficulties and dangers of a land route through the late theatre of a furious war, had no influence to bear upon her determined idea to go, and braving solitary journeys, rogues, and dangers of every conceivable kind, set out with her child to travel to France. Hers must have been an indomitable spirit, else the lonely days of constant travel through villages and wild, uncultivated countries, where every inanimate thing bore traces of

* Mrs. Adams had four children, three sons and a daughter. 1. George Washington Adams, born in Berlin, 12th April, 1801. 2. John Adams, born in Boston, 4th July, 1803. 3. Charles Francis Adams, born in Boston, August 18th, 1807. 4. Louisa Catherine Adams, born in St. Petersburg, August 12th, 1811, and died there the next year.

grim-visaged war, would have convinced her of the risk she was running. With the passports of the Russian government, and the strong recommendation of being the American minister's wife, she bade adieu to all apprehensions, and risked all to only get nearer to home and children.

Her son, in speaking of this time, said: "In such circumstances, to be fastened in a snow-drift with night coming on, and to be forced to rouse the peasants of the surrounding country to dig them out, which happened in Courland, was no slight matter. But it was of little significance compared to the complicated anxieties incident to the listening, at every stopping-place, to the tales of robbery and murder just committed on the proposed route, so perpetually repeated at that time to the traveller; and to the warnings given by apparently friendly persons of the character of her own servants, corroborated by the loss of several articles of value, and, most of all, to the observation of the restless contention between jarring political passions under which the whole continent of Europe was heaving until it burst forth at the return of Napoleon from Elba. Hardly a day passed that did not require of Mrs. Adams some presence of mind to avoid becoming implicated in the consequences of party fury. For even the slight symbol of a Polish cap on the head of her servant came near making food for popular quarrel."

On the way she heard of Napoleon's return from Elba, and knew that his coming would be disputed not

only by the Bourbons in power, but that it would be the signal for a general uprising throughout Europe. As she journeyed along from place to place, she witnessed the excitement that followed the news, and saw, with much concern, the preparations for hostile demonstrations. As she neared the border the activity of the military was observable on all sides. Napoleon was making by forced marches the seven hundred miles that lay between the seaport at which he landed and Paris, and at every point he was receiving the accessions to his numbers that increased until he reached Paris at the head of an army. The immense influence which his past successes had over the French people was thus exhibited, and he took possession of the capital amid the huzzas of the populace and to their great delight. It was at such a time that Mrs. Adams was approaching the city, and it may well be imagined that her every thought was in the direction of her own and her children's safety. Later, when the events were over, and she was at liberty to recall them, she dwelt with interest upon the dangers confronted and the anxieties she had endured, nor did she express regret that her experiences had been what they were. The scenes she witnessed were commanding the consideration of the world, and romance in her wildest dreams had not conceived of anything more thrilling than the enterprise in which Napoleon had embarked. It was a matter that concerned all Europe, and the moment he set foot upon French soil, the crown-heads of the old world began to prepare

for a conflict that was to end his career, or change the fate of nations.

Mrs. Adams found, as she neared Paris, the dangers to which she was exposed, and dismissing her servants, who were afraid to go farther, hired others and continued her approach to her husband. But every cross-road and forest path was filled with soldiers wild with enthusiasm, rushing forward to join their great chief, and at one time she found herself surrounded by them. This was a very awkward position, as the troops seemed disposed to require from all around them the most unequivocal declaration of political faith. Mrs. Adams appealed to the commander of the detachment, and by his advice she was enabled to fall back, although not without the exercise of considerable prudence, until the last of the men had passed, when she diverged into another road, and by making a considerable circuit, avoided any further meeting.

Having proved, in this manner, that calmness and presence of mind render many things perfectly practicable which imagination at first invests with insuperable difficulties, she arrived in Paris safe and well, there to be greeted by her husband, on the evening of the 21st of March, 1815, immediately after that of the memorable arrival of Napoleon and the flight of the Bourbons.

The advantages thus thrown in the way of an American woman were justly appreciated by Mrs. Adams, and she, free from prejudice, studied the strange

perversities of fortune. The events of the hundred days were enough to crowd the memory for a life-time. They fill us at this day, as we ponder over them, with awe and amazement. All was activity and eagerness, all bustle and confusion. The armies were reviewing in the square of the Place Carousel, and the inspiriting notes of martial music added enthusiasm to the grandness of the time and place.

But the arrival of her children in England, from whom she had been separated since the autumn of 1809, nearly six years, was of more interest to her than the events happening around her. On the 25th of May, 1815, Mr. Adams went to London with his family, and soon afterward learned that he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James. The impression made upon the most eminent circles during his residence in London has been retained up to the present time. It has been said of him that "his simple habits, his plain appearance, his untiring industry, his richly stored mind, his unbending integrity, his general intercourse and correspondence with foreign courts and diplomatists of the greatest distinction, all tended to elevate, in a high degree, the American character in the estimation of European nations."

Mrs. Adams had advantages in London which scarcely any American woman has ever had since; true, she had not wealth to make a great display, but her home was one of pleasant comfort, and enjoying as she did the society of one of the most intelligent of men,

and of the best informed circle in the great capital, she had signal opportunities for cultivation. Charles King, in his eulogy on John Quincy Adams, speaks thus: "It was while Mr. Adams was Minister of the United States in London, that it was my personal good fortune to be admitted to his intimacy and friendship. Being then in London on private business, and having some previous acquaintance with Mr. Adams, I found in his house an ever kind welcome, and in his intercourse and conversation unfailing attraction and improvement. Under an exterior of, at times, almost repulsive coldness, dwelt a heart as warm, sympathies as quick, and affections as overflowing, as ever animated any bosom. His tastes, too, were all refined. Literature and art were familiar and dear to him, and hence it was that his society was at once so agreeable and so improving. At his hospitable board, I have listened to disquisitions from his lips on poetry, especially the dramas of Shakespeare, music, painting, sculpture—of rare excellence and untiring interest. The extent of his knowledge, indeed, and its accuracy, in all branches, were not less remarkable than the complete command which he appeared to possess over all his varied stores of learning and information."

Mr. Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison in the Presidential chair in 1817, and immediately appointed Mr. Adams his Secretary of State. On receiving notice of his appointment to this responsible office, Mr. Adams with his family embarked for the United States, on

board the packet-ship "Washington," and landed in New York on the 6th of August, 1817. A few days after his arrival, a public dinner was given him in Tammany Hall, New York. The room was elegantly decorated. In the centre was a handsome circle of oak leaves, roses, and flags—the whole representing, with much effect, our happy union—and from the centre of which, as from her native woods, appeared our eagle, bearing in her beak this impressive scroll:

> "Columbia, great Republic, thou art blest,
> While Empires droop, and monarchs sink to rest."

Soon afterward, Mr. Adams and family went to Boston to visit his father's family, where he was the recipient of another public dinner: the last meeting with his mother on earth, it was one which he never forgot. It was gratifying to her sensitive nature to see him thus rising from one elevated position to another, and it soothed her aged heart beyond any power of expression. Many years of his life had been spent far away from her, and his absences were long and unbroken. She had always written regularly to him, and by example and precept endeavored to instil into his nature some portion of her own aspirations. When his talents had won for him this last position, she bowed her head and thanked God. Perhaps her spirit recognized his still higher promotion, and the natural conclusion, arrived at from former precedents, that by gradual ascent he would reach the place his father oc-

cupied, occurred to her. When she died at her home in Quincy, he was in Washington, busy with the manifold duties of his place, whither he had gone to reside permanently, in September, 1817.

The performance of the duties of the State Department necessarily required a residence at Washington, and the manner in which Mr. Adams thought proper to devote himself to them, devolved upon his lady the entire task of making his house an agreeable resort to the multitudes of visitors who crowd to the capital on errands of business, or curiosity, or pleasure, from the various sections of the United States during the winter season. A large diplomatic corps from foreign countries, who feel themselves in more immediate relations with the Secretary of State, and a distinguished set of public men, not then divided by party lines in the manner which usually prevails, rendered the society of that time, and Mrs. Adams' house where it most often congregated, among the most agreeable recorded in the social history of the capital.

Much as it has been ridiculed since, the "era of good feeling" had some characteristics peculiar to itself. For an instant, sectional animosities relented, the tone of personal denunciation and angry crimination, too generally prevailing in extremes, yielded; and even where the jealous rivalry for political honors still predominated in the hearts of men, the easy polish of general society removed from casual spectators any sense of its roughness, or inconvenience from its impetuosity. Washing-

ton may have presented more brilliant spectacles since, but the rancor of party spirit has ever mingled its baleful force too strongly not to be perceptible in the personal relations which have existed between the most distinguished of our political men.

The following letter, not before published, from Mrs. Adams to her father-in-law will be read with interest. She corresponded regularly during her life in Washington, with him, until his death, in 1826:

To John Adams.

"Washington, 16*th April*, 1819.

"Yes! my dear sir, was my mind sufficiently strong or capacious to understand, or even to comprehend the study of ancient and modern philosophy, I am certain I should derive very great advantage from that study; but you certainly forgot when you recommended it, that you were addressing the weaker sex, to whom stoicism would be both unamiable and unnatural, and who would be very liable in avoiding Scylla, to strike upon Charybdis, or to speak without metaphor, to rush into scepticism. Have you perceived anything like fatalism in my letters? I am unconscious of it, though I fear there may sometimes be a little inclination toward it. The woman you selected for your wife was so highly gifted in mind, with powers so vast, and such quick and clear perception, altogether so superior to the general run of females, you have perhaps formed a too enlarged opinion of the capacities of our sex, and having never

witnessed their frailties, are not aware of the dangers to which they are exposed, by acquirements above their strength.

"The systems of the ancients have been quite out of my reach, excepting the Dialogues of Plato, which Mr. A. recommended to me last year, and which I read attentively. I cannot say that I am entirely unacquainted with their different theories, but that acquaintance has been too superficial to make them well understood, and I have been too much inclined to view them, as difficult of practice, and not tending much to the real benefit of mankind. With the modern philosophers I have become more intimate, if I may make use of such a word, speaking of works which I have read, but which I could not understand or digest. Locke has puzzled me, Berkley amused me, Reid astonished me, Hume disgusted me, and Tucker either diverted me or set me to sleep. This is a very limited sort of reading, and you will laugh at my catalogue of names which have at best, I believe, but little title to the rank of philosophers, or at least must come in at the fag end. I have dipped into others and thrown them aside, but I have never seen anything that would satisfy my mind, or that would compare with the chaste and exquisitely simple doctrines of Christianity.

"I fear you will find this letter more extravagant than any you have ever received from me, but I have made it a rule to follow where the current of my ideas carried me, and to give them to you in a perfect undress. My

reading has been too general, and too diffuse to be very beneficial. French authors have occupied my attention the largest portion of my life, but their venom was destroyed, by the events which were continually passing almost before my eyes, and which showed how wicked was the practice resulting from such theories. You, my dear sir, have ever possessed a nature too ardent, too full of benevolent feelings to all your race, with a mind too noble, and a capacity too enlarged, to sink into the cold and thankless state of stoicism. Your heart is too full of all the generous and kindly affections for you ever to acquire such a cold and selfish doctrine. No, my dear sir, it was, it is impossible. Look at your past life, retrace all the eminent services you have rendered to your country, and to mankind, and if you, by unforeseen and uncontrollable events, have been prevented from doing all you wished, all you desired, toward promoting their felicity, let their unequalled prosperity (in producing which, you had so large a share) sooth your latest hours, and cheer your heart with the conviction, that to you, in a great measure, they owe it; and this sentiment alone will be sufficient reward. I set out in life with the most elevated notions of honor and principle; ere I had entered it fairly, my hopes were blasted, and my ideas of mankind, that is, all the favorable ones almost, were suddenly chilled, and I was very near forming the horrid and erroneous opinion, that no such thing as virtue existed. This was a dreadful doctrine at the age of little more than twenty, but it taught me to

reflect and not to 'build my house in the sand.' My life has been a life of changes, and I had early accustomed myself to the idea of retirement. The nature of our institutions, the various turns of policy to which an elective government is ever liable, has long occupied my thoughts, and I trust I may find strength to sustain any of the changes which may be in store for me, with fortitude, dignity, and I trust cheerfulness. To these changes, I can never attach the idea of disgrace. Popular governments are peculiarly liable to factions, to cabals, to intrigue, to the juggling tricks of party, and the people may often be deceived for a time, by some fair speaking demagogue, but they will never be deceived long; and though they may, in a moment of excitement, sanction an injustice toward an old and faithful servant, they appreciate his worth, and hand his name down with honor to posterity, even though that 'name may not be agreeable to the fashionables.' It is one which I take a pride in bearing, and one that I hope and pray my children may never dishonor.

"What you say concerning the Floridas is, I believe, universally allowed, and as to the effect upon the name, why, it is of little importance, provided the substance is left, and the act undeniable. There is the lance, let the lance speak—I can safely swear as an individual I never set my heart on what the world calls a great reward. I am too well assured that 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' and the station is too full of thorns to render it very desirable. I have no relish for being ab-

solutely crucified for the sake of a short pre-eminence. You have, I suppose, seen the correspondence between Gen. Scott and old Hickory? How do you like the epistle of the former? What do you think of De Witt Clinton's reply to the charge insinuated against him? We hear of nothing but complaints of the times, and our commercial world are in great distress. In Baltimore (that city where the South American privateers are owned and fitted out by native citizens in the very face of the public, and committing depredations on the property of their fellow-citizens) there are failures every day, and it is said the mischief will extend to all parts of the Union. In Virginia, a man who broke out of the jail in this city, has offered himself as a candidate for Congress, telling the electors that he would take only six dollars a day, as he thinks eight too much; because if he found his pay insufficient, he would play, and by this means insure himself a living. That he had often played with their late member, and with many of the most distinguished members of Congress, who used to send for him to play with them. Such things are—

"Adieu, my dear Sir."

"During the eight years in which Mrs. Adams presided in the house of the Secretary of State," writes her son, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in 1839, "no exclusions were made, in her invitations, merely on account of any real or imagined political hostility; nor, though keenly alive to the reputation of her husband, was any

disposition manifested to do more than to amuse and enliven society. In this, the success was admitted to be complete, as all will remember who were then in the habit of frequenting her dwelling. But in proportion as the great contest for the Presidency, in which Mr. Adams was involved, approached, the violence of partisan warfare began to manifest its usual bad effects, and Mrs. Adams decided to adopt habits of greater seclusion. When at last the result had placed her in the President's mansion, her health began to fail her so much, that though she continued to preside upon occasions of public reception, she ceased to appear at any other times, and she began to seek the retirement which since her return to private life she has preferred. Mr. Adams has been, it is true, and still continues, a representative in Congress, from the State of Massachusetts, and this renders necessary an annual migration from that State to Washington and back again, as well as a winter residence within the sound of the gayeties of that place; but while her age and health dispense her from the necessities of attending them, severe domestic afflictions have contributed to remove the disposition. Thus the attractions of great European capitals, and the dissipation consequent upon high official station at home, though continued through that part of her life when habits become most fixed, have done nothing to change the natural elegance of her manners, nor the simplicity of her tastes. In the society of a few friends and near relatives, and in the cultivation of the religious affections without display, she draws all

the consolation that can in this world be afforded for her privations. To the world Mrs. Adams presents a fine example of the possibility of retiring from the circles of fashion, and the external fascinations of life, in time still to retain a taste for the more quiet though less showy attractions of the domestic fireside. A strong literary taste which has led her to read much, and a capacity for composition in prose and verse, have been resources for her leisure moments; not with a view to that exhibition which renders such accomplishments too often fatal to the more delicate shades of feminine character, but for her own gratification and that of a few relations and friends. The late President Adams used to draw much amusement, in his latest years at Quincy, from the accurate delineation of Washington manners and character, which was regularly transmitted, for a considerable period, in letters from her pen. And if as time advances, she becomes gradually less able to devote her sense of sight to reading and writing, her practice of the more homely virtues of manual industry, so highly commended in the final chapter of the book of Solomon, still amuses the declining days of her varied career."

On the fourth of March, 1825, John Quincy Adams was inaugurated as President of the United States, and took the executive chair, which had been entered twenty-eight years before by his venerated father. The scene at the inauguration was splendid and imposing. At an early hour of the day, the avenues leading to the capitol presented an animated spectacle. Crowds of citizens on

foot, in carriages and on horseback, were hastening to the great centre of attraction. Strains of martial music and the movements of the various military corps heightened the excitement.

At 12 o'clock, the military escort, consisting of general and staff officers and several volunteer companies, received the President-elect at his residence, together with President Monroe and several officers of government. The procession, led by the cavalry, and accompanied by an immense concourse of citizens, proceeded to the capitol, where it was received with military honors by the U. S. Marine Corps, under Col. Henderson.

Meanwhile the hall of the House of Representatives presented a brilliant spectacle. The galleries and the lobbies were crowded with spectators. The sofas between the columns, the bar, the promenade in the rear of the Speaker's chair, and the three outer rows of the members' seats, were occupied by a splendid array of beauty and fashion. On the left, the Diplomatic Corps, in the costume of their respective courts, occupied the place assigned them, immediately before the steps which led to the chair. The officers of the army and navy were scattered in groups throughout the hall. In front of the clerk's table chairs were placed for the Judges of the Supreme Court.

At twenty minutes past 12 o'clock, the marshals, in blue scarfs, made their appearance in the hall, at the head of the august procession. First came the officers of both Houses of Congress. Then appeared the Pres-

ident-elect, followed by the venerable ex-President Monroe, with his family. To these succeeded the Judges of the Supreme Court, in their robes of office, the members of the Senate, preceded by the Vice-President, with a number of the members of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Adams, in a plain suit of black, made entirely of American manufactures, ascended to the Speaker's chair and took his seat. The Chief-Justice was placed in front of the clerk's table, having before him another table on the floor of the hall, on the opposite side of which sat the remaining judges, with their faces toward the chair. The doors having been closed and silence proclaimed, Mr. Adams arose, and in a distinct and firm tone of voice read his inaugural address.

The congratulations which then poured in from every side, occupied the hands, and could not but reach the heart, of President Adams. The meeting between him and his venerated predecessor had in it something peculiarly affecting. General Jackson was among the earliest of those who took the hand of the President; and their looks and deportment toward each other were a rebuke to that littleness of party spirit which can see no merit in a rival, and feel no joy in the honor of a competitor. Shortly after 1 o'clock, the procession commenced leaving the hall. The President was escorted back as he came. On his arrival at his residence, he received the compliments and respects of a great number of ladies and gentlemen, who called on him to tender their con-

gratulations. The proceedings of the day were closed by an inaugural ball in the evening. Among the guests present were the President and Vice-President, ex-President Monroe, a number of foreign ministers, with many civil, military and naval officers.*

Mrs. Adams gave up the comforts of her home, and took possession of the White House soon after the inauguration. The spring and summer wore quietly away, for even in the White House, gayety was confined to the winter season, and save the visits of friends, nothing occurred to vary the quiet of every-day life. Her children were a consolation to her in her infirm condition, for her health failed her as soon as she moved into the President's house.

It was the happy fortune of Mrs. Adams to be the occupant of the White House when Lafayette visited the United States, who at the invitation of the President spent the last weeks of his stay at the Executive Mansion, and from there, on the 7th of September, 1825, bade an affecting farewell to the land of his adoption.

As the last sentence of this farewell address was pronounced, Lafayette advanced and took President Adams in his arms, while tears poured down his venerable cheeks. Retiring a few paces, he was overcome by his feelings, and again returned and falling on the neck of Mr. Adams, exclaimed in broken accents, "God bless you." The sighs and tears of the many

*National Intelligencer, 1825.

assembled bore testimony to the affecting solemnity of the scene. Having recovered his self-possession, the General stretched out his hands, and was in a moment surrounded by the greetings of the whole assembly, who pressed upon him, each eager to seize, perhaps for the last time, that beloved hand which was opened so freely for our aid when aid was so precious, and which grasped with firm and undeviating hold the steel which so bravely helped to achieve our deliverance. The expression which now beamed from the face of this exalted man was of the finest and most touching kind. The hero was lost in the father and the friend. Dignity melted into subdued affection, and the friend of Washington seemed to linger with a mournful delight among the sons of his adopted country.

A considerable period was then occupied in conversing with various individuals, while refreshments were presented to the company. The moment of departure at length arrived; and having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of the Navy, and passed from the capital of the Union.

The whole scene—the peals of artillery, the sounds of numerous military bands, the presence of the vast concourse of people, and the occasion that assembled them, produced emotions not easily described, but which every American heart can readily conceive.

In the following September, she accompanied her husband on a visit to his aged father at Quincy, but

being taken very ill at Philadelphia, the President was compelled to proceed without her. He did not remain long, and on the 14th of October set out again for Washington. It was the last time Mr. Adams ever saw his father! "The aged patriarch had lived to see his country emancipated from foreign thraldom, its independence acknowledged, its union consummated, its prosperity and perpetuity resting on an immovable foundation, and his son elevated to the highest office in its gift. It was enough! His work accomplished—the book of his eventful life written and sealed for immortality—he was ready to depart and be at peace. The 4th of July, 1826, will long be memorable for one of the most remarkable coincidences that have ever taken place in the history of nations. It was the fiftieth anniversary, the jubilee of American Independence! Preparations had been made throughout the Union to celebrate the day with unusual pomp and display. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had both been invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion, at their several places of abode. But a higher summons awaited them: they were bidden to a 'jubilee' above, which shall have no end! On that half-century Anniversary of American Independence, at nearly the same hour of the day, the spirits of Adams and Jefferson took their departure from earth! Amid the rejoicings of the people, the peals of artillery, the strains of music, the exultations of a great nation in the enjoyment of freedom, peace, and happiness, they were released from the toils of life, and allowed to enter on their rest."

These two patriarchs had been corresponding regularly, and their letters had attracted the attention of Europe as well as America. Mr. Adams had written the last letter, in which occurs the following expression: "Half an hour ago, I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that was ever written by an octogenarian, dated June 1st."

The editor of the London *Morning Chronicle* prefaces his notice of this correspondence with the following remarks:

"What a contrast the following correspondence of the two rival Presidents of the greatest republic of the world, reflecting an old age dedicated to virtue, temperance, and philosophy, presents to the heart-sickening details occasionally disclosed to us, of the miserable beings who fill the thrones of the continent. There is not, perhaps, one sovereign of the continent, who in any sense of the word can be said to honor our nature, while many make us almost ashamed of it. The curtain is seldom drawn aside without exhibiting to us beings worn out with vicious indulgence, diseased in mind, if not in body, the creatures of caprice and insensibility. On the other hand, since the foundation of the American Republic, the chair has never been filled by a man for whose life (to say the least) any American need once to blush. It must, therefore, be some compensation to the Americans for the absence of pure monarchy, that when they look upward, their eyes are not always met by vice, and meanness, and often idiocy."

The administration of Mr. Adams was remarkable for the peace and prosperity of the country, and there was therefore no event in Mrs. Adams' social life of a stirring nature. Her husband was certainly the most learned man who has yet occupied the Presidential chair. No one at all acquainted with his life will deny this assertion. Profoundly versed in the lore of the ancients, he was yet more thoroughly acquainted with the history of modern governments, and was a deep thinker, as well as an eloquent speaker. A Southern clergyman visited him during his administration, and was astonished to find he was intimately acquainted with all sects and creeds, and had read every book he could mention. Finally he remembered one work of importance, and asked if he had read it. Mr. Adams had not, whereupon the minister, delighted with his success, told it everywhere and was afterward known as the man who had read one more book than John Quincy Adams.

Mrs. Adams retired from the White House with heartfelt pleasure, and sought the quiet her delicate health demanded.

The following interesting account of an interview with ex-President Adams, by a Southern gentleman, in 1834, affords some conception of the home of Mrs. Adams at Quincy.

"Yesterday, accompanied by my friend T., I paid a visit to the venerable ex-President, at his residence in Quincy. A violent rain setting in as soon as we arrived, gave us from five to nine o'clock to listen to the

learning of this man of books. His residence is a plain, very plain one; the room into which we were ushered (the drawing-room, I suppose) was furnished in true republican style. It is probably of ancient construction, as I perceived two beams projecting from the low ceiling, in the manner of the beams in a ship's cabin. Prints commemorative of political events, and the old family portraits hung about the room; common straw matting covered the floor, and two candlesticks, bearing sperm candles, ornamented the mantel-piece. The personal appearance of the ex-President himself corresponds with the simplicity of his furniture. He resembles rather a substantial, well-fed farmer, than one who has wielded the destinies of this mighty confederation, and been bred in the ceremony and etiquette of a European court. In fact, he appears to possess none of that sternness of character which you would suppose to belong to one a large part of whose life has been spent in political warfare, or, at any rate, amidst scenes requiring a vast deal of nerve and inflexibility. Mrs. Adams is described in a word—a lady. She has all the warmth of heart and ease of manner that mark the character of the Southern ladies, and from which it would be no easy matter to distinguish her.

"The ex-President was the chief talker. He spoke with infinite ease, drawing upon his vast resources with the certainty of one who has his lecture before him ready written. The whole of his conversation, which steadily he maintained for nearly four hours, was a con-

tinued stream of light. Well contented was I to be a listener. His subjects were the architecture of the middle ages; the stained glass of that period; sculpture, embracing monuments particularly. On this subject, his opinion of Mrs. Nightingale's monument in Westminster Abbey differs from all others that I have seen or heard. He places it above every other in the Abbey, and observed in relation to it, that the spectator 'saw nothing else.' Milton; Shakespeare, Shenstone, Pope, Byron, and Southey were in turn remarked upon. He gave Pope a wonderfully high character, and remarked that one of his chief beauties was the skill exhibited in ranging the cesural pause, quoting from various parts of his author to illustrate his remarks more fully. He said very little on the politics of the country. He spoke at considerable length of Sheridan and Burke, both of whom he had heard, and could describe with the most graphic effect. He also spoke of Junius; and it is remarkable that he should place him so far above the best of his cotemporaries. He spoke of him as a bad man; but maintained, as a writer, that he had never been equalled. The conversation never flagged for a moment; and on the whole I shall remember my visit to Quincy as amongst the most instructive and pleasant I ever passed."

Mrs. Adams enjoyed the pleasures of her home but one year, when Mr. Adams was elected a member of Congress, and from that time forward to the hour of his death he represented the Plymouth district with

fidelity and ever increasing honor and power. Mr. Adams took his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1831, and he lived in his own house situated on I street. For fifteen years he was a member of Congress, residing continually at Washington, although making frequent visits to his old home.

More than fourscore years had left their impress upon Mr. Adams' brow, and he was still in the midst of his usefulness. In November, 1846, he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered. On the morning of that day, while sojourning at the residence of his son, in Boston, preparing to depart for Washington, he was walking out with a friend to visit a new medical college, and was attacked by the way. After several weeks, he improved sufficiently to return to his duties at the capital, but never afterward entirely recovered. On Monday, the 21st of February, 1848, at half-past one o'clock, whilst in his seat in the House, he was struck a second time with the same disease. He was removed to the Speaker's apartment, borne on a sofa by several members, and plasters applied, which seemed to relieve him. Mrs. Adams was sent for, and on his recovering consciousness, was gladdened by her presence in answer to his inquiry for her. She was in extreme illness and suffering acute pain, but remained beside him, sustained by her niece and nephew. Mr. Adams lay in the Speaker's room in a state of apparent unconsciousness through the 22d and 23d—Congress, in the mean time, assembling in respectful silence, and

immediately adjourning from day to day. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 23d he died. President Polk issued a Proclamation announcing his death, and orders were issued from all the Departments directing that suitable honors should be paid the illustrious dead. The funeral took place in the Capitol, at twelve o'clock, Saturday, 26th of February, after which the body was conveyed to the Congressional burying-ground, to remain until the completion of the preparations for the removal to Quincy.

The following letter of thanks from Mrs. Adams, addressed to the Speaker, was laid before the House of Representatives:

"WASHINGTON, *February 29th*, 1848.

"SIR:—The resolutions in honor of my dear deceased husband, passed by the illustrious assembly over which you preside, and of which he at the moment of his death was a member, have been duly communicated to me.

"Penetrated with grief at this distressing event of my life, mourning the loss of one who has been at once my example and my support through the trials of half a century, permit me nevertheless to express through you my deepest gratitude for the signal manner in which the public regard has been voluntarily manifested by your honorable body, and the consolation derived to me and mine from the reflection that the unwearied efforts of an old public servant have not even in this world proved

without their reward in the generous appreciation of them by his country.

"With great respect, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS."

On the following week, the remains of the deceased ex-President were conveyed to Quincy, accompanied by a committee of one from each State and Territory in the Union.

After this sad event in Mrs. Adams' life, she lived uninterruptedly at her home in Quincy, enjoying the society of her children and relations. Mr. Charles Francis Adams thus closes a letter regarding his mother:

"I should be very glad to be of service to you if I were possessed of the material which you desire in connection with the life of my mother. But I fear they are not to be found among the papers left by her. She wrote much and read a great deal, both of French and English literature, and translated from the former for the amusement of her friends. She also wrote verses frequently in the same way. But all these accomplishments of hers, including a nice taste in music and a well-cultivated voice, are matters of little moment in a publication, however much they may contribute to the refinement of the social circle at home. Although she lived to quite an advanced age, her health was always delicate and variable, so as to inter-

rupt the even tenor of her life and disincline her to the efforts required for general society, especially during her twelve years spent at different courts in Europe."

Mrs. Adams died the 14th of May, 1852, and was buried by the side of her husband, in the family burying-ground at Quincy, Massachusetts.

VII.

RACHEL JACKSON.

The cruel misrepresentations of political opponents had crushed the heart of Rachel Jackson, and ended her days before her husband took possession of the Home of the Presidents. She was denied the gratification of accompanying him to Washington, and of gracing the White House, but she was even in death the President's wife, and as such is ranked. In his heart she lived there, the object of the most deathless and exalted affection, the spiritual comforter and companion of his lonely hours. The friends and visitors of the new President saw her not, nor was she mentioned by the throng; but to him she was ever present in the form of memory and eternal, undying love.

The day of party strife and bitterness toward General Jackson has passed away forever, and the nobility and refined sensibility of his nature are at last appreciated. The slanders and falsehoods which embittered his earthly life, have been eclipsed by the sunlight of truth, and over the lapse of years comes ringing the prophetic assertion of the immutability of right. He is avenged. Once it was the fashion to revile him, and multitudes in this country who had no independent judgments of their own, took up the gossip of the day



and pursued their congenial calling, even after death had taken him from their sight forever.

Down from the canvas beams his speaking eye upon us, and its meaning seems to say, justice to her is honor to me. With feelings an American only can appreciate, the task is undertaken, and whatever its defects may be, its merit is its truthfulness.

In 1779 Colonel John Donelson, a brave and wealthy old Virginia surveyor, started to the banks of the Cumberland with a party of emigrants. He had been preceded by Captain James Robertson and his companions, nine sturdy pioneers, who had engaged to build huts, plant corn, and make as comfortable a home as possible for the band that was to follow. This consisted of families, and among them the families of several of those adventurous pioneers.

The country was full of Indians, the forests deep, wild and unexplored, and the perils very great. In order to escape the toil and danger of travelling through the wilderness, Colonel Donelson accomplished the journey by water. It was a distance of more than two thousand miles, and never before had any man been bold enough to project such a voyage. They sailed down the Holston river to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to its junction with the Ohio, up the Ohio till they reached the Cumberland, and up this stream to the French Salt Springs, on the spot where now stands the city of Nashville. Colonel Donelson kept an account of this remarkable and perilous voyage, "entitled,

"Journal of a voyage, intended by God's permission, in the good boat Adventure, from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston river, to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland river, kept by John Donelson," and the thrilling incidents and remarkable personal adventures are deeply interesting.

They were four months on the journey, the sufferings and privations of which can scarcely be appreciated by the more fortunate who now travel the same way amid quiet woods, green fields, and peaceful country homes. To those adventurers, the dangerous points of the rivers were unknown, and many were the accidents that befell them. They started in the depths of winter, and were obliged to encounter excessive cold and frosts. But worse than all, the Indians were ever on the watch to entrap them. The journal says, "we still perceived them, marching down the river in considerable bodies, keeping pace with us." The wildest, most romantic, and lonely spot on this continent is the "Whirl," in the Tennessee river, where the river is compressed within less than half its usual width by the Cumberland mountain which juts in on both sides. Its beauty is only equalled by its danger. In passing through this place, a large canoe, containing all the property of one of the emigrants, was overturned and the little cargo was lost. The family had gone into a larger boat for safety. "The company," says Colonel Donelson, "pitying their distress, concluded to halt and assist in recovering the property. We had landed on the northern shore, at a level spot, and were

going up to the place, when the Indians, to our astonishment, appeared immediately over us on the opposite cliffs, and commenced firing down upon us, which occasioned a precipitate retreat to the boats. We immediately moved off."

One of this intrepid little band of emigrants, sharing in its hardships and dangers, was Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Col. John Donelson. She was then a bright-eyed, black-haired, sprightly, pretty child of about twelve years. On the 24th of April, 1780, they reached the little settlement of log-cabins that Captain Robertson and his band had made ready for them. But perils and privations were not past. The Indians were wily and untiring in laying their crafty ambushes, and many were the victims that fell within their deadly grasp, and were despatched by their murderous weapons. With all these troubles, however, the settlement grew in numbers and in strength; such was the intrepidity and the persevering energy which inspired these heroic men and women. As Colonel Donelson was one of the most influential, he became one of the wealthiest of the settlers. He had owned extensive iron works in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, which he had sold when he started to the West. Prior and subsequent to the revolution, he was a member of the House of Burgesses, and had repeatedly represented the counties of Campbell and Pittsylvania. Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were his personal friends; he held commissions under each of them to execute important trusts, such as the survey

of State lines, the negotiating of treaties with Indians, or establishing the authority of the State over distant territory. His confidence in General Washington was implicit, and the earnestness with which he spoke his sentiments had a most happy and conservative influence over the people of the West. The little colony soon began to suffer from the insufficient supply of corn and of powder and lead, and as the family of Colonel Donelson numbered many children and servants, he concluded to remove with them to Kentucky. He had in that State, moreover, land claims which he could more easily attend to and secure by being there. During his residence there, his daughter Rachel was married to Lewis Robards, a man of good family. She had grown up amid the trials and dangers of a frontier life, but the examples that she daily saw of noble fortitude, of calm bravery, and of heroic labor were worth many a tamer and weaker lesson of more civilized life. She grew up accomplished in the higher art of making home attractive and relatives happy. She was at the same time lively and gentle, gifted with patience and prudence, and winning in her simple and unaffected manners.

Soon after his daughter's marriage, Colonel Donelson returned to Tennessee with his family. In the fall of 1785, while surveying in the woods far from home, this brave and gallant gentleman was pierced by bullets from an unseen foe, and died the same night. Judge John Overton, then a young lawyer, in the fall of 1787, went to Mercer County, Kentucky, and became a boarder in

the family of Mrs. Robards, where Lewis Robards and his wife were living. Judge Overton was not long in discovering that they lived very unhappily, because Captain Robards was jealous of a gentleman named Short. His disposition was extremely unfortunate, and kept the whole family in uneasiness and distress. This unpleasant state of affairs continued to increase until Captain Robards wrote to his mother-in-law, the widowed Mrs. Donelson, requesting that she would take her daughter home, as he did not intend to live with her any longer. Some time in the latter part of 1788, Samuel Donelson came and started away with his sister. Judge Overton says, "my clear and distinct recollection is, that it was said to be a final separation, at the instance of Captain Robards; for I well recollect the distress of old Mrs. Robards on account of her daughter-in-law Rachel going away, and on account of the separation that was about to take place, together with the circumstance of the old lady's embracing her affectionately. The old lady always blamed her son Lewis, and took the part of her daughter-in-law."

Judge Overton further remarks that he never heard any of the family censure young Mrs. Robards on account of the unhappy difference between her husband and herself; but that he frequently heard them express the most favorable sentiments regarding her.

As stated in his narrative, published in 1827, Judge Overton, deciding to fix his residence in Tennessee, left old Mrs. Robards, with the promise that he would use

his best endeavors to effect a reconciliation between her son Lewis and his wife, particularly as her son seemed unhappy, and regretful of what had occurred. The Judge took occasion to speak with him upon the subject, and he said he was convinced that his suspicions were unfounded, and that he wished to live with his wife. Upon arriving at his destination in Tennessee, by a remarkable and romantic coincidence, the Judge again became a boarder in the same house with Mrs. Lewis Robards. Mrs. Donelson, her mother, was not only willing to accommodate him, but was glad to add to the number of her protectors against the Indians. Another lawyer, Andrew Jackson, became a boarder with Mrs. Donelson at the same time, being introduced by Judge Overton. "Soon after my arrival," continues the Judge in his narrative, "I had frequent conversations with Mrs. Lewis Robards, on the subject of living happily with her husband. She, with much sensibility, assured me that no effort to do so should be wanting on her part; and I communicated the result to Captain Robards and his mother, from both of whom I received congratulations and thanks.

"Captain Robards had previously purchased a pre-emption in this country on the south side of the Cumberland river, in Davidson county, about five miles from where Mrs. Donelson then lived. In the arrangement for a reunion between Captain Robards and his wife, I understood it was agreed that Captain Robards was to live in this country instead of Kentucky; and that until

it was safe to go to his own land, he and his wife were to live at Mrs. Donelson's." They became reunited in the year 1789.

"Not many months elapsed before Robards became jealous of Jackson, which, I felt confident, was without the least ground. Some of his irritating conversations on this subject with his wife, I heard amidst the tears of herself and her mother, who were greatly distressed. I urged to Robards the unmanliness of his conduct, after the pains I had taken to produce harmony as a mutual friend of both families, and my honest conviction that his suspicions were groundless. These remonstrances seemed not to have the desired effect. As much commotion and unhappiness prevailed in the family as in that of Mrs. Robards, in Kentucky. At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place. To this he readily assented.

"Being conscious of his innocence, Jackson said he would talk to Robards. What passed between them I do not know. Mrs. Donelson related that Robards became violently angry and abusive, and said that he was determined not to live with Mrs. Robards. Jackson retired from the family and went to live at Mansker's Station. Captain Robards remained several months with his wife, and then went to Kentucky. Soon after this affair, Mrs. Robards went to live at Colonel Hays', who married her sister.

"Some time in the fall of 1790, there was a report afloat that Captain Robards intended to come down and take his wife to Kentucky. This created great uneasiness both with Mrs. Donelson and her daughter, the latter of whom was much distressed, being convinced after two fair trials, as she said, that it would be impossible to live with Captain Robards; and of this opinion was I, with all those I conversed with, who were acquainted with the circumstances. During the winter of 1791, Mrs. Donelson told me of her daughter's intention to go down the river to Natchez, to some of their friends, in order to keep out of the way of Captain Robards, as she said he had threatened to haunt her. Knowing, as I did, Captain Robards' unhappy disposition, and his temper growing out of it, I thought she was right to keep out of the way, though I do not believe that I so expressed myself to the old lady or to any other person.

"The whole affair gave Jackson great uneasiness. In his singularly delicate sense of honor, and in what I thought his chivalrous conceptions of the female sex, it occurred to me that he was distinguishable from every other person with whom I was acquainted. About the time of Mrs. Donelson's communication to me respecting her daughter's intention of going to Natchez, I perceived in Jackson symptoms of more than usual concern. Wishing to ascertain the cause, he frankly told me that he was the most unhappy of men, in having innocently and unintentionally been the cause of the loss of peace and happiness of Mrs. Robards, whom he believed to be a

fine woman. It was not long after this before he communicated to me his intention of going to Natchez with Colonel Stark, with whom Mrs. Robards was to descend the river, saying that she had no friend or relation that would go with her, or assist in preventing Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards from being massacred by the Indians, then in a state of war and exceedingly troublesome. Accordingly, Jackson, in company with Mrs. Robards and Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed old man and friend of Mrs. Robards, went down the river from Nashville to Natchez, in the winter or early spring of 1791. It was not, however, without the urgent entreaties of Colonel Stark, who wanted protection from the Indians, that Jackson consented to accompany them.

"Previously to Jackson's starting, he committed all his law business to me, at the same time assuring me that as soon as he should see Col. Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards situated with their friends, he would return and resume his practice. He descended the river, returned from Natchez to Nashville, and was at the Superior Court, in the latter place, in May, 1791, attending to his business as a lawyer and solicitor-general for the government. Shortly after this time, we were informed that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia.

"The divorce was understood by the people of this country to have been granted in the winter of 1790–1791. I was in Kentucky in the summer of 1791, re-

mained at old Mrs. Robards', my former place of residence, a part of the time, and never understood otherwise than that Captain Robards' divorce was final, until the latter part of the year 1793. In the summer of 1791, General Jackson went to Natchez, and, I understood, married Mrs. Robards, then believed to be freed from Captain Robards, by the divorce in the winter of 1790–1791. They returned to Nashville, settled in the neighborhood of the city, where they have lived ever since, esteemed and beloved by all classes.

"About the month of December, 1793, after General Jackson and myself had started to Jonesborough, in East Tennessee, where we practised law, I learned for the first time that Captain Robards had applied to Mercer Court, in Kentucky, for a divorce, which had then recently been granted; and that the Legislature had not absolutely granted a divorce, but left it for the Court to do. I need not express my surprise, on learning that the act of the Virginia Legislature had not divorced Captain Robards. I informed General Jackson of this, who was equally surprised; and during our conversation, I suggested the propriety of his procuring a license on his return home, and having the marriage ceremony again performed, so as to prevent all future cavilling on the subject.

"To this suggestion, he replied that he had long since been married, on the belief that a divorce had been obtained, which was the understanding of every person in the country; nor was it without difficulty he could be induced to believe otherwise.



THE FIRST RESIDENCE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

"On our return home from Jonesborough, in January, 1794, to Nashville, a license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony again performed.

"The slowness and inaccuracy with which information was obtained in Tennessee at that time, will not be surprising when we consider its insulated and dangerous situation, surrounded on every side by the wilderness, and by hostile Indians, and that there was no mail established until about 1797."

Subsequent events proved this marriage to be one of the very happiest that was ever formed. A romantic person would say that it was made in Heaven, and certainly it had the requisites of a heavenly union. Nothing could exceed the admiration, and love, and even deference of General Jackson for his wife. Her wish to him was law. It was a blessed ordering of Providence that this kind, good heart should find at last, after so many troubles, a tender and true friend and protector, understanding her perfectly, and loving her entirely.

Mrs. Jackson was a noble woman, and abundantly blessed with superior sense. She was a good manager, a kind mistress, always directing the servants, and taking care of the estate in her husband's frequent absences, and withal a generous and hospitable neighbor.

She had a great many nieces and nephews, some of whom were nearly all the time staying with her. She was very lively in her manners, well knowing how to tell stories, and amuse the young people of the neighborhood, who were much attached to her, all calling her

affectionately Aunt Rachel, as her nieces and nephews did.

About the year 1804, General Jackson fixed his residence upon a superb estate of a thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, which he named the Hermitage. They lived at first in an ordinary frame building, sufficiently comfortable, but rather small. No lack of space in the house, however, could contract the liberal and hospitable spirit of the master and mistress of the Hermitage. When the Marquis de Lafayette visited Nashville on his return to America, there was an entertainment given in his honor at the Hermitage, to which many ladies and gentlemen were invited. At this banquet, and during his stay in Nashville, General Lafayette was particularly respectful and attentive to Mrs. Jackson; and after his return to France, he never failed, in writing to General Jackson, to send her his compliments.

But the General was the "prince of hospitality," as one of his neighbors said, "not because he entertained a great many people, but because the poor belated pedlar was as welcome as the President of the United States, and made so much at his ease that he felt as though he had got home."

One who often visited General Jackson's house wrote that "it was the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State; and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and hospitable temper, and no two

persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She was always doing kind things in the kindest manner. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty set them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left."

She had no children of her own, and it was a source of regret to both; but a fortunate circumstance threw a little child across her pathway, and she gladly took the babe to her home and heart. Her brother had twin boys born to him, and wishing to help her sister in a care which was so great, took one of them to the Hermitage when it was but a few days old.

The General soon became extremely attached to the little guest, and adopted him, giving him his own name, and treating him from that time with unremitting kindness and affection, as if he were indeed his only son. A traveller, who arrived at the Hermitage one wet, chilly evening in February, says: "I came upon General Jackson in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. Seeing me, he called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and said that the child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child—his adopted son, then not two years old." This son, Andrew Jackson, jr., was the sole heir of the General's large estate. His widow resides yet at the Hermitage, at the request of the

State of Tennessee, which purchased the homestead at the close of the war.

A few days after the battle of New Orleans, Mrs. Jackson arrived in that city with a party of Tennesseeans, bringing with her the little Andrew, then about seven years old. She participated in the attentions that were showered upon the General, who showed her, himself, the most marked respect and deference. The ladies of New Orleans presented her with a valuable and beautiful set of topaz jewelry. In her portrait, at the Hermitage, Mrs. Jackson wears the dress which she appeared in at the grand ball given in New Orleans, in honor of the General. It is white satin, ornamented with lace, and jewelry of pearls. This portrait was painted by Earl, an artist who married a niece of Mrs. Jackson's and resided many years in General Jackson's family.

In 1816 Mrs. Jackson joined the church, while attending the ministry of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, a Presbyterian divine, whom she ever after regarded with the deepest veneration. To gratify her, General Jackson built a little church on the estate, a quarter of a mile from the house. It was plain and simple, and small, but very dear to Mrs. Jackson, who spent in it many happy hours. It was a blessing to the neighbors, who found it convenient and pleasant to send their children to Sunday-school, and to attend church themselves when it was impossible to go farther.

A new house was built during the summer of 1819. It was erected expressly for Mrs. Jackson, and every-

thing regarding it was done exactly in accordance with her wishes. Major Lewis, who visited the site, recommended a more elevated position to the General. "No, Major," said he, "Mrs. Jackson chose this spot, and she shall have her wish. I am going to build this house for her; I don't expect to live in it myself." He was at the time very feeble and exhausted from the severe illness succeeding his return from the Seminole war, and was, as he supposed, not long for this world.

The house is situated in a level place, rather lower than the avenue which leads to it, and from the gate only glimpses of it can be obtained. The surrounding country is exceedingly beautiful. The long stately avenue of cedars ends in an oval-shaped lawn in which stands the mansion. Both in front and in the rear of the house there are grand double piazzas, with stone floors supported by large fluted columns, round which cling and bloom beautiful rose vines. Under the shade of these drooping tendrils, General Jackson and his cherished wife were wont to saunter, occasionally stopping to more distinctly hear the rich notes of the southern songsters, or to catch the mournful cry of the ring-dove in the distant cotton-field.

The walls of the hall are covered with scenes from Telemachus, which was formerly so fashionable for papering. The fairy beauty of Calypso's enchanted island, with its sparkling fountains, its flowery groves, its elegant pillared palaces, its dancing nymphs, its altars of incense and votive wreaths, its graceful groups of statues on the

seashore, and, above all, its lovely queen and the noble youth and his wise Mentor, lend an air of interest and beauty to this cool hall which is delightful. There is hanging here a handsome portrait of Columbus. The furniture is old-fashioned and dignified, and there are several busts of distinguished men. That of General Jackson was taken by Mr. Persico, made in Italy and presented to the General.

The parlors are large, pleasant rooms, in which there are many curiosities, and various odd and exquisite pieces of furniture that were presented at different times to General Jackson. The house is spacious and handsome. When first built, it was the most elegant one in all the country around. It was a gift of love from the General to his beloved wife, when he did not expect to survive her; and it was arranged to suit her slightest wish, that nothing might be wanting to her satisfaction, which it was possible in his power to provide. The extensive and carefully-ordered garden was tended and overlooked by her, and contains a great many sweet shrubs and evergreens and beautiful flowers, a large number of which she planted herself.

In 1821 General Jackson was appointed Governor of Florida, and left the Hermitage the 18th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson and the "two Andrews," the adopted son and nephew—Andrew Jackson Donelson.* The following September she wrote to a friend

* After General Jackson landed at Blakely, near Mobile, he proceeded up the river about forty miles, to a military post under the command of Colonel Brook, and



THE HERMITAGE—THE HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON.

at Nashville: "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it a wild-goose chase, his coming here. He tells me to say to you and Captain Kingsley, that in the multiplicity of business, if he had or could have seen any advantages for your better prospects, he would have written Captain Kingsley long since. You are in the best country in America. O, how has this place been overrated. We have had a great many deaths; still I know it is a healthy climate. Amongst many disadvantages, it has few advantages. I

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called "Montpelier." Here he was detained some days, during which time he learned that the Indian Chief "Weatherford," who commanded at the destruction and massacre of Fort Mimms, was living but a few miles off. General Jackson remembered the brave conduct of the Chief at the battle of "Horse Shoe," where, losing the most of his warriors, he surrendered alone, remarking, that "he had fought as long as he had men, and would fight longer if he could;" * and at his suggestion Colonel Brook invited the Chief to dinner the following day. The next day his appearance attracted much attention at the fort, and when dinner was announced, General Jackson escorted him to the presence of the ladies, introducing him to Mrs. Jackson as the Chief of the Creek Indians and the bravest of his tribe. She smilingly welcomed him and said, "she was pleased to meet him at the festive board, and hoped that the strife of war was ended forever." "I looked up," he said, "and found all eyes upon me, but I could not speak a word. I found something choked me, and I wished I was dead or at home." Colonel Brook came to his rescue by replying to Mrs. Jackson, and the dinner passed off pleasantly, but the Chief related the occurrence a few years later, and said, "he was never caught in such quarters again."

* Weatherford's words were, "I am in your power. Do with me what you please. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I fought them, and fought them bravely. There was a time when I had a choice; I have none now. Even hope is dead. Once I could animate my warriors; but I cannot animate the dead. They can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Tallushatches, Talladega, Emucfaw and To-ho-pé-ka."

pity Mr. J., he will have so much fatigue. Not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet; no, not one; but we have a prayer-meeting every Sabbath. The house is crowded so that there is not room for them. Sincere prayers are constantly sent up to the Hearer of prayer for a faithful minister. Oh, what a reviving, refreshing scene it would be to the Christians, though few in number. The non-professors desire it. Blessed be God, he has a few even here that are bold in declaring their faith in Christ. You named, my dear friend, my going to the theatre. I went once, and then with much reluctance. I felt so little interest in it, however, I shall not take up much time in apologizing. My situation is a peculiar one at this time. I trust in the Lord my dear child, Andrew, reached home in safety. I think you all must feel a great deal for me, knowing how my very heart recoiled at the idea of what I had to encounter. Many have been disappointed. I have not. I saw it as plain as I now do when it is passing. O Lord, forgive, if thy will, all those my enemies that had an agency in the matter. Many wander about like lost sheep; all have been disappointed in offices. Crage has a constable's place of no value. The President made all the appointments and sent them from the City of Washington."

General Jackson, in a letter to Captain John Donelson, Sr., speaks thus of his wife:

"I hope we will be able to leave here by the 1st of October for home. Mrs. Jackson's health is not good,

and I am determined to travel with her as early as my business and her health will permit, even if I should be compelled to come back to settle my business and turn over the government to my successor. I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets, and live near you the balance of my life. * * * Before this reaches you, Colonel Butler and our little son will be with you, I hope. I trust you will extend your care over him until we are where he has gone. You may be sure your sister will not remain long behind. We all enjoy tolerable health at present, but I am wearied with business and this hot weather."

Mrs. Jackson sighed for her quiet home and her little church during her stay in Florida. Pensacola was so different, and the people so entirely divided in all their tastes and pursuits from the devout Christian matron, that she could not be satisfied. "Three Sabbaths," she says, "I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. The Sabbath profanely kept, a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open, trade going on I think more than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say, the worst people here are the outcast Americans and negroes! Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day; cursing not to be heard.

"Pensacola is a perfect plain: the land nearly as white as flour, yet productive of fine peaches, oranges in abundance, grapes, figs, pomegranates, etc. Fine flowers grow spontaneously, for they have neglected the gardens, expecting a change of government. The town is immediately on the bay—the most beautiful water prospect I ever saw; and from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night we have the finest sea-breeze. There is something in it so exhilarating, so pure, so wholesome, it enlivens the whole system. All the houses look in ruins, old as time. Many squares of the town appear grown over with the thickest shrubs, weeping-willows, and the Pride of China: all look neglected. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude you nor any of us ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in nature's darkness."

On the 3d of November, General and Mrs. Jackson arrived at the Hermitage, delighted to be again at that home within whose doors the angels, Peace and Happiness, awaited their return, and sat with folded wings.

General Jackson set out for Washington, accompanied by his wife, in 1824, going all the way in their own coach and four, and being twenty-eight days on the journey. In a letter to a friend in Nashville she says: "We are boarding in the same house with the nation's

guest, General Lafayette. When we first came to this house, General Jackson said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire, and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. At Charleston, General Jackson saw him on the field of battle; the one a boy of twelve, the Marquis, twenty-three."

A great many persons paid their respects to Mrs. Jackson. She says, "there are not less than from fifty to a hundred persons calling in one day." While wondering at "the extravagance of the people in dressing and running to parties," she speaks with enthusiasm of the churches and the able ministers.

Soon after their return home, Mrs. Jackson's health began to decline, and in the succeeding years of General Jackson's campaign for the Presidency, it continued delicate. She went with the General to New Orleans, in the beginning of the year 1828, and witnessed his splendid reception there. "She was waited on by Mrs. Marigny and other ladies, the moment she landed from the Pocahontas, and conducted to Mr. Marigny's house, where refreshments had been prepared, and where she received the salutations of a large and brilliant circle. The festivities continued four days, at the end of which, the General and Mrs. Jackson and their friends re-embarked on board the Pocahontas and returned homeward."

Mrs. Jackson's health continued to fail, and no excursions or remedies were found availing. She had

suffered from an affection of the heart; a disease which, increased and heightened by every undue excitement, was, in her case, exposed to the most alarming extremes and continually liable to aggravation. The painful paragraphs in regard to her character with which the papers of the country abounded, wounded and grieved her sorely. The circumstances of her marriage, so easily misconstrued and so lamentably misunderstood by many whom distance and meagre information had kept in ignorance, were used by the political enemies of General Jackson as lawful weapons wherewith they might assail his fair fame and obstruct his rapid progress to the highest place in the land. Considered in all its bearings, there is not in the whole world a position more honorable, more important, or more responsible, than that of the President of the United States. Well were it needful to choose with circumspection the Chief Magistrate of a country so vast, of a people so intelligent and brave, and possessing the elements of such greatness and glory; who holds in his grasp such a multitude of destinies; and who is able, by his decisions, to continue the sunshine of prosperity, or to bring the bitter blasts of adversity and discord. Hence the ardor and even the desperation of the struggles for victory in each Presidential campaign. The same enthusiasm which actuated the friends of General Jackson, actuated also his enemies; and nothing could exceed the earnestness and rancor with which they attacked him. Not content

with reviling him, they must needs drag before the public the long-forgotten circumstances of his marriage, and wrest them to suit their unworthy purposes. The kind heart of Mrs. Jackson, though wrung with mortification and grief, prompted no utterance of impatience. She said very little, but was often found in tears. Meanwhile, her health continued to decline. It was too hard to bear that he to whom she had devoted the affections and energies of her long life, should be taunted, for her sake; that he should, for her sake, be considered unworthy of the trust of that nation for whose defence and honor he had undergone unnumbered fatigues and conflicts and perils. This silent suffering told upon her spirits, but anxiety to know the event sustained her.

When the news arrived of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, it was received with rejoicings and hilarity in Nashville as everywhere else, but with calmness by him and her who were so highly honored. Her gratification must have been too deep and heart-felt to be expressed with noise and mirth. Despite the calumnies which their enemies had heaped upon her and the General, the nation had bestowed upon him its highest gift; and had confided, for a time, the keeping of its honor and well-being into his hands. The sorrows through which she had passed, those clouds that had hung over her thorny way, had been dispersed by the favoring wind of truth, and the bright rays of peace shone upon her heart. But she was not

dazzled by the new prospects opening before her. The splendors and gayeties of a life in the White House could offer her no attractions. Her domestic and simple tastes found more pleasure in her own home and family-circle at the beloved Hermitage. "For Mr. Jackson's sake," said she, "I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it." She seemed to regret the necessity of a residence in Washington, and remarked to a friend with an expression of the utmost sincerity, "I assure you that I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to live in that Palace in Washington."

Mrs. Jackson always purchased all the clothing and household articles, both for her own and the servants' use. Desiring to arrange everything comfortable during the winter, for she knew that General Jackson would have many friends at the Hermitage, she made frequent visits to Nashville, and on one occasion heard the thoughtless remarks of persons who probably forgot a moment afterward the words which broke the heart of their victim. It was her custom usually to go to one of her most intimate friends on reaching the city, and have the horses and carriage put in the stable, and then go out shopping; but on this occasion she went early in her cumbrous coach, and as she had many places to visit, determined to send the driver to a livery stable and meet it in the afternoon at the Nashville Inn, then the principal hotel in the city.

Weary and exhausted after a tedious day's shopping, she went at the appointed hour to the parlor of the

hotel, and while waiting there, she heard her name called in the adjoining room. It was impossible for her not to hear, and there she sat, pale and excited, listening to a repetition of calumnies which political strife had magnified and promulgated. The bare truthful outlines of her early unfortunate marriage were given, but so interwoven with false misrepresentations, that she could hardly believe herself the subject of remark. All she did hear was never known, but on her death-bed she told the circumstance to her husband, and then he understood the cause of her violent attack. He had tried to keep every paragraph and abusive line out of her sight, and hoped that now, after the election was decided, this unhappy subject of "her marriage before a divorce was granted," would be dropped forever. She had acted as she thought was the best, and indeed in every act of her life she discovered the fine sense she displayed in her conduct towards her first husband. But the malicious envy of people who could not bear her elevation, caught at every straw to revile her pure and blameless life. Had she lived unhappily with General Jackson, there might have been some excuse for considering her a weak woman; but her long, happy and beautiful existence as his wife, was a convincing proof of her affectionate nature, and religious, high-minded soul. The fatal error of her youth, in marrying a man her intellectual and moral inferior, was more than atoned for in the miserable years she spent as his unappreciated wife. She was sensitive and refined, and her nature revolted

at his coarseness. She had acted rashly in marrying him, but she was loth to part with him. Was she to blame that she did not know his character thoroughly before her marriage? The sigh that heaves from the hearts of thousands of women as they recall a similar experience, attests her innocence. Was she to blame for marrying again, when she and every one who knew her believed her free? He had never provided a home for her, she had always been compelled to live either with her mother or his, thereby sealing her doom, for no wife, however kind her husband may be, can be as happy in the home of her parents as she could in one of her own, be it ever so lowly. Captain Robards never tried to make her comfortable or contented, but augmented the sorrows of her young heart by a course of conduct revolting in even the most degraded of men, and inexcusable in him, since he was of a respectable family, and supposed to be somewhat cultivated.

But her offence was the acceptance of a companion and friend, who would shield her from poverty and unhappiness, and add to her life, what she had never known, a husband and a home. The bonds of a civil marriage had been dissolved, not by her efforts, but by her ungenerous, narrow-minded husband, and she had become the wife of a man eminently suited to her. With all the bitter experience of her short married life, she trustingly confided her happiness into the keeping of one who never betrayed it, and who made her existence a continued source of joy. In the higher courts, in her con-

science, but one marriage tie was recognized, and but one possessed the entire affection of her young and chastened heart.

It had been arranged that a grand dinner and ball should be given on the 23d of December, to General and Mrs. Jackson, that day being the anniversary of the night-battle below New Orleans; a day rendered celebrated in the annals of his country by his own heroic achievements.

A week previous to this intended festival, and a few days after her visit to Nashville, Mrs. Jackson was seized with a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the chest and left shoulder, attended with an irregular action of the heart, and great anxiety of countenance. The suspense and uneasiness occasioned by the late political strife being at an end, and the uncertainty of the event no longer torturing her, she could bear up no further. One of the physicians in attendance upon her, gives the following minute and interesting account:

"Being hastily sent for, I lost no time in rendering her all the assistance in my power. Finding she had been bled before my arrival, without any manifest abatement of the symptoms, I repeated the operation, which was again had recourse to in the evening, on the arrival of Dr. Hogg, an eminent physician of Nashville, who had been sent for simultaneously with myself. These successive bleedings, together with other treatment, produced great relief, and an entire subsidence of all the alarming symptoms. The three following days she con-

tinued to improve; she was cheerful, and could sit in her chair and converse with her friends. On Monday night, however, she sat up too long, caught cold, and had slight symptoms of pleurisy. These soon yielded to the proper remedies, a profuse perspiration ensued, which it was thought proper to encourage with mild, diluent drinks; everything promised a favorable issue. In this situation, after Dr. Hogg and myself had retired to an adjoining room, our patient unfortunately got up twice and sat by the fire. The perspiration became suddenly checked. She cried out, 'I am fainting,' was placed in bed, and in a moment afterwards she was a lifeless corpse!

"All our efforts for her restoration were vain and fruitless. No blood could be obtained either from the arm or the temporal artery. Sensibility had ceased, life had departed; and her meek and quiet spirit sought that rest with her God and her Redeemer, which a cruel world refused to grant.

"From a careful review of the case, there seems to be no doubt but that there was a sudden reflux of the blood from the surface and the extremities, upon the heart and other organs, producing an engorgement and consequent spasm of that important viscus. That her death is to be attributed to this cause, rather than to an effusion of the brain, seems to be inferable from the fact of the total and instantaneous cessation of the functions of the heart. Not a pulsation could be perceived; her lungs labored a minute or two, and then ceased.

"How shall I describe the agony—the heart-rending agony—of the venerable partner of her bosom? He had, in compliance with our earnest entreaties, seconded by those of his wife, left her chamber, which he could seldom be persuaded to do, and had lain down in an adjoining room, to seek repose for his harassed mind and body. A few minutes only had elapsed, when we were hastily summoned to her chamber; and the General, in a moment, followed us. But he was only in time to witness the last convulsive effort of expiring nature. Then it was that all the feelings of the devoted husband burst forth. His breast heaved, and his soul seemed to struggle with a load too oppressive for frail humanity. Nor was he the only mourner on this melancholy occasion. A numerous train of domestics crowded around the bed of their beloved mistress, and filled the room with their piercing cries. They could not bring their minds to a belief of the painful reality that their mistress and friend, for such indeed she was, lay before them a lifeless corpse. 'Oh! is there no hope?' was their agonizing question; and vainly would they flatter themselves with the belief, that perhaps 'she was only fainting.'

"The distressing event spread with the rapidity of the wind; and neighbors and relatives thronged the house from midnight until late the following morning. Soon the painful tidings reached Nashville, twelve miles distant, and a fresh concourse of friends pressed forward to show their respect for the dead and to mourn with the living."

Early on the morning of the 23d December, while active preparations for the expected banquet were going on, and many bright eyes and gay hearts were already, in anticipation, beginning the pleasures of the day, the afflicting news reached the city, of the President's unlooked-for and terrible bereavement. This sad paragraph appeared in the papers and cast a gloom over the breakfast-tables where so many had assembled in joy. "In the midst of preparations for festivity and mirth, the knell of death is heard, and on the very day which it was arranged and expected that our town should be a scene of general rejoicing, we are suddenly checked in our career, and are called on to array ourselves in garments of solemnity and woe. Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of General Andrew Jackson, President elect of the United States, died last night, at the Hermitage, in this vicinity. The intelligence of this awful and unlooked-for event has created a shock in our community almost unparalleled. It was known, a few days since, that Mrs. Jackson was violently attacked by disease; which, however, was supposed to have been checked, so as to afford a prospect of immediate restoration to health. This day, being the anniversary of an interesting and important event in the last war, was appropriately selected to testify the respect and affection of his fellow-citizens and neighbors to the man who was so soon to leave his sweet domestic retirement, to assume the responsibilities and discharge the important duties of Chief Magistrate of

the nation. The preparations were already made; the table was well-nigh spread, at which all was expected to be hilarity and joy, and our citizens had sallied forth on the happy morning with spirits light and buoyant, and countenances glowing with animation and hope,—when suddenly the scene is changed, congratulations are converted into expressions of condolence, tears are substituted for smiles, and sincere and general mourning pervades a community where, but a moment before, universal happiness and public rejoicing prevailed. But we have neither time nor room, at present, to indulge in further reflections on this melancholy occurrence. Let us submit with resignation and fortitude to the decrees, however afflicting, of a just and merciful, though mysterious and inscrutable Providence."

The preparations making for the festivity were immediately stopped, upon the arrival of the melancholy information; and, in their stead, the committee of arrangements, together with the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, recommended to the citizens, as an evidence of their deep regret and sympathy for the calamity which had befallen their honored fellow-citizen, to suspend for one day the ordinary business of life, which was cordially observed. In the course of the morning, a card eight inches long and six inches wide, with a mourning border one-third of an inch in width, was printed, containing the following announcement:

"The committee appointed by the citizens of Nashville to superintend the reception of General Jackson

on this day, with feelings of deep regret, announce to the public that MRS. JACKSON departed this life last night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock.

"Respect for the memory of the deceased, and a sincere condolence with him on whom this providential affliction has fallen, forbid the manifestations of public regard intended for the day.

"In the further consideration of the painful and unexpected occasion which has brought them together, the committee feel that it is due to the exemplary virtues and exalted character of the deceased, that some public token should be given of the high regard entertained towards her while living. They have, therefore, resolved,

"That it be respectfully recommended to their fellow-citizens of Nashville, in evidence of this feeling, to refrain, on to-morrow, from the ordinary pursuits of life.

"JOSIAH NICHOL, Chairman.

"*December 23d.*"

The city authorities also passed suitable resolutions, the last of which reads as follows:

"Resolved, That the inhabitants of Nashville are respectfully invited to abstain from their ordinary business on to-morrow, as a mark of respect for Mrs. Jackson, and that the church bells be tolled from one until two o'clock, being the hour of her funeral."

These proceedings were signed by Felix Robertson, Mayor, and attested by E. Dibbrell, Recorder.

About a fortnight before her death, she remarked to a friend, that although she had lived with Mr. Jackson nearly forty years, there had never an unkind word passed between them, and the only subject on which they ever differed, or where there was the slightest opposition, was his acceptance of appointments when conferred upon him; she being always unwilling for him to enter upon public life. Such was the woman whom General Jackson was called upon to separate from, at a moment of all others the most trying.

Although the weather was unfavorable, her friends assembled from every point, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who could befriend them no more. Every vehicle in Nashville, and there were more at that day than now, in proportion to the population, was put in requisition. The road to the Hermitage had not been macadamized, and it was, consequently, at that season of the year almost impassable; yet an immense number of persons attended the funeral.

When the hour of interment drew near, the General, who had not left the beloved remains, was informed that it was time to perform the last sad rites. The scene that then ensued is beyond description. There was no heart that did not ache, no eye that did not weep. Many of the officers present, who had shared with the General his difficulties and dangers; who had seen him in the most trying situations; who had eyed him when his gallant soldiers were suffering for food to sustain life, and he unable to relieve them; who had witnessed him

on the battle-field, when the wounded and the dying were brought before him, and every muscle seemed moved, and his very frame agonized with sorrow; yet had seen no suffering, however poignant or excessive, affect the General like this great affliction. When he bade his final adieu to the last kindred link that bound him to earth, his Roman fortitude seemed for a time to be completely overcome. It was a soul-rending sight to see an old veteran, whose head was whitened by the hardships he had endured for his country, bending over the lifeless form of an affectionate wife, whose death was hastened by the cruelty of those whose rights he had so nobly defended. By a muscular and almost superhuman effort, he endeavored to check the current of his grief; and, waving his hand to the afflicted company, begged them to weep no more. "I know," said he, "it is unmanly, but these tears were due to her virtues. She shed many for me." But one wish pervaded the assembly, that the individuals who had hastened this scene by their relentless attacks on an unoffending woman, could be brought to witness the saddest spectacle that any present had ever beheld.

But they were not there to witness the effects of their calumnies. She was dead, and they were vanquished. Ever after that funeral, his opponents complained that his personal feelings were allowed to govern his public acts, and that to be suspected by him of having believed aught of slander against his wife, was the unpardonable crime which he never forgave. Brave old Hero! how

deathless was the feeling which to the latest hour of his life displayed the strength made manifest from its inception! Silent and grave he was on the subject, but forgetfulness or indifference did not occasion such a course of action, as too many found to their sorrow. A dangerous look in his flashing eye satisfied any one of the sacred ground, and few braved his anger by recalling an unpleasant recollection connected with her. The inhumanity of the world robbed him of his treasure, and darkened his life, but while he lived her name was a hallowed sound breathed in the darkened recesses of his bruised and lonely heart, which cheered him on to the portals of the tomb through which she had passed to immortality.

The dear remains were interred in a corner of the Hermitage garden; and thither the afflicted General was supported by General Coffee and Major Rutledge. The following gentlemen were pall-bearers: Governor Sam Houston, Col. Ephraim H. Foster, Col. George Wilson, Gen. Robert Armstrong, Col. Sam. B. Marshall, Col. Allen, Mr. Solomon Clark, and Major G. W. Campbell.

A resident of Nashville, writing to his brother in Philadelphia, said: "Such a scene I never wish to witness again. I never pitied any person more in my life than General Jackson. I never before saw so much affliction among servants on the death of a mistress. Some seemed completely stupefied by the event; others wrung their hands and shrieked aloud. The woman that had waited on Mrs. Jackson had to be carried off the ground. After the funeral, the General came up to me and shook

my hand. Some of the gentlemen mentioning my name, he again caught my hand, and squeezed it three times, but all he could utter was 'Philadelphia.' I shall never forget his look of grief."

Through the kindness of Sarah Jackson, the widow of General Jackson's adopted son, I am in possession of a book compiled by Mr. Earl, under the direction of the General himself, entitled in gilt letters on the back, "Obituary Notices of Mrs. Jackson." It contains the funeral card before mentioned; a great number of eulogies taken from the papers of the day; innumerable paragraphs expressive of respect and sympathy; and a synopsis of the funeral sermon, in manuscript. It was preached by the Reverend William Hume, of Nashville, and has never heretofore been published. It will be found interesting, not only as the funeral discourse of so eminent a lady, but as a specimen of a sermon delivered forty years ago, in a country so undeveloped as Tennessee was in those days.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Psalm cxii., 6th verse.

"These words might be applied to that venerable matron, with much propriety, as she gave every reasonable evidence that she was among the righteous. Indeed, as her name is indissolubly connected with that of the President of the United States, it shall be held in remembrance while the page of history displays the memorable actions of General Jackson. The words of

the Psalmist, however, are applicable to her in a much nobler sense.

"The death of this worthy lady is much deplored, not only by her distinguished husband and immediate relations, but by a large majority of the people of the United States of America. Her character was so well known to multitudes who visited the Hermitage, the abode of hospitality, that the following remarks will readily be acknowledged as true:

"With respect to her religious principles, they were such as are held sound by all religious denominations that are commonly called evangelical. Convinced of the depravity of human nature, as taught in the Holy Scriptures, she relied on the Spirit of God alone, to illuminate, renovate and purify that nature that it might be qualified for the unspotted society of heaven. Believing with the inspired Paul, that by the works of the law, no flesh can be justified in the sight of God, her dependence for eternal life was placed on the merits and mediation of Jesus. Fully persuaded that the law is holy and the commandment holy, and that God will not acquit the sinner from condemnation, in a way that will conceal the dignity of His government, the purity of His nature, the truth of His threatening, or the glory of His unchangeable justice, she derived all her hope of acceptance with God from Him who 'bore our sins in His own body on the tree; who suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.'

"While, however, her whole dependence for accept-

ance with God was founded upon the atonement of the Son of God, through whom grace reigns unto eternal life, she knew that this doctrine did not tend to immorality. She was taught by Paul that holiness is always inseparably connected with this dependence on the merits of the Saviour, and that every motive to holiness arising from interest or gratitude or the pleasures of religion remains in full force; she therefore abounded in good works. Assured by the infallible testimony of her Lord and Master, that every branch of the true vine, as it derives its verdure, beauty, vigor, and sap from the vine is fruitful, she, a genuine branch, was so too. In acts of piety, as adoration, thanksgiving and praise, she took delight. Her seat was seldom empty in the house of God. Though very often surrounded with company from every State in the Union, neither she nor her illustrious husband neglected the house of God on that account. The tears of genuine penitence were often shed by her in the temple of the Lord. She had a tender and a feeling heart, and sometimes I have seen the tears bedewing her cheeks while she was speaking of the dangerous condition of those around her, who seemed to be entirely careless about a future state. Indeed, her devotional spirit was manifest in all her conduct. She meditated on the wonders of redeeming love with much delight, as the source of her present joy and future hope of glory. Indeed, her piety was acknowledged by all who knew her, as it manifested itself by the most unequivocal proofs; a reverential awe, a supreme

love and profound veneration for the incomparable excellences of God, and a cordial gratitude to Him as the source of all her mercies. Her love to God was displayed by an unusual obedience to His commands and by an humble submission to His providence.

"As a wife, connected with one who stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, she was, as a Christian, exposed to some peculiar temptations; for who can resist the fascinations of honor and of power? While she rejoiced in the honor of a nation of freemen spontaneously given to a husband so dear to her heart, yet no unbecoming elation of mind, no haughtiness, no overbearing conduct, could ever be seen, even by an inimical eye, in this amiable lady. She was adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, in an eminent degree. Esteem and affection were so mixed in her bosom for her husband, that her respectful behavior to him, in her house and among her connections and acquaintances, struck every beholder as the soft impulse of the sweetness of her disposition; so that by her kindness and affability, her husband was more happy in his own family than in the midst of his triumphs. In consequence of her amiable manners, his own house was the chief place of his enjoyment.

"The tears and lamentations of the servants are proofs of the most unequivocal kind of her excellence as the mistress of her household. Never did children seem to mourn more sincerely for a mother than the household servants lament for her. The cordial regard

of her servants may well be attributed to the gentleness of her commands, the calmness of her temper, and her tenderness in treating them in health and in sickness. She was, indeed, a mother to her family.

"The widow and the orphan will long lament the death of Mrs. Jackson. In the circle of the widows and orphans her benevolence accompanied with the most substantial acts of beneficence, shone with distinguished splendor. To her the words of Job may be properly applied: 'When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her, because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness, and it clothed her. Her judgment was a robe and a diadem. She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a mother to the poor.' Blest with affluence, she had a heart to feel and a hand to relieve the poor and the needy. She viewed the bounties of Providence not only to refresh herself and her family, but as designed by her Benefactor to flow in channels leading to the doors of those who were perishing of thirst, that they, also, might quaff and be satisfied.

"Some, indeed, during the Presidential struggle, with unfeeling hearts and unjustifiable motives, exerted all their powers to throw her numerous virtues into the shade. It was, no doubt, the intention of the defamers to arouse the indignation of her husband that he might

perpetrate some act to prevent his elevation to that high station to which the American people resolved that he should be raised. Under this cruel treatment Mrs. Jackson displayed the temper of a disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. Her meekness was conspicuous under all the injuries and provocations which were designed to provoke and exasperate her. Seldom, indeed, has the busy tongue of slander and detraction been more gratuitously and basely employed; never was it put to silence with more helplessness and confusion than in the case of this amiable and pious lady. Influenced by the religion that she professed, she restrained all immoderate sallies of passion and harsh language on that trying occasion. She felt, indeed, the injustice of the warfare. Her compassionate heart was wrung with sorrow. Her tears flowed, but there was no malevolence in her bosom. She could have received no pleasure in giving pain to her detractors. Confiding in God, that He would bring forth her righteousness as the light, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth, she was not disappointed.

"She was permitted to live until the people of America, by their unbiased suffrage, asserted their full conviction of her innocence in a manner calculated to shame and confound the most furious and unprincipled of her defamers. Yes, she lived to see every cloud of calumny blown away by the united breath of the American people; and found herself and her beloved husband in the enjoyment of an unclouded sky, favored with

the smiles and the esteem of a people uninfluenced by detractors and qualified to form their own opinions.

"While we cordially sympathize with the President of the United States, in the irreparable loss he has sustained in the death of his amiable lady, whom he deemed so worthy, as he said, of our tears; we, from our long acquaintance with Mrs. Jackson, and our many opportunities of seeing her virtues displayed, cannot doubt but that she now dwells in the mansions of glory in company with the ransomed of the Lord, singing the praises of that Saviour whom she loved and served while she was a pilgrim on earth. In heaven, she drinks of the pure stream of the river of life, issuing from the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Various newspapers, and among them, the *Mercury* of Philadelphia, clothed their columns in the badge of mourning; which was "alike merited," says the *Mercury*, "by his services and fame and her virtues and piety."

The ladies of Abingdon, Virginia, met and entered into resolutions to transmit to General Jackson a letter "assuring him of the sincere regard they bore the character and person of his deceased lady, and the sorrow they feel at his afflictive bereavement," and also to wear mourning badges on their dresses for thirty days. The following is a copy of the letter of condolence to General Jackson:

"*January 5th*, 1829.

"DEAR SIR: We have heard, with the deepest sorrow,

of your late afflictive bereavement in the death of your truly pious and amiable wife; and we have met to mingle our tears with yours for the irreparable loss you have sustained. To weep on such an occasion is not blamable; it is but a becoming tribute to departed worth; yet, at the same time, we should bow with submission to the will of Him who 'gives and who takes away at his pleasure.' She has gone, we trust, to those mansions 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' where the voice of malice cannot reach her or the tongue of calumny disturb her.

"On such an occasion, when religion is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and society of one of its most valuable members, we consider it our duty to offer to her memory the tribute of esteem which is due to her worth; and to give you, Sir, our sincerest condolence for this late afflictive dispensation. At the same time, we offer our fervent prayer to the Almighty disposer of human events, that your administration of the high office to which you have lately been elected may be as wise and happy as your military career was brilliant and successful.

"SARAH P. PRESTON."

This effusion expressive of womanly feeling does infinite credit to the highly esteemed authoress. She was a daughter of General William Campbell, who so gloriously commanded the Virginia militia, and afterwards a gallant corps in the battle of Guilford Court House, who,

in the language of the historian, were "the first engaged and the last to quit."

The Board of Mayor and Aldermen of Knoxville, Tennessee, unanimously adopted a preamble and resolutions in regard to the death of Mrs. Jackson. Joseph C. Strong was Mayor, and William Swan, Recorder. Colonel Jacobs offered the paper, and we annex the resolutions:

"Resolved, That while we deeply regret the death of Mrs. Jackson, we cannot but express our gratitude to the Supreme Governor of the universe, that she was not taken from time to eternity until the people of the Union had given a clear and distinct manifestation of the high estimation in which they held the reputation of herself and husband.

"Resolved, That in consequence of the death of Mrs. Jackson, the Mayor be directed to request the Rev. Thomas H. Nelson to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion, in the First Presbyterian Church, at eleven o'clock A. M., on Thursday, the first day of January next.

"Resolved, That the inhabitants of Knoxville be respectfully requested to attend church, and abstain from their ordinary business on Thursday, the first day of January next, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. Dec. 29th, 1828."

In accordance with the request contained in the second resolution, the Reverend Thomas H. Nelson preached a funeral sermon on Thursday the first day of January, 1829.

The Common Council of the city of New York passed resolutions of condolence to mark their "deference for her domestic virtues, her benevolence and her piety." An authenticated copy of these resolutions was forwarded to General Jackson.

A public gathering assembled at the Vine Street Meeting House, Cincinnati, Ohio; at which a very large committee was appointed to draft resolutions which they did, in honor of "a lady in whom by universal consent, the practical charities of the heart were gracefully blended with the purest and most unaffected piety."

On the 8th of January, throughout the country, instead of the customary firing of cannon commemorative of the day, a solemn silence was maintained, as a token of respect for the deceased. At various public dinners on that day, Mrs. Jackson's death was alluded to in the most gentle and sympathetic terms. As an illustration of the tone and spirit of these allusions, we copy the following. At Boston, this toast was offered by S. Fessenden, Esq.: "The memory of Mrs. Jackson—sadness to our joy, but for the bright hope that the event which hath wrought for him whose praise we celebrate a cypress chaplet, hath introduced her whose memory we revere and whose death we deplore, to a crown of unfading glory."

In New Orleans the following toast was offered: "The memory of Mrs. Jackson—an example of piety, benevolence, and every Christian virtue. 'The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.'"

In Nashville, Captain Parrish presented this—"The memory of Mrs. Jackson."

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, at the celebration of the members of the Legislature, the following toast was drunk:—"The memory of Mrs. Jackson—the amiable wife of the slandered hero. The grave now shrouds her mortal remains, but her virtues will shine in brilliant purity, when her unprincipled slanderers are lost to the memory of man."

A touching reference to the sad event was made in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Pryor Lea, of the Tennessee Delegation.

And so hundreds of pages of eulogies published in every section of the Republic might be copied.

Many pieces of poetry mourning the death of Mrs. Jackson appeared in the papers, one of which, from the *Cincinnati Advertiser*, is subjoined:

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JACKSON.

"As wintry blasts succeed the summer's bloom,
And summer suns give place to winter's gloom;
As to morn's radiance o'er creation spread,
The night succeeds, when every ray is fled;
Or as the heart, but erst with joy elate,
To sorrow turns beneath some stroke of fate;
So a joy'd nation Fate has bid to turn
Its smiles of joy to tears o'er Virtue's urn.
Sacred the numbers breathed in Virtue's name,
Dear still to goodness, if unknown to fame.
Be thine the grateful task, O humble muse
(Virtue's thy theme, and thou canst ne'er refuse),

Be thine the task that goodness to deplore,
Which Death, relentless, bids to be no more;
To sing th' unspotted life, unknown to blame.
But every virtue dear to woman's name;
The meek-eyed charity, the guileless heart,
The long enduring under sorrow's smart;
The ready friend to comfort in distress;
The hand as willing as the heart to bless;
The every charm exalted virtue lends,
Conferring blessings as its means extends;
The mind sincere, unknown to pious guile;
Which ne'er deceit, dishonest, could defile,
But still intent religion to obey,
And as she taught its precepts, led the way;
To all its active impulses awake,
And virtuous only for fair virtue's sake.

"Scarce was the contest o'er, the victory won,
Mysterious Fate! But half thy will was done.
From that first hour a nation made its choice
Of him in whose great name its sons rejoice,
From the first hour the grateful news was hailed,
Even from that hour her gentle spirit failed.
While o'er the land loud peals of triumph rang,
Her milder nature felt the mortal pang
Which still protracted, nought availed to save
Her suffering nature from an honored grave.

"Eternal Providence! Whate'er thy ways,
'Tis still our duty to adore and praise.
Lo, the bright virtues from her earliest time,
Which souls ungenerous slandered into crime.
Lo, her loved husband's fame, by foes assailed,
Impotent still. And while each effort failed,
Behold them turn with most dishonest arts,
Against domestic Peace their venomed darts.
Nor sex, nor purity, nor honored age
Could save them from the shafts of blinded rage.

Yet she but lived to triumph and to see
Her fame proved pure as 'twas designed to be,
When Nature, in her great and high behest,
Formed, of her daughters, her among the best.
Yet shall her cherished memory long endure,
To still assuage the grief it may not cure.
As when the glorious sun retires to rest,
He leaves a golden twilight in the west,
Where the mild radiance of his thousand rays
Illumes the skies and gladdens every gaze;
So the remembrance of her virtues dear
Shall o'er the hearts of those who loved her here
Shed the mild radiance of that tranquil joy,
Which death, nor fate, nor ill can e'er destroy."

Until a few days before his death, the General wore always around his neck and hidden in his bosom a miniature of Mrs. Jackson, on the back of which is a pretty little wreath made of his and her hair. The chain to which it is attached is curiously wrought of black beads intermingled with a flower-work of bright gold ones, into which these words are skilfully introduced: "Presented to General Andrew Jackson as a token of esteem, from Caledonia M. Gibson. May blessings crown thy hoary head." Every night he placed this miniature on a little table by his bedside, leaning against his Bible, with the beloved face towards him, so that the kind, familiar smile should be his first greeting when he waked. His granddaughter, now Mrs. Lawrence, bears the honored name of his wife, Rachel Jackson, and was an especial favorite of his. His eyes were often fixed upon her during his last illness with peculiar interest and affection. One morning within a few days of his death, when she came

to bid him good-bye, before starting to the city to school, he threw the chain around her neck and asked her to wear, for his sake, the miniature he had loved and worn so long.

In a corner of the garden at the Hermitage there is a simple elegant monument raised over the vault in which lie the remains of General Jackson and his wife. The steps run around the circular area, eighteen feet across. From this platform spring eight fluted columns of the Doric order, surmounted by a handsome entablature supporting the dome, which is crowned with a funereal urn. On the interior, a plain cornice of vaulted ceiling, stuccoed in white, gives an air of purity and comeliness, well suited to a tomb. From the centre of the platform rises a pyramid on a square base. On the floor, on each side of this pyramid, lie the tablets which contain the inscriptions. The one on the left is the General's, which bears only his name, and the record of his birth and death. The hand of an undying affection has covered the other with a long and tender testimony to her worth. It runs thus:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, to

the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Here in the freshness and greenness of the garden they planted, surrounded with climbing vines and fragrant blooms, the General and his beloved wife sleep their last sweet sleep. Across a garden path lie the remains of Mr. Earl, the artist, "friend and companion of General Andrew Jackson." Beside him lies Andrew Jackson, the adopted son of the General; and near are two of his infant sons, and a grown son, Samuel, who fell in battle.

General Jackson survived his wife more than sixteen years, and, unto the end, his love for her burned as brightly as in the hey-day of his youth. Though aged and suffering greatly, he was remarkably energetic and kept up his correspondence with his old and dear friends. The last letter that he ever wrote, only two days before his death, was addressed to the Hon. Mr. Polk, President of the United States, expressing confidence in his judgment and ability to guard well and truly the interests of his country.

VIII.

EMILY DONELSON.

Mrs. Emily Donelson, the accomplished mistress of the White House during General Jackson's Presidential term, was the youngest child of Captain John Donelson, a man of sterling integrity and irreproachable character, perfect in all the relations of life, respected as a citizen, honored as a Christian, and beloved as a friend and neighbor. She was born in Davidson County, Tennessee, and educated at the Old Academy, in Nashville. Of rare personal loveliness and superior intellect, no expense or care was spared to fit her for the high position she was destined to fill in society. Though her childhood was spent in what was then called the "backwoods," it was not passed in obscurity, for her close relationship with Mrs. Jackson, the public prominence of her near relations, Generals Smith, Coffee, and Hayes, and the great wealth and high standing of her father, early made her familiar with camps and crowds, and developed that courtly grace and ease of manner for which she was afterwards so pre-eminent. A host of suitors contended for the beautiful maiden's hand, among whom were General Sam Houston, Col. Ephraim H. Foster, and Major Gustavus A. Henry; they always spoke of her as the "lovely Emily," and delighted in expatiating on the charms of her mind and person.

At the early age of sixteen she was married to her cousin, Major Andrew J. Donelson, the protégé and confidential adviser of General Jackson. She was ever a fond and faithful wife, sharing the joys and triumphs of her husband, relieving his cares and sorrows, filling his home with peace and comfort, and his heart with happiness.

On General Jackson's election to the Presidency, he appointed Major Donelson his private Secretary, and invited Mrs. Donelson to officiate as mistress of ceremonies at the Executive Mansion.

To settle a delicate question of precedence between Mrs. Jackson, jr., and Mrs. Donelson, who were both inmates of the President's House and nieces of General Jackson, he said to Mrs. Jackson, "You, my dear, are mistress of the Hermitage, and Emily is hostess of the White House." Both were satisfied with this decision, and ever afterward Mrs. Donelson occupied the first position in the President's Mansion. This was a position that the elegance and refinement of the former mistresses of the mansion had invested with great respect; and Mrs. Donelson filled it as they had done, ever mindful of her dignity as a lady, and true to her duty as a wife and mother. In all that is lovely and noble in woman, she was the peer of her illustrious predecessors; and her tact and grace contributed much to render General Jackson's term such a brilliant epoch in American history. It was a day of fierce party spirit; political animosity spared neither sex nor condition, yet the voice of detraction was never raised against her honored name. Friend and foe alike paid homage to her charms.

Mrs. Donelson was of medium height, with dark auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, lips and brow exquisitely moulded, slender symmetrical figure, and hands and feet tiny as a child's. Her portrait bears a striking resemblance to the pictures of Mary Queen of Scots. No stranger ever passes it without commenting on its singular fascination. Young, fond of society and pleased with attention, she entered with zest into the festivities of Washington, and participated in all its gayeties. Her taste in dress was exquisite, and her toilette was the envy and admiration of fashionable circles. The dress she wore at the first inauguration, an amber-colored satin, brocaded with bouquets of rosebuds and violets, and richly trimmed with white lace and pearls, was a present from the General, and was described in every paper of the Union. It is still preserved in the family, and even in this day of costly attire, would be a gala dress. Beloved as a daughter by Mrs. Jackson, and intimately associated with her for years, she was beside that honored and dear friend at the time of her death; and her tenderness and sympathy did much to mitigate the poignancy of the General's bereavement. He always called her "my daughter;" and often when wearied with the cares of office, would seek relaxation amid her family circle. Arbiter in politics, he deferred all matters of etiquette to her; and when she would appeal to him to settle any knotty social point, he would reply, "You know best, my dear. Do as you please." Of lively imagination, she was quick at repartee, and had

that gift possessed by so few talkers, of listening gracefully. Thrown in contact with the brightest and most cultivated intellects of the day, she sustained her part; and her favor was eagerly sought by the learned and polished. A foreign minister once said to her, "Madam, you dance with the grace of a Parisian. I can hardly realize you were educated in Tennessee." "Count, you forget," was the spirited reply, "that grace is a cosmopolite, and like a wild flower, is much oftener found in the woods than in the streets of a city."

During the Eaton controversy, the public was curious to see what course she would take. Her friends were also Mrs. Eaton's friends, it was her policy to please General Jackson, and General Jackson's heart was set on Mrs. Eaton's social recognition. At the public receptions and levees, she received Mrs. Eaton with her usual dignity and courtesy; but when the General asked her to visit that lady, and set the example of public recognition of his favorite, she refused decidedly, saying, "Uncle, I will do anything on earth for you, consistent with my dignity as a lady, but I cannot and will not visit any one of Mrs. Eaton's reputation." She carried her point, and the President never alluded to the distasteful subject again in her presence.*

Mrs. Donelson's four children were all born at the White House, and their earliest reminiscences are of

* Mr. Eaton was the Secretary of War, and Mrs. Eaton, with whose name scandal was rife, was ignored by the wives of the Cabinet officers as well as by the generality of ladies in Washington. The Secretary was an old and intimate friend of the President's, and his sympathy was enlisted on Mrs. Eaton's side of the quarrel, but without avail, so far as securing her social recognition was concerned.

the East Room, levees, state dinners, and processions. General Jackson made their christenings occasions of great ceremony. He was god-father of two of them, Mr. Van Buren of another, and General Polk of the youngest. General Jackson was very fond of these little ones, and took a grandfather's interest in all their plays and games. The White House has probably never had a more charming tableau than that presented by the old hero, surrounded by the lovely family group, of which he was the soul and idol. Of Mrs. Donelson's children, only her two daughters are now living. Her two sons passed away in the spring-time of life. They were young men of great promise, superior intellect, and high social standing. Andrew, the eldest, was captain of engineers in the United States army, and died of consumption in 1859. John was captain in the Confederate service, and fell in the battle of Chickamauga, fighting bravely in defence of the cause he had espoused.

In the spring of 1836, Mrs. Donelson's health became so delicate that she concluded to leave Washington and go home to Tennessee, hoping, in the quiet and seclusion of her beautiful home (Tulip Grove) soon to regain her health and strength. But her symptoms grew more alarming, and it soon became evident that consumption had marked her for its victim. The scene changes now from the gay festivities of Washington to the loneliness and suffering of the sick-room. The hectic flush and wasting form marked the rapid progress of the insidious disease, and thoughts of death became familiar. Though

so young and gay, she bore her suffering with the patience and fortitude of an angel, and submitted without a murmur to the decree that tore her away from husband, children and friends. Shortly before her death, she made a public profession of religion, and connected herself with the Presbyterian Church. Every resource of medical skill and experience was tried to stay the course of her disease, but in vain; and in December her spirit passed from earth. Her death was as peaceful and hopeful as her life had been loving and happy. Always a fond and proud mother, as the time drew near for a final separation from her children, she clung to them with a tenderness and devotion touching to behold. A few evenings before her death, she was sitting at an open window, admiring the beauty of a winter sunset, when a bird entered, and flying several times around the room, alighted on her chair. One of her little children, playing by her side, made some exclamation and tried to catch it. "Don't disturb it, darling," said the dying mother, "maybe it comes to bid me prepare for my flight to another world. I leave you here, but the Heavenly Father, who shelters and provides for this poor little bird this wintry day, will also watch over and take care of you all when I am gone. Don't forget mamma; love her always, and try to live so that we may all meet again in heaven." Ere the week closed, her chair was vacant; earth had lost one of its noblest, purest spirits, but heaven had gained an angel.

"Lovely, bright, youthful, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled and went to heaven."

IX.

SARAH YORKE JACKSON.

The wife of President Jackson's foster-son was the daughter of Peter Yorke, of Philadelphia, whose grandfather, Judge Yorke, held an appointment under the crown of Great Britain prior to the Revolution. She was educated in that city, and received all the accomplishments a mind of superior order under similar fortunate circumstances would be capable of appreciating. Left an orphan at an early age, her affections were concentrated upon those nearest of kin to her, and well and nobly has she fulfilled all the requirements of sisterly love. A large circle of friends and relatives rendered her young life happy by their sympathy and affection, and her youth is remembered as a scene of varied though ceaseless pleasures.

Miss Yorke was married to Mr. Jackson soon after the inauguration of his adopted father, and made her entrée at the White House as a bride. Necessarily the object of remark and criticism, which has not generally a tendency to promote ease of manner, she yet managed to win sincere admiration from all who came in contact with her. Seldom has any one in so conspicuous a position exhibited so much of the perfect self-possession which distinguishes the lady "to the manor born." She combined the opposite qualities of dignity and affability,

and secured thereby a lasting influence over those with whom she was associated. Blending a quick temper and high spirits with much kindliness of heart, she was, as is often the case with such natures, generous and forbearing toward loved ones—determined and unyielding where her rights were invaded. Her affection for her father-in-law was intense, and he often testified his love for her.

On one occasion, when receiving a deputation from the Keystone State, he remarked to them, "Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you, for I am much indebted to Pennsylvania. She has given me a daughter who is a great comfort to her father."

The tone and impressive manner convinced his hearers of the entire truth of his remark, while the look of affectionate pride bestowed upon her filled her heart with happiness.

At the White House she shared the honors of hostess with her kinswoman, Mrs. Donelson, whose superior charms were gracefully acknowledged by Mrs. Jackson, and acted in accordance with the President's suggestion to remain as the mistress of his own home.

During the long period of ill health which accompanied the declining years of General Jackson, she ministered to him as only a loving woman can. Never for a moment was her watchful care withdrawn, but leaving all other duties, she devoted herself to his comfort.

The crowds of company which flocked to the Hermit-

age were always smilingly received by her, and her name was dear to all who enjoyed the hospitality of the home of old Hickory. After the death of Mrs. Donelson and the failing health of her father, her task was one of severity, but the method and order which reigned in and about her home—the attention she bestowed upon her children, and the manner in which she cared for the dependent ones about her, attest her strong Christian character, and convince us that her success was entire. Hospitality at the Hermitage was taxed in a scarcely less degree than Monticello had once been, and for many years Mrs. Jackson received the world's votaries at the shrine of greatness.

In addition to all this, there was a never ceasing demand on her time and brain for the welfare of her numerous dependents. She was a true friend to the slaves of the family, and the many helpless ones always seen on a large plantation were her special property. The wants of the sick, the control of the young and the management of all, was a task only appreciated by those accustomed to an institution now extinct. On Sabbath evenings, for many years, it was her habit to have all who would choose to gather around, to hear her read of eternal life, and to instruct the children in religious duties.

Called to pass through great afflictions — to part with father and husband, and later to mourn the loss of a son in his early manhood, whose life was just budding into promise of future usefulness, her sorrows rest now

in her declining years heavily upon her. Her grief is sacred.

During the civil war, whose earliest tocsin was sounded near her, and whose dying echoes reverberated along the banks of the Cumberland, she remained in the lonely home of her happier youth, amid scenes which continually recall the unreturning past. In the quiet of a winter's night, or even amid the beauty of a midsummer's day, she looks upon the tomb in the garden, and hallowed recollections fill her heart. Through the triumphs of life she has passed, and now in the eventide sits beside her graves.*

Now, as in early youth, she evinces her submission to the will of God, and the little church adjoining the Hermitage is as sacred to her as it was dear to her adopted mother.

In her present retirement with her children, of whom two remain to bless her evening of life, and grandchildren to cheer her with their innocent gayety, let us hope that further trials may be spared her, and that even to the end she may enjoy the sweet security of a promise made to those like her, who have finished their course, and are called to enter into the joys of their Lord.

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* The State of Tennessee owns the Hermitage, and Mrs. Jackson resides there as its guest.



X.

HANNAH VAN BUREN.

The wife of President Van Buren was born at Kinderhook, on the Hudson, in the year 1782, a few months after the birth of her future husband, whose schoolmate and companion she was during their early years. She was of Dutch descent, and the original name Goes, but pronounced by her ancestors Hoes, and since so called by all the members of the family in this country, is familiar to those who are acquainted with the history of the Netherlands.

If the charms of nature—grand scenery, magnificent views, and the ever-varying harmony of beautiful skies —could add to the growth and development of childhood, Hannah Hoes was incomparably blest. The years of her life were spent in a happy home circle in the most beautiful section of her native State—a State remarkable for the grandeur of its mountain scenery, and the number of its romantic rivers. Chief among these, and surpassed by none in the world, is the Hudson, in sight of whose classic waters she lived and died.

Her ancestors were sturdy, enterprising Dutch, whose homes for many generations had been along the banks of the stream discovered by their renowned countryman, and not one of the rosy urchins of their households but

knew of the adventures of Hendrick Hudson, and reverenced him not only as the hero of their race and the discoverer of their river, but the founder of their prosperity. Nor could the tales of the old dames who resided nearest the lofty Catskills—that he and his followers still haunted the mountains and were the direct cause of calamities—divest their minds of his wondrous exploits. In each ripple of the dancing waves, in the denseness of the gray fog, or perchance in the quiet stillness of eventide, they recognized some similarity, and recalled a parallel of his experiences.

Mid such scenes and under such influences passed all the years of Mrs. Van Buren's life.

In February, 1807, at the age of twenty-five, she was married to Mr. Van Buren. The intimacy which resulted in this union was formed in early childhood, and the marriage took place as soon as his position at the bar would justify such a step. The steadfastness of his attachment to his young relative was a remarkable trait in the character of Mr. Van Buren, and adds a lustre to his honored name.

Some time after their marriage they removed to Hudson City, where eight years of wedded life passed fleetly away, they losing, in the meantime, the youngest of their four sons, an infant only a few weeks old. In 1816, Mr. Van Buren removed his family to Albany, drawn thither, doubtless, by his increased and increasing professional standing and political leadership.

From this time forth, the highest wishes of his early

life were crowned with complete success. Wealth, fame and influence were the fruits of his unremitted industry for nearly twenty years. "His natural talents had reached their full expansion; his laborious industry exhibited its proper results; and amid a constellation of great minds, whose brilliant efforts erected and adorned the fabric of New York jurisprudence, the vigor of his intellect and the richness of his learning won for him a conspicuous and acknowledged eminence."

But the voice of adulation fell upon unheeding ears when sickness invaded the household and hastened the cherished wife and mother from her loved ones. Not even the ardent devotion, the deathless affection of the husband whose efforts in life had all been made for her, could stay the destroyer in his cruel work. For months she lay an invalid, tended by those who loved her more than life, and then sank into the grave a victim of consumption.

A gentleman of high distinction, who knew her intimately from her earliest years, said, "There never was a woman of a purer and kinder heart." Gentle and winning in life, her memory is redolent with the perfume of her saintly sweetness and purity. Miss Cantine, the niece of Mrs. Van Buren, who was but sixteen years of age at the time of her aunt's death, gives this picture of her last days: "Aunt Hannah lived but a short time after their removal to Albany, dying at the early age of thirty-five, when her youngest child was still an infant. I can recall but little about her till her last sickness and

death, except the general impression I have of her modest, even timid manner—her shrinking from observation, and her loving, gentle disposition. The last, long sickness (she was confined to the house for six months) and her death are deeply engraved on my memory. When told by her physicians that she could live, in all probability, but a few days longer, she called her children to her and gave them her dying counsel and blessing, and with the utmost composure bade them farewell and committed them to the care of the Saviour she loved, and in whom she trusted.

"This scene was the more remarkable to those who witnessed it, as, through the most of her sickness, she had been extremely nervous, being only able to see her children for a few moments on those days on which she was most comfortable. They could only go to her bedside to kiss her, and then be taken away. As an evidence of her perfect composure in view of death, I will mention this fact. It was customary in that day, at least it was the custom in the city of Albany, for the bearers to wear scarfs which were provided by the family of the deceased. Aunt requested that this might be omitted at her burial, and that the amount of the cost of such a custom should be given to the poor. Her wishes were entirely carried out."

The following obituary notice is in itself a sketch of the character of Mrs. Van Buren, and was written by one who knew her better than any one out of her own family.

From the Albany Argus, Feb. 8, 1819.

"Died in this city, on the evening of Friday, the 5th inst., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Hannah Van Buren, wife of the Hon. Martin Van Buren, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. The death of this amiable and excellent woman is severely felt by a numerous circle of relatives and friends. As a daughter and a sister, wife and mother, her loss is deeply deplored, for in all these various relations she was affectionate, tender, and truly estimable. But the tear of sorrow is almost dried by the reflection that she lived the life and died the death of the righteous. Modest and unassuming, possessing the most engaging simplicity of manners, her heart was the residence of every kind affection, and glowed with sympathy for the wants and sufferings of others. Her temper was uncommonly mild and sweet, her bosom was filled with benevolence and content—no love of show, no ambitious desires, no pride of ostentation ever disturbed its peace. When her attention was directed, some years before her death, to the important concerns of religion and salvation, she presented to the gospel she embraced a rich soil for the growth and cultivation of every Christian principle. Humility was her crowning grace, she possessed it in a rare degree; it took deep root and flourished full and fair, shedding over every action of her life its genial influence. She was an ornament of the Christian faith, exemplifying in her life the duty it enjoins, and experiencing, in a good degree, its heavenly joys, its cheering

hopes. In her last illness she was patient and resigned. In the midst of life, with all that could make it worth possessing—esteemed and loved, happy in her family and friends—she was forced away. But she left all without a sigh. She waited the approach of death with calmness—her Redeemer had robbed it of its sting and made it a welcome messenger. Doubtless, 'twas gain for her to die.' Doubtless, she is now enjoying that rest 'which remaineth for the people of God.' Precious shall be the memory of her virtues,

"Sweet the savor of her name,
And soft her sleeping bed."



Angelica Van Buren

XI.

ANGELICA VAN BUREN.

THE era in which Hannah Van Buren lived was far removed from her husband's ascension to the Presidency, for she had been dead seventeen years, when, in 1837, that event occurred. He remained a widower, and, but for the presence of his accomplished daughter-in-law, his administration would have been socially a failure. The prestige of his high position was not complete until the honors were shared with his young relative.

Angelica Singleton, the daughter of Richard Singleton, Esq., was born in Sumpter District, South Carolina. Her grandfather Singleton, and her great-grandfather General Richardson, served with distinction in the revolutionary war. On the maternal side, her grandfather, John Coles, Esq., of Albemarle county, Virginia, was the intimate and valued friend of Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and two of his sons were respectively their private secretaries during their Presidential terms.

Miss Singleton's early advantages were in keeping with her elevated social position. To complete an education superior to the generality of her sex at that day, she spent several years at Madame Grelaud's seminary, in Philadelphia. The winter previous to her marriage, she passed in Washington, in the family of

her kinsman, Senator William C. Preston. Soon after her arrival, her cousin, the justly celebrated Mrs. Madison, procured the appointment of a day to present her to the President, accompanied also by Senator Preston's family. Her reception was a very flattering one, and she became a great favorite with President Van Buren. In November of the year following (1838), she was married at her father's residence, to Colonel, then Major, Van Buren, the President's eldest son, and his private secretary—a graduate of West Point and long an officer in the army. Her first appearance as the lady of the White House was on the following New Year's day, when, supported by the ladies of the cabinet, she received with the President.

The following brief though favorable cotemporaneous notice of that occasion is taken from a long and racy account by a correspondent of the Boston *Post*, of the movements at the capital on New Year's day:

"The Executive Mansion was a place of much more than usual attraction in consequence of the first appearance there of the bride of the President's son and private secretary, Mrs. Abram Van Buren. She is represented as being a lady of rare accomplishments, very modest, yet perfectly easy and graceful in her manners, and free and vivacious in her conversation. She was universally admired and is said to have borne the fatigue of a three hours' levee with a patience and pleasantry which must be inexhaustible to last one through so severe a trial. A constant current set from the President's house to the

modest mansion of the much respected lady of ex-President Madison. Ex-President Adams and his lady were also cordially greeted at their residence by a number of friends."

Mrs. Van Buren is the only daughter of South Carolina who has graced the White House as hostess, and her life there was rendered as entirely agreeable as the combined influences of wealth, station, and refinement could make it. The reminiscences of her early life carry us back to a period when South Carolina enjoyed the distinction of sharing with Virginia the honor of being the seat of elegant hospitality and refined culture. Under the benign influences of a matchless climate and great wealth, the people of the Palmetto State enjoyed the leisure and opportunity of developing all those characteristics which adorn humanity and render life attractive. The citizens of this State were fortunate in being the descendants of the best families of Virginia, and Mrs. Van Buren was a most pleasing representative of this old aristocracy.

Perhaps no aristocracy in this country was ever so entirely modeled after the ways and habits of the English nobility as that of Virginia and South Carolina. The people were enabled, through the institution of slavery, to keep up a style of living impossible under other conditions, and they had the wealth and the inclination to be its successful imitators. They were a monarchial class in a republican government.

The position of Mrs. Van Buren's family was always

such that all the avenues of intellectual enjoyment were open to her, while her natural endowments were of that high order which rendered cultivation rapid and pleasant. Added to her many gifts was the irresistible one of beauty of form and deportment. The engraving, from a portrait by Inman, painted soon after the time of her marriage, represents the exceeding loveliness of her charming person. More potent than mere regularity of features is the gentle, winning expression of her clear black eyes; and the smile about her finely chiselled lips betokens the proud serenity of her most fortunate life.

Mrs. Van Buren was, on her mother's side, descended from a long line of ancestors, and the genealogical tables of the family discover many of the leading names of American politicians and statesmen. Aside from mere wealth, they possessed abilities which, in many instances, secured them the highest position in the gift of their government. Prominent among these was her uncle, Mr. Stevenson, Minister to England. In the spring of 1839, Colonel and Mrs. Van Buren made a rapid visit to Europe, returning at the request of the President in the following fall in time for the session of Congress. While abroad, they enjoyed the most unusual social advantages, being members of the President's family, and she a niece of the American ambassador, who had been a resident of London several years. They were in London during the whole of the season of the year following the queen's coronation, which derived

especial brilliancy from the presence of the present Emperor of Russia, Prince Henry of Orange, and other foreigners of note.

No American lady has ever visited Europe under similar circumstances. Nor have any of her countrywomen made a more lasting impression than did this young representative of the President's family. By her cultivated, unassuming manners she made herself most agreeable to the court circles of England, and maintained in the saloons of royalty the simplicity and dignity of her republican education.

Mrs. Stevenson was the chaperon of Mrs. Van Buren on all public occasions, and the recollections of evenings spent with her at "Almack's," at the Palace, and in the society of the cultured and noble, were always sunny memories in the heart of her niece.

Major Van Buren's position as private secretary rendered their unexampled and most fortunate visit to England of short duration. To reach America before the meeting of Congress, they left London for the continent. In the course of their hurried tour, they passed some weeks in Paris, and were presented by the American minister, General Cass, to the king and queen. They were invited to dine at St. Cloud, and were received with the kind, unceremonious manner which, it is well known, distinguished all the members of that branch of the Orleans family. After dinner, Louis Philippe conducted them through the rooms of the Palace, even to the door of the sleeping apartment, as he supposed,

of his grandson, the Comte De Paris, at which he knocked without obtaining any response. The queen, having been told by Mrs. Van Buren on her return of what had happened, said, laughingly, "Ah! that is all the king knows about it! After his mother left with the Duc D'Orleans for Algiers, I caused the child to be removed to a room nearer my own." She then proposed to send for him, and for her Wurtemberg grandchild also, but unfortunately for the gratification of her guest's natural curiosity, the little princes were fast asleep.

After the expiration of President Van Buren's term of office, Mrs. Van Buren and her husband lived with him at Lindenwald through several years of his retirement, passing much of the winter months with her parents in South Carolina, and in 1848 establishing themselves in the city of New York, which has since been their home uninterruptedly, except by visits to the South, rendered necessary by the death of her father and the consequent charge of her patrimonial estate, and by a three years' absence in Europe, superintending the education of their sons.

Mrs. Van Buren's middle life was spent in New York, where she lived a pleasant existence, surrounded by her family, and in the midst of a charming social circle. Her career was an exceptionally prosperous one, and she enjoyed life thoroughly. She was a cultivated, elegant-mannered person, considerate of others, sweet in disposition, and gracious in speech. Her home was the centre of

elegant hospitality, and in the gayest city on this continent she was accounted a society leader. She was an unselfish woman, and she was never tardy in employing her gifts or her means in behalf of others. Prosperous and educated to the enjoyment of wealth; cultured and inclined to appreciate all that was pleasing and beautiful in life, her career is a delightful one to chronicle. She knew sorrow in the early death of two of her children; and in later years the loss of relatives and friends cast a momentary gloom about her. But few earthly lives have been so unvaryingly even and free from strong contrasts. Up to the time of her death (which occurred the 29th of December, 1878) she was a lady upon whom it was a pleasure to look; whose bearing discovered aristocratic lineage, and cultivation under happy conditions.

XII.

ANNA SYMMES HARRISON.

ANNA SYMMES, the wife of the ninth President of the United States, was born the famous year of American Independence, and but a few months after the renowned skirmish at Lexington. Her birthplace was near Morristown, New Jersey, the scene of suffering the following year, where the tracks of the blood-stained feet of the soldiers attested their forlorn condition. Soon after her birth, which occurred the 25th of July, 1775, her mother died. Bereft of her care, she was thrown upon her father's hands for those attentions necessary for one of such a tender age, which until her fourth year he carefully bestowed. Her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tuthill, were residing at Southhold, Long Island, and thither at the age of four years she was taken by her surviving parent. The incidents of her journey from Morristown to Long Island, then in the possession of the British, she remembered through life. Her father, the Hon. John Cleves Symmes, though at the time a Colonel in the Continental army, was so anxious to place his daughter with her grandmother, that he assumed the disguise of a British officer's uniform and successfully accomplished his perilous undertaking. Leaving her in the home from which he had taken her mother years before, he joined his own troops and served with dis-

tinction during the war. Not until after the evacuation of New York, in the fall of 1783, did the father and child meet again, nor did she return to his New Jersey home. Under the care of her excellent grandmother, she became early imbued with a love of religious reading, and learned those early habits of industry which the young under the right influences early attain. Mrs. Tuthill was a godly woman, whose soul had been deeply stirred by the preaching of Whitfield, whom she greatly reverenced and admired. From her lips the little Anna received her first religious instructions, the good impressions of which lasted her through life. She often remarked that "from her earliest childhood, the frivolous amusements of youth had no charms for her. If ever constrained to attend places of fashionable amusement, it was to gratify others and not herself." In this early home of quiet and retirement, she acquired habits of order and truthfulness which characterized her conduct in after years. Her hands, even as a child, were never idle, but as a Christian virtue, she was trained to diligence, prudence, and economy. When old enough to attend school, she was placed at a seminary in East Hampton, where she remained some time, and subsequently she was a pupil of Mrs. Isabelle Graham, and an inmate of her family in New York city. Here she readily acquired knowledge, and improved the opportunities afforded her. For her teacher she ever retained the highest regard, and cherished the memory of that pious and exemplary woman through all the changes of her own life.

At the age of nineteen she bade adieu to her aged grandparents, and accompanied her father and step-mother to Ohio, in 1794. A year previous to this time, Judge Symmes had located a small colony of settlers who had accompanied him from New Jersey, at a point on the Ohio river, afterward known as North Bend. Returning to the Eastern States, he married Miss Susan Livingston, a daughter of Governor Livingston, of New York, and in the autumn started again, accompanied by his wife and daughter, for his frontier home. The journey was made with great difficulty, and the party did not reach North Bend until the morning of the 1st of January, 1795. Thus was the youthful Anna a pioneer in the land which she lived to see blossoming as the rose under the hands of civilization and material progression.

Judge Symmes was one of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court of the Northwestern Territory, and was often called to attend court in a distant part of the Territory. During the absence of her father on these journeyings, Anna would spend most of her time with an elder sister, who had previously removed to Lexington, Kentucky. It was while on one of these visits to her sister, Mrs. Peyton Short, that she formed the acquaintance of her future husband, then Captain Harrison,* of the

* William Henry Harrison, the third and youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, was born the 9th day of February, 1773, at Berkley, on the James river, about twenty-five miles below Richmond, in Charles City county. His father was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Continental Congress, and afterward Governor of Virginia. Young Harrison was educated at

United States Army, and in command of Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. The youthful Virginian was much attracted by the gentle, modest manners and the sweet face of Anna Symmes, and he determined on winning her hand. The effort was highly successful, for they were married at her father's house, North Bend, Ohio, November 22d, 1795.

Thus, in less than one year after her removal from her childhood's home, in the twentieth year of her age, Anna Symmes became the wife of Captain Harrison, subsequently the most popular General of his day and President of the United States.

Soon after their marriage, Captain Harrison resigned his commission in the army, and was elected the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. Mrs. Harrison accompanied him to Philadelphia, then the seat of the General Government, but spending, however, most of the session in visiting her husband's relatives in Virginia.

From those who knew Mrs. Harrison at this period of her life, is given the assurance that she was very

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Hampden Sydney College, and afterward studied medicine. After his father's death, in 1791, he became the ward of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, whose private fortune so often relieved the sufferings of the Continental Army. When about to graduate as a physician, the reports of troubles in the West decided him to join the frontier troops. The opposition of his excellent guardian was not sufficient to deter him from his purpose, and as his design was approved by Washington, who had also been a warm friend of his father, he received from that noble warrior an ensign's commission in the first regiment of United States Artillery, then stationed at Fort Washington.

handsome. Her face was full of animation and kindliness, and her health, which was perfectly robust, added a glow to her features, very pleasing to behold. Her figure was not large, but a happy medium, although rather inclined to become reduced upon the slightest occasion. Later in life, as her health grew more delicate, she looked much smaller than when in youth's bright morn she became a bride. In a letter received by her in 1840, from a friend who had known her at eighteen years of age, this passage occurs: "I suppose I should not recognize anything of your present countenance, for your early days have made such an impression upon my mind that I cannot realize any countenance for you but that of your youth, on which nature had been so profusely liberal." In the pictures taken later in life, her face exhibits a very intellectual and animated expression, and there are traces of former beauty in the delicate features and bright black eyes.

When the Indiana Territory which now forms the State of Indiana, was formed out of a portion of the old Northwestern Territory, General Harrison was appointed its first Governor by President Adams.

He removed his family to the old French town of Vincennes, on the Wabash, then the seat of the Territorial Government, where Mrs. Harrison lived for many years a retired but very happy life.

Dispensing with a liberal hand and courteous manner the hospitality of the Governor's Mansion, she was beloved and admired by all who knew her. General Har-

rison retained this position during the administrations of Adams, Jefferson and Madison, until the inglorious surrender of Hull in 1812, when he was appointed to the command of the northwestern army. Mrs. Harrison remained in Vincennes during the fall of 1811, while her husband was marching with his small force to disband the tribes of hostile Indians gathering for battle at Prophet's Town, and was there when the news of the battle of Tippecanoe reached her. But she rejoiced that it was over, and the formidable combinations of Tecumseh and the Prophet were dissipated forever. Henceforth the settlers might work in peace, for the foot of the red man came never again across the Wabash with hostile intent.

The battle-ground of Tippecanoe, the scene of General Harrison's dearly-bought triumph, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, is as quiet and green as a village churchyard. A low white paling fence surrounds it, and the trees are tall and carefully pruned of undergrowth. Mounds, so frequently observed in the west, and here and there a quaint wooden headboard marks the spot of some brave soldier's fall. The train as it rushes from Lafayette, Indiana, through what was formerly a wilderness, to the west, gives the traveller but a moment to look upon this historic spot, where on that fatal 7th of November morning, the Indians rushed unexpectedly upon the weary troops, sleeping after the exhaustive fatigue of travel, and met with a defeat that made the spot famous.

After the battle of Tippecanoe, General Harrison removed his family to Cincinnati, and accepted the position of Major-General in the forces of Kentucky, then about to march to the relief of the Northwestern Territory.

Mrs. Harrison was thus left a comparative stranger in Cincinnati, with the sole charge of her young and large family of children during the greater part of the war of 1812. During this time, several of the children were prostrated by long and severe illness, and to this trial was added the painful anxiety attending the fate of her husband. But under these and all afflictions, Mrs. Harrison bore up with the firmness of a Roman matron, and the humility and resignation of a tried Christian mother.

In 1814, General Harrison resigned his position in the army and went to live at North Bend, fifteen miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio. In the limits of this sketch it is impossible to give all the interesting details of Mrs. Harrison's life during her thirty years' residence at the old homestead. Many, very many of her acts of neighborly kindness and Christian charity will never be known on earth, for she shrank from any display of benevolence.

General Harrison being much from home, engaged in public affairs, she was left in the control of her large family of ten children, and ofttimes the children of her friends and neighbors. Schools in that new and unsettled country were "few and far between," and Mrs.

Harrison always employed a private tutor. The generous hospitality of North Bend being so well known, it was not surprising that many of the children of the neighborhood became inmates of her family for as long as they chose to avail themselves of the privileges of the little school.

Although at this time in delicate health, Mrs. Harrison never wearied or complained in the discharge of domestic duties, and forgot the multiplied cares she assumed in the thought of the benefit the children of others would derive from such an arrangement. She was sustained by her husband, and loved by her children and servants, and the burden was lightened spiritually if not materially.

But here commenced the long series of trials which tested her character and chastened her heart. During her thirty years' life at North Bend, she buried one child in infancy, and subsequently followed to the grave three daughters and four sons, all of whom were settled in life, and ten grandchildren. In view of these bereavements she wrote to her pastor, "And now what shall I say to these things; only, 'Be still and know that I am God.' You will not fail to pray for me and my dear son and daughter who are left. For I have no wish for my children and grandchildren than to see them the humble followers of the Lord Jesus."

Her influence over her family was strong and abiding, and all loved to do reverence to her consistent, conscientious life. Her only surviving son wrote in 1848,

"That I am a firm believer in the religion of Christ is not a virtue of mine. I imbibed it at my mother's breast, and can no more divest myself of it than I can of my nature."

The same was true of all her children, and what errors they might embrace, they could not forget the religion of their mother, nor wander far from the precepts, for "whatever is imbibed with the mother's milk lasts forever for weal or for woe." The following incident will show that her precepts and examples as a member of the church were not unappreciated by her husband. In 1840, during the Presidential canvass, a delegation of politicians visited North Bend on the Sabbath. General Harrison met them near his residence and extending his hand, said: "Gentlemen, I should be most happy to welcome you on any other day, but if I have no regard for religion myself, I have too much respect for the religion of my wife to encourage the violation of the Christian Sabbath."

In 1836, General Harrison was first nominated for the Presidency. Mrs. Harrison was much annoyed by even the remote possibility of his election. There were no less than three candidates of the old federal party in the field, and the triumph of either was almost an impossibility. Yet even this probability of having to break up the retirement of her old home at North Bend and be thrown in the station of fashion and position in Washington, filled the heart of Mrs. Harrison with dismay. When the trio of candidates had defeated themselves

and elected the champion of the Democracy, Mrs. Harrison felt heartily glad that her quiet was again restored, and she contemplated with renewed delight the happy contentment of her western home on the banks of the sparkling, flowing river.

In 1840, the Federal party had ceased to exist; the opponents of Jackson and the system which emanated from his administration had taken the name of the Whig party, and Harrison, the sagacious Governor of the Northwestern Territory, the successful General, and later the farmer of North Bend, was the chosen of the people, and the idol of his party.

The canvass, for months before the day of the election, carried the most intense excitement and unbounded enthusiasm throughout the Union. The pecuniary difficulties of the country, during the past administration, left the people an opportunity for political gatherings. Financial prostration and hopeless bankruptcy paralyzed the various trades; and in the workshop, as in the counting-house, in the streets, in the fields, in vacant factories and barns, in the mechanic's as in the artisan's room, were heard debates of the pending question. Everywhere long processions with mottoed banners were seen marching to music, and throughout the land was heard the famous old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and "Van is a used-up man," campaign songs. Never before or since was such interest manifested, and never again will there be the same admiration expressed for any aspirant to public honors. Log-cabins, illustrative of General Har-

rison's early days, were "raised" everywhere, and "companies" visited from place to place, equipped in handsome uniforms, and accompanied by bands of music. The whigs struggled manfully to elect their candidate, bringing to their service powerful appeals in the forms of stirring song, executed by youths in the streets, and dwelling continually upon the resumption of specie payment, revival of languishing trade, and public retrenchment and economy. The result was such as every one expected. General Harrison was elected President by a large majority, and John Tyler, of Virginia, was chosen Vice-President. This triumphant victory brought no sense of pride or elation to Mrs. Harrison. She was grateful to her countrymen for this unmistakable appreciation of the civil and military services of her husband, and rejoiced at his vindication over his traducers, but she took no pleasure in contemplating the pomp and circumstance of a life at the Executive Mansion. At no period of her life had she any taste for the gayeties of fashion or the dissipations of society. Her friends were ever welcome to her home, and found there refined pleasures and innocent amusements, but for the life of a woman of the world she had no sympathy.

General Harrison left his home in February, and was received in Washington with every demonstration of respect, and welcomed by Mayor Seaton in a speech delivered at City Hall. It was raining hard when he left the railroad depot, yet he walked with his hat in his hand, accompanied by an immense concourse of people. He

went from Washington to his old home in Virginia for a few days, but returned in time for the Inauguration. The morning of the 4th of March, 1841, was ushered in by a salute of twenty-six guns. The day was devoted entirely to pleasure. The city of Washington was thronged with people, many of whom were from the most distant States of the Union. The procession was in keeping with the enthusiasm and interest displayed throughout the campaign. Ladies thronged the windows, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of kind feelings, while the wild huzzas of the opposite sex filled the air with a deafening noise. General Harrison was mounted on a white charger, accompanied by several personal friends, and his immediate escort were the officers and soldiers who had fought under him. Canoes and cabins, covered with appropriate mottoes, were conspicuous, and the scene was one of universal splendor.

Mrs. Harrison's health, delicate for many years, was particularly frail in February when her husband left home for Washington, and her physicians protested against her crossing the mountains at that season of the year, and urged her remaining in Ohio until the opening of spring. General Harrison was accompanied to Washington by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, the widow of his namesake son, and her two sons. She was a very refined, accomplished person, and exceedingly popular during her short stay as mistress of ceremonies at the White House. Besides Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, there were several ladies of the President's family resid-

ing temporarily with her until Mrs. Harrison should come on. Mrs. Findlay, the wife of General Findlay and aged aunt of Mrs. Harrison, Miss Ramsay, a cousin, and Miss Lucy S. Taylor, of Richmond, Virginia, a niece of the President's, these were the occupants of the mansion the few short weeks of the President's life, for in one month from the day of his inauguration he died. Pneumonia was the avowed cause, but it was the applicants for office who killed him. He was weak and aged, and unaccustomed to the confined life forced upon him in his new position, and the gentle kindness with which he received all who were clamoring for office did but inspire them with renewed ardor. The whig party had been out of power many years, and the greed of the politicians snapped the tendrils of the veteran's declining years and sent him to the tomb before the glad notes of the inauguration anthem had died over the Virginia hills. President Harrison died the 4th of April, 1841, and on the 7th was laid temporarily to rest in the Congressional burying-grounds. The service was performed in the White House, by Rev. Mr. Hawley, in the presence of President Tyler, ex-President Adams, members of the cabinet, of Congress, and the foreign ministers. The procession was two miles in length, and was marshalled on its way by officers on horseback carrying white batons with black tassels. At the grounds, the liturgy of the Episcopal church was recited by Mr. Hawley. The coffin having been placed in the receiving vault, and the military salute having been fired, the procession

resumed its march to the city, and by five o'clock that evening nothing remained but empty streets, and the emblems of mourning upon the houses, and the still deeper gloom which oppressed the general mind with renewed power after all was over; and the sense of the public bereavement alone was left to fill the thoughts. The following touching lines, from the gifted pen of N. P. Willis, remarkable for their pathos and harmony, need no apology for being introduced here. The grandeur and simple beauty of the swelling poem deserve a more lasting record than transitory verses usually receive.

What soared the old eagle to die at the sun,
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he has won!
Are there spirits more blest than the planet of even
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven?
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away!
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God-speed unto heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! ah, never before
Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor;
He is looked for in hovel and dreaded in hall,
The king in his closet keeps hatchments and pall,
The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here,
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier:
He is here as the wave crest heaves flashing on high,
As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore,
Death finds them when swiftness and shankle are o'er;
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story:
He went with his old stride from glory to glory.

Lay his sword on his breast! there's no spot on its blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade:
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call,
It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all;
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod,
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

What more? Shall we on with his ashes? Yet stay!
He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day;
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land,
The bright gold of thousands has passed through his hand.
Is there nothing to show of his flittering hoard?
No jewels to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
No trappings—no horses? what had he? But now,
On, on with his ashes! he left but his plough!
Brave old Cincinnatus! unwind ye his sheet:
Let him sleep as he lived—with his purse at his feet.

Follow now as ye list: the first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away.
Wife, children and neighbor may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country as well!
For the stars on our banner grown suddenly dim
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him.
Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears;
Not for him, who has died full of honor and years;
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky—
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

The members of President Harrison's family immediately vacated the Executive Mansion, and the grief-stricken widow ceased the preparations for her prolonged absence from home. What a shock this death must have been to her! For many months an interested spectator, if not an actor, in the stirring events of the

canvass and election, afterward a sharer in the triumphs of her husband, and for weeks anticipating the happy reunion in the mansion of the Presidents, to be rudely torn by fate from his presence for ever, and to see every hope lying crushed around her, would have harrowed a nature of coarsest mould. She was summoned from the busy care of forwarding some matter of interest to be told that he was dead. Dead! she could scarcely believe the evidences of her senses. Dead! or was she mistaken in what was said to her? His last letter was before her, and she had scarcely ceased reading the accounts in the papers of the magnificence of the inaugural ball.

Howsoever cruel the blow, it was borne meekly and humbly by the Christian wife and mother, and she aroused herself from the stupor in which the announcement had thrown her.

In July, the remains of the sincerely regretted President and deeply mourned husband and father were removed to their present resting-place at North Bend.

Had her husband lived, Mrs. Harrison would have gone to Washington and discharged faithfully and conscientiously the duties of her position. But her residence there would not have been in accordance with her wishes or her taste.

She continued to reside at her old home, where the happiest years of her life had been spent, until the autumn of 1855, when she removed from the old homestead to the residence of her only surviving son, Hon. J.

Scott Harrison, five miles below North Bend, on the Ohio river. She remained an inmate of his family until her death.

During the latter part of her life, she had many and severe attacks of illness, and perhaps nothing but the skill and devoted medical services of her physicians, and the almost idolatrous attentions of her granddaughters, kept the lamp of her life flickering so long. Her grandsons, too, claimed their share in this labor of love, and when the telegraph bore to their distant homes the tidings of her illness, they came with their wives to wait at her bedside, and whatever of business was suspended or neglected, their attentions to her were not relaxed for a moment. In a recent letter received from a granddaughter of Mrs. Harrison's, this paragraph occurs: "Of many of the facts of her later life I was an eye-witness, as I was an inmate of my father's family for three years previous to her death, and had the inestimable privilege of seeing her beautiful Christian resignation and conformity to the will of God as life drew to its close. Indeed, it was upon my breast that she breathed her precious life away."

Mrs. Harrison was not indifferent to the political events of the age in which she lived, and few were better informed with regard to public men and measures than herself. Much of her time she spent in reading, during the closing years of her life, and she kept herself informed, through the medium of the daily papers, of the transactions of the outside world. Very few persons of

even younger years took a greater interest in the movements of the armies during the late civil war, or could give a more succinct and graphic account of the details of a campaign.

She was not radical in her sentiments, and indulged in no preconceived prejudices against the South and its objectionable institution. In regard to the holding of slaves, she was willing that all should be fully persuaded in their own minds as to its propriety, but her own convictions were strongly against it.

Many of her grandsons were officers and soldiers in the Union army, and as occasion would permit, they would visit her to ask her blessing and her prayers. The one was given and the other promised with a patriotic zeal and ardor that many of the sterner sex might well have emulated.

During the war, a grandson and member of the family in which she resided came home on a brief leave of absence. The day of his departure arrived, and he went to the chamber of his grandmother to take what he supposed to be his last farewell in this life, as she was then confined to her bed with a severe illness. She received him with great affection, and in reply to his expressions of regret at leaving her, she said, "O, no, my son, your country needs your services; I do not. Go and discharge your duty faithfully and fearlessly. I feel that my prayers in your behalf will be heard, and that you will be returned in safety. And yet, perhaps, I do not feel as much concerned for you as I should: I have parted so

often with your grandfather under similar circumstances, and he was always returned to me in safety, that I feel it will be the same with you."

The young Captain did return to see his grandmother again in this life after several hard-fought battles, in which he received complimentary notice from his commanding officers. Her granddaughter says: "My husband, Dr. Eaton, one of her physicians being in the house and an invalid, spent much of his time in her room, and would often say to me, 'I never met a more entertaining person than your grandma. I could sit for hours and listen to her conversation.' Such is not often said, by a man in the prime of life, of an old lady nearly ninety years of age. Since then he has gone to join her in her heavenly home."

Mrs. Harrison's distinguishing characteristics were her Christian humility and total want of selfishness; her modest, retiring manners and generosity and benevolence. She was always anxious to promote the well-being of others at her own expense, and sacrificed herself for the good of others.

Many incidents of generosity are remembered and treasured by her descendants, which, though not of sufficient interest to record, are of priceless value to those who witnessed their exhibition, and were recipients of her beneficence.

Every public and private charity was near her heart, and received liberally from her hand. But those who enjoyed her bounty knew not of its source. To a poor

minister she would write: "Accept this trifle from a friend." To the Bethel Sabbath school, "This is but a widow's mite." To the suffering poor of the city, "Please distribute this from one who wishes it was a thousand times more."

She continued to bear on her praying lips the salvation of her descendants, and as she drew near the closing scene, this was her song:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,—
O Lamb of God! I come."

Her intellectual powers and physical senses were retained to the last, and at the age of eighty-eight she was an agreeable companion for both old and young.

On the evening of the 25th of February, 1864, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. Harrison died at the residence of her son.

Her funeral took place at the Presbyterian church at Cleves, on Sunday, February the 28th. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, from the text, "Be still and know that I am God." The selection was made by herself and given several years before to Mr. Bushnell, her pastor and intimate friend for many years. The remains were deposited beside those of her husband, and they together sleep by the banks of the beautiful Ohio at North Bend.

XIII.

LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER.

The first wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was the third daughter of Robert Christian, Esq., of Cedar Grove, in New Kent county, in the State of Virginia; a gentleman of good private fortune, an earnest Federalist of that day in his political opinions, and an attached friend and adherent of George Washington. He possessed the highest social and political influence in the county of his residence, and, indeed, throughout the Peninsular District, embraced between the York and James rivers. His house was the seat of genuine Virginia hospitality, and his neighbors, trusting implicitly to his good sense and integrity, appealed to his arbitration in matters involving legal controversy, in preference to submitting their cases in the courts. For many consecutive years, he was not only the presiding magistrate of his county, but also its representative in the Legislature of the State; and his brothers, among whom was the late Major Edmond Christian, of Creighton, Marshal of Virginia, were men of mark and influence.

This worthy gentleman married in early life Mary Brown, an amiable lady of high worth and character, with whom he lived in happiness until her death, and through whom he was blessed with a large family of sons



and daughters; the males being, without exception, distinguished for their personal courage, intelligence, and graceful appearance and manners, and the daughters for their beauty, piety, and domestic virtues.

Among that bevy of fair daughters, Letitia, afterward Mrs. Tyler, born on the 12th of November, 1790, under the paternal roof at Cedar Grove, was, perhaps, the most attractive in her modest refinement and striking loveliness of person and character; and although always instinctively shrinking from public observation, she was regarded as one of the belles of Eastern Virginia. Her hand was sought in marriage by many suitors, but from the number who presented themselves—some of whom were the possessors of large estates—her heart and excellent judgment selected the then talented and rising young lawyer, who, inheriting the unrivalled popularity of his father, Governor John Tyler, with a mind still more brilliant and cultivated, was just entering upon that remarkable career which has so directly and powerfully impressed his genius, not only on the history of his noble old State, but on that of the United States of America.

The marriage of the youthful pair, on the 29th of March, 1813, she being in the twenty-second year of her age, and he having completed his twenty-third on that day, was particularly acceptable to both houses; and Letitia being the idol of her brothers and sisters, upon Mr. Tyler was at once concentrated the unfailing affection and support—an affection and support which at-

tended him through life—of every member of the numerous and powerful Christian family, harmonizing to no inconsiderable extent in Lower Virginia, and uniting in his favor both of the great political parties of the day—his own father having been, privately and publicly, the constant friend of Henry and of Jefferson, a leader in the movement and war of Independence, and the special representative of the State Rights Republicans in his own right, and Mr. Robert Christian having been the constant friend of Washington, and a prominent leader and representative man among the Federalists.

The wedding festivities over, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler retired to their own home in Charles City county, a part of the "Greenway" estate of his father, which at once became an object of attraction and intense interest to the many admirers, friends, and relatives of its happy inmates. Dating from this period until Mrs. Tyler's death in the Executive Mansion, at the city of Washington, nearly thirty years afterward, nothing, except the loss of two infant children and her subsequent ill-health, ever transpired to mar the felicity of this auspicious union.

In the unselfish, constant, and vigilant affection of his wife, in her personal charms, in her strong common sense and excellent judgment, in her unaffected religious sentiments, in the sweet purity of her gentle life, in her parental and filial devotion, in her watchful care and love for her children, Mr. Tyler found everything to satisfy his affections and to gratify his pride.

In his admitted integrity and worth as a man and citizen, in his great intellectual powers, in his constantly increasing prosperity and rising reputation, in the accounts she received of his eloquence both at the bar and in the legislature, and in the high official trusts which ultimately were literally showered upon him, one after the other, almost without intermission; and finally in his tender solicitude to restore her failing health and to minister to her slightest wish, she discovered all that her woman's heart, or her feminine ambition required, to complete and secure her wedded happiness. The following letter, the first that Mr. Tyler ever ventured to address to her before marriage, and the original of which is still preserved in the family—apart from the natural simplicity of its style and the ordinary interest that would attach to it—not only presents the most unmistakable evidence of the sound and healthy sentiments, emotions, and principles of character associated with both and impelling to their union, but it is also a remarkable illustration, in view of a long engagement prior to marriage, of the delicate tone and exalted purity of the social structure and civilization that surrounded them and under whose happy influences they were born and reared.

"RICHMOND, *December 5th*, 1812.

"Although I could not entirely obtain your permission to write to you, yet I am well aware that you will not be displeased at my exercising a privilege so valu-

able to one standing in the relation that I do to you. To think of you and to write to you, are the only sources from whence I can derive any real satisfaction during my residence in this place. The prerogative of thinking of those we love, and from whom we are separated, seems to be guaranteed to us by nature, as we cannot be deprived of it either by the bustle and confusion of a town, or by the important duties that attach to our existence. Believe me, my L., that this observation has been completely verified by me since I last saw you, for although deafened by noise, and attentive to the duties of my station, yet you are the subject of my serious meditations and the object of my fervent prayers to heaven. From the first moment of my acquaintance with you, I felt the influence of genuine affection; but now, when I reflect upon the sacrifice which you make to virtue and to feeling, by conferring your hand on me, who have nothing to boast of but an honest and upright soul, and a heart of purest love, I feel gratitude superadded to affection for you. Indeed, I do esteem myself most rich in possessing you. The mean and sordid wretch who yields the unspeakable bliss of possessing her whom he ardently loves, may boast of his ill-acquired wealth, and display his treasures in all the pride of ostentation to the world, but who shall administer to him comfort in the hour of affliction? Whose seraph smile shall chase away the fiends which torment him? The partner of his bosom he neither esteems nor regards, and he knows nothing of the balm which tender

affection can bestow. Nature will be still true to herself, for as your favorite Thomson expresses it,

> "'Naught but love can answer love,
> Or render bliss secure.'

"You express some degree of astonishment, my L., at an observation I once made to you, 'that I would not have been willingly wealthy at the time that I addressed you.' Suffer me to repeat it. If I had been wealthy, the idea of your being actuated by prudential considerations in accepting my suit, would have eternally tortured me. But I exposed to you frankly and unblushingly my situation in life—my hopes and my fears, my prospects and my dependencies—and you nobly responded. To ensure to you happiness is now my only object, and whether I float or sink in the stream of fortune, you may be assured of this, that I shall never cease to love you. Forgive me for these remarks, which I have been irresistibly led to make.

"Colonel Christian will deliver you this letter, together with the first two volumes of the 'Forest of Montabano.' I do not trouble him with the last two volumes, for fear of incommoding him, and because I shall be at your father's on Wednesday evening, if the business before the Legislature be not very important. You will feel much sympathy for the unfortunate Angelina, and admiration for the character of good Father Patrick. Frederick is inexplicable until the last volume is read.

"Again suffer me to assure you of my constant esteem and affection, and believe me to be yours most faithfully,

"JOHN TYLER.

"To MISS LETITIA CHRISTIAN,

"New Kent."

Mrs. Letitia Semple, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, says, regarding this letter, "I enclose you a copy of the first letter my father ever wrote to my mother; and I had a book of original sonnets written by him in his youthful days, many of which were addressed to her; for he was full of music and full of poetry and possessed an exquisite literary taste; but this book has been lost to us, in one of my writing desks stolen during the war.

"My father and my mother were born in the same year—that of 1790, he being from the 29th March to the 12th November older than she was. They were married on father's twenty-third birthday following that of his birth, after a courtship and engagement of nearly five years. He met her for the first time at a private party in the neighborhood, while on a visit to 'Greenway,' the home residence of grandfather Tyler, in Charles City county, adjoining that of New Kent, where grandfather Christian resided at 'Cedar Grove.' He had already taken his collegiate degrees at William and Mary College when scarcely more than seventeen years old, and was at the time a law student in Richmond, under the special office counsel and instruction of the

celebrated Edmund Randolph, justly esteemed as the father of the Constitution of the United States, as Mr. Jefferson was of the Declaration of American Independence, and who had been the Attorney-General of President Washington, and the Secretary of State of President Jefferson, my grandfather Tyler being Governor of Virginia, and then residing in Richmond. After their troth was plighted, he had been twice or thrice elected to the State Legislature before their marriage was solemnized; and his last visit to her at 'Cedar Grove' was only three weeks before the wedding, yet I have heard him repeatedly say that, 'then, for the first time, he ventured to kiss her hand on parting, so perfectly reserved and modest had she always been.'

"My mother's mother was Mary Brown, of the same family with that of the late Judge John Brown, of Williamsburg, and Professor Dabney Brown, of William and Mary College, the former of whom finally moved to Kentucky, and the latter more recently to California; and with that of the Hon. James Halyburton, late Judge of the United States District Court of Virginia, and of the Hon. John M. Gregory, late Judge of the Henrico Circuit and Governor of Virginia; and as to the late Judge Christian, and the present Judge Christian, of the Peninsular Circuit and of the General Court of Virginia, the first was her son, and the last her cousin, as are also the present Doctors William and Edward Warren, formerly of Edenton, North Carolina, whither they moved from New Kent in Virginia, but now of Baltimore."

Not long after her marriage, Mrs. Tyler had the misfortune to lose both of her parents, and now having two less to love in this world, she freely gave the share which had been theirs, to her husband and her children, and to her sisters and her brothers. In truth, at no period of her life does it seem that she existed for herself, but only for those near and dear to her.

She was noted for the beauty of her person and of her features, for the ease and grace of her carriage, for a delicate refinement of taste in dress that excluded with precision every color and ornament not strictly becoming and harmonizing in the general effect. Possessing an acute nervous organization and sensitive temperament, combined with an unusually correct judgment, any observant stranger of polished education would have been almost unconsciously attracted to her among thousands by her air of quiet courtesy and benignity. With these engaging qualities, and the social advantages attaching to her position, she could easily have impressed her power upon what is termed society had she so desired, still she never aspired to wield the sceptre of fashion, and never sought to attract attention beyond the limits of her own family, and the circle of her immediate friends and relatives.

She modestly shrank from all notoriety and evaded the public eye as much as possible. She had not the faintest wish to enjoy the reputation of authoress or wit, or for maintaining an ascendency in the company of brilliant men and women of the world. She was per-

fectly content to be seen only as a part of the existence of her beloved husband; to entertain her neighbors in her own easy, hospitable, and unostentatious way; to converse with visitors on current topics intelligently; to sit gently by her child's cradle, reading, knitting, or sewing; or else to while away pleasant hours in the endearing companionship of her sisters and her intimate acquaintances.

It appears that, though she resided in Richmond during the period that Mr. Tyler was Governor of Virginia, and did the honors of the Executive Dwelling of the State with ease, and grace, and singular discretion, winning the commendation of all at a time when the metropolis of Virginia was unexcelled upon the American continent, either in respect to elegant men or accomplished women; yet that she had rarely visited the city while he was a member of the Legislature, and that during his long term of service as Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States—having been three times elected to the House and twice to the Senate,—she suffered herself to be persuaded only once to pass a winter in Washington, and at the end of another session only reluctantly consented, at his earnest entreaty, to visit one summer the gay centres and resorts of the North.

When either her own health, or that of her husband, or that of her children, absolutely required a change of air and scene, as several times happened, she vastly preferred the bracing temperature and invigorating atmos-

phere of the mountains of Virginia and the life-imparting Greenbriar waters to the seats of more fashionable display and empty vanity. She was, under all circumstances, the wife and mother, sister and friend, apparently living in and for those whom she loved, and not for herself.

No English lady was ever more skilled and accomplished in domestic culture and economy than was Mrs. Tyler, and she was never so happy as when in the enjoyment of domestic privacy. At her own home she was a pattern of order, system, and neatness, as well as of hospitality, charity, benevolence, and conscientiousness in the discharge of every duty incumbent upon the mistress of a large household, and scrupulously attentive to every wish expressed by her husband as to the management of his interests in his absence on public affairs.

Nothing escaped her watchful yet kindly eye, either within or without the mansion. She loved all pure and beautiful things, whether in nature or in art. The grounds within the curtilage were tastefully arranged in lawns and gardens, and under her immediate inspection were kept carefully adorned with shade trees, and flowering shrubs, and odoriferous plants, and trailing vines, so that in the spring, summer, and fall the airs around were literally loaded with sweets. The kitchen-garden and fruit-orchards were always extensively cultivated.

The dairy and laundry were sedulously supervised, and in all directions poultry and fowls of almost every

kind most prized for the table, were to be seen in flocks. She preferred that her servant-women should be held to these milder employments, and to spinning and weaving, knitting and sewing, rather than being assigned to the more onerous tasks of the field upon the plantation.

Thus, under her superintendence, not only were all the negro field-hands and negro children comfortably provided with clothing of home manufacture and make, as well as ministered to with care and supplied with all necessary medical attendance when sick, but, at the same time, the members of the immediate household had their wants, in these respects, for the most part bountifully met; while the rarest and most beautiful toilet fabrics, and counterpanes, and coverlets, such as are not now to be had at any price, were produced by her handmaids, assisted by those of the neighborhood inheriting the art. Beyond all question, and without regard to the portion she brought with her after marriage, as the gift of her father, which was by no means relatively inconsiderable, she maintained by her active economy the pecuniary independence of her husband under his continued public employments, in an age of public virtue, when the representatives of the people, as well as those of the States, received but slight remuneration for their services, and when, in all probability, he would have been otherwise compelled to have withdrawn from the public councils, and to have relinquished the career of ambition in view of his family necessities and requirements.

Mrs. Tyler was baptized in infancy in the Protestant

Episcopal Church, and in early life became a consistent communicant. At every stage of her existence she was pervaded by a deep religious sentiment, and the Bible was her constant companion. For her neighborly and charitable nature she was proverbial. Although every one who knew her as a young unmarried lady, and nearly all of her contemporaries in more advanced years, are now dead, still her reputation in these respects abides among the living, and is particularly referred to and commented upon in every communication we received concerning her, as well as in all of her obituaries that we have read. And one of the most beautiful traits in her lovely and almost faultless character, in the midst of all her mildness, meekness, gentleness and amiability, was the perfect self-respect which constantly attended her, beating in unison with her true woman's soul, suffering no encroachment upon true propriety and decorum in her presence, and sustaining her dignity as a Virginia matron, which never, under any circumstances whatever, deserted her.

Mrs. Robert Tyler, the wife of her oldest son, thus wrote concerning her, at her own home, in the bosom of her own family, in the old city of Williamsburg, Virginia, under the first impressions she received after she was married in Pennsylvania, to her sisters at the North:

"WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, *October*, 1839.

* * * "The bridal festivities so profusely extended to us in Charles City, that most hospitable of counties, ended last week. My honeymoon has waned, and I have

at last settled down at home. If I can ever learn to think any place a home where my own dear father and sisters are not, I certainly can do so here, for a new father and mother have opened their arms and their hearts to me; new and lovely sisters cluster around me; and I am welcomed and approved of by any number of uncles, aunts and cousins. The introduction to all of them was an awful ordeal to go through, you may be sure, but it is happily over, and I have now settled myself down absolutely as one of the family. I know you want me to tell you of each separate member, and of the house, and all my surroundings.

"You know how entirely charming Mr. Tyler's father is, for you saw him at my wedding in Bristol, but you cannot imagine the tenderness and kindness with which he received me, his 'new daughter,' as he called me. Mr. Tyler's mother is very much as I imagined her from his description. She must have been very beautiful in her youth, for she is still beautiful now in her declining years and wretched health. Her skin is as smooth and soft as a baby's; she has sweet, loving black eyes, and her features are delicately moulded; besides this her feet and hands are perfect; and she is gentle and graceful in her movements, with a most peculiar air of native refinement about everything she says and does. She is the most entirely unselfish person you can imagine. I do not believe she ever thinks of herself. Her whole thought and affections are wrapped up in her husband and children; and I thank God I am numbered with those dear chil-

dren, and can partake with them in the blessing of her love. May He give me grace to be ever a kind and loving daughter to her.

* * * * * * * *

"The house is very large and very airy and pleasant, fronting on a large lawn and surrounded by a most beautiful garden. The parlor is comfortably furnished, and has that homelike and occupied look which is so nice. The prettiest thing in it, to my taste, though very old-fashioned, is the paper upon the walls, which depicts in half life-size pictures the adventures of Telemachus on Calypso's enchanted isle. Telemachus is very handsome, Calypso and her nymphs as graceful as possible; and old Mentor as disagreeable and stern as all Mentors usually are. I find something new in the paper every day, and love to study it. The dining-room is opposite the parlor, across a broad passage, kept too bright and shiny almost to step upon, and is also a very spacious room, with a great deal of old family silver adorning the sideboard, and some good pictures upon the walls. There are two other rooms behind the parlor and the dining-room, one of which is used as a sitting and reading-room, for it is a large double house, flanked by offices in the yard in which the library is kept, and one of which is used for law and business purposes by Mr. Tyler's father and himself.

"The room in the main dwelling furthest removed and most retired is 'the chamber,' as the bedroom of the mistress of the house is always called in Virginia. This last,

to say nothing of others, or of the kitchen, storerooms and pantries, is a most quiet and comfortable retreat, with an air of repose and sanctity about it; at least I feel it so, and often seek refuge here from the company, and beaux, and laughing and talking of the other parts of the house; for here mother, with a smile of welcome on her sweet, calm face, is always found seated on her large arm-chair with a small stand by her side, which holds her Bible and her prayer-book—the only books she ever reads now—with her knitting usually in her hands, always ready to sympathize with me in any little homesickness which may disturb me, and to ask me questions about all you dear ones in Bristol, because she knows I want to talk about you. Notwithstanding her very delicate health, mother attends to and regulates all the household affairs, and all so quietly that you can't tell when she does it. All the clothes for the children, and for the servants, are cut out under her immediate eye, and all the sewing is personally superintended by her. All the cake, jellies, custards, and we indulge largely in them, emanate from her, yet you see no confusion, hear no bustle, but only meet the agreeable result. * * * * All Mr. Tyler's sisters are lovely and sweet. Sister Mary—Mrs. Jones, who is the oldest of all—I have already introduced you to in my letter from Charles City, where she resides, at 'Woodburn,' one of the plantations or 'farms' as they are called here, of her husband, and where she so happily entertained us recently. Next comes Letitia, Mrs. Semple, married last February.

She is very handsome and full of life and spirits. She has a place called 'Cedar Hill,' some distance from Williamsburg, in New Kent county, but is now here on a visit. Then comes Elizabeth, a very great belle here, though she is not yet seventeen. She is remarkably sweet and pretty, with beautiful eyes and complexion, and her hair curled down her neck. John, who is next to Mr. Tyler in age, and who was at my wedding, and therefore needs no description, is not here now, but he and his wife will spend next winter with his father, as he still attends the law department and higher scientific courses of 'William and Mary' college, as it is termed in accordance with the original charter of King William and Queen Mary, although it is now and has been for many years a university.

"I have not seen her yet, but hear that she is very beautiful. The two younger children, Alice and Tazewell, make up the family. * * * The children, with all the rest of the family, seem very, very fond of me, but you must not suppose that all this affection and kindness makes me vain. It is very comforting and sweet, but I know they all love me from no merit of my own, but from the devotion the whole family feel for Mr. Tyler, who is idolized by his parents, and profoundly loved and respected by his brothers and sisters."*

* The ancient Tylers of Virginia, of whom but few are left in the State, were from a younger branch of the Tylers of Shropshire, in Wales, bordering on England. John and Henry, brothers, came to Virginia in the beginning of the settlement, and finally took up their abode in the "Middle Plantations" between Jamestown and Yorktown, in 1636.

Mrs. Letitia Semple, in a letter addressed to her brother, and which he kindly placed at my disposal, thus writes:

* * * * * * "It is a sad truth, but I know of no one now alive who remembers my mother in her youth. As late as 1861, there were several who had known her from infancy, but now they are all gone. We have not an uncle, or an aunt, of all our once numerous family, left on earth. The early portion of her life must be gleaned from the little incidents we, her children, may remember to have been recited concerning her, by those now dead. Apart from ourselves, there are those who may recall something of her married life, but these have been scattered by the events of the war far and wide asunder. Her character was so unobtrusive, and her personal deportment was so little influenced by a desire to shine before the public eye, that those alone best knew her who were intimately associated with the family as near relatives, or as private friends. Our older and two younger sisters are dead; our elder brother, and one younger, the one driven by the relentless fates to Alabama, and the other to California, and you, the sport of

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President Tyler was the fifth John from the first of the name. The older line in Shropshire, now divided, still maintain their status there, represented by the present Sir Charles, son of the late Sir William. The Tylers of the North have never been able to trace any connection or common origin with those of Virginia, either in their correspondence with the first Governor Tyler, or with President Tyler; but of recent years many have poured into Eastern Virginia, and some have now purchased estates that formerly belonged to the ancient Virginia family. History in the future will doubtless, under these circumstances, become confused on the subject.

a similar fatality, together with myself, may recollect many little things sacred to filial devotion. The beautiful affection ever manifested toward her by every member of the family—by her uncles and her aunts, by her sisters and her brothers, her nephews and her nieces, and by her cousins, male and female—by all without exception—we know of, and can speak to the fact. It was with each one of them the unadulterated affection of the heart for piety, purity and goodness. There was nothing else to attract it, for their mere worldly circumstances were, in every direction, fully equal to her own, and in many instances superior in affluence to those she enjoyed. Nothing could have exceeded the devotional regard of her sister Anna, the owner of the paternal estate of Cedar Grove, and who in addition to her own inheritance, had derived a large fortune by marriage and the early death of her husband, Mr. Savage. And I have often heard aunt Elizabeth Douglas, her oldest sister, speak of her obedient disposition and truthfulness as a child, and of her almost surpassing beauty, grace, elegance, and refinement in riper years. We ourselves know how exemplary a wife and mother she was. One of the earliest memories I have of her is, that she taught me my letters out of the family Bible. Over and often can I recall her with a book in her lap, reading and reflecting, while her fingers were knitting or stitching for some of us; or while watching over us until a late hour of the night, in the absence of our father upon his public duties.

"You know that these days of our childhood were

days of struggle with our father, under heavy security obligations, and she had but one idea apart from conjugal piety and affection, and that was to save him from every care and every expense in her power.

"His pecuniary independence was preserved, and much of his success was secured, through her economy, her diligence, her providence, and her admirable self-sacrificing demeanor. I have frequently heard our father say that he rarely failed to consult her judgment in the midst of difficulties and troubles, and that she invariably led him to the best conclusion, and that he had never known her to speak unkindly of any one. She was permitted to see him fill the highest office in the gift of his country, but before he was suffered to enter into his rest from political life, she had gone to that rest remaining for the people of God. She died, as you know, on the 10th September, 1842, in the Executive Mansion at Washington, where her third daughter, our sister Elizabeth Waller, had been shortly before married, and where two of her grandchildren now living,—the oldest daughter of our brother Robert, named Letitia, and the youngest son of our sister Mary, named Robert—were born.

"You remember her fondness for flowers. Her favorite flower was the monthly damask rose, and that brought in to her on the morning of the day of her death, was found clasped in her hand when the spirit was fled. From the time that she had been first stricken by paralysis, her health had been frail, but none of us antic-

ipated an immediate, or even an early renewal of the attack, and far less a sudden dissolution of her system; and I had closed my last visit to her only a few days before, and had gone to 'Cedar Grove' to inform Aunt Anne of the condition in which I had left her, as if the sad Fates had carried me there to be ready to receive her remains, returning to the place of their birth to repose, in their separation from her husband, by the side of those of her father and her mother, as when first quickened into life; but our sister, Elizabeth Waller, and our Aunt Elizabeth Douglas, were with her, and witnessed her last breath, and they told me this particularly sweet circumstance of her favorite rose still clinging to her hand in death."

These letters, taken with the obituaries subjoined, and the lines of Mr. Sargent, together with other communications descriptive of the daily social routine in the "White House" at this epoch, which remain to be submitted and cannot fail to interest, leave but little necessary to fill out and perfect the portraiture of one of the loveliest characters in history.

Upon the accession of her husband to the Presidential office in the beginning of April, 1841, Mrs. Tyler proceeded with him to the Executive Mansion of the nation, at Washington, but with many sighs and tears at parting with her own home, and without the thought of personal triumphs in the world of fashion and display. She resigned herself to the change simply to be with her loved ones, and to receive the tender care and attention of

those in whom she literally "lived and had her being." Her health had become greatly impaired from a severe attack of illness during the year 1839, and her condition remained as has been described by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, then to have been in the month of October. Nevertheless, in all the private apartments of the President's mansion, the same modes of life were maintained as those to which she had ever been accustomed. Her sisters and brothers and other relatives, as well as her children, still hovered around her, as they had always done, with increased and increasing affection as they discovered her frame becoming somewhat more feeble. She passed her time chiefly in their society, receiving but few visitors and returning no visits. Her health, indeed, required that she should delegate to some one of her married daughters the semi-official duties of her position.

For the greater part of the time, her own married daughters, Mrs. Jones* and Mrs. Semple, were compelled by their domestic duties, in the line of the private

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* Mary, the first child and oldest daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, in her features bore a marked but refined and delicate likeness to her father, and strikingly blended in her character the admirable attributes of both father and mother. She was a lady of the most exalted worth and lovely mould. She married, at an early age, Mr. Henry Lightfoot Jones, of Charles City county, Virginia, and died after her mother, leaving an infant daughter that soon followed her spirit, and three sons, two of whom only survive, Henry and Robert, who fought in the ranks in Lee's army, both being mentioned in orders, and the latter of whom, born in the "White House," was promoted for a feat of daring gallantry and three wounds received at Gettysburg, to a first-lieutenancy.

affairs and personal interests of their husbands, to remain at their respective residences in Virginia, but frequently coming to Washington, for brief periods, it is true, through solicitude for her health and to bestow their affection upon her; and as regards her two remaining daughters, Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Waller, was just grown up to womanhood, and was not yet married; and Alice, afterward Mrs. Henry M. Denison,* was still but a child. However it fortunately so happened that her oldest son and his wife had not permanently located themselves in life since their recent marriage, and it was considered best they should continue in the family. Sometimes, on the temporary visits of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Semple, all her married daughters would appear together in the Reception-rooms; but under the circumstances, the constant task of representing her mother, in respect to the honors of the establishment, was delegated, with the consent of the President, to Mrs. Robert Tyler,† a lady of admirable culture and address, to

* Alice, fourth and last daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, resembled her mother in features more than any other child. She married, years after her mother's death, the Rev. Henry M. Denison, of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, a clergyman of marked ability, eloquence, and conscientiousness, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Rector, at the time, of old Bruton Parish Church, at Williamsburg, Virginia. She died while he was assistant to the Bishop of Kentucky, at Louisville, and he died while Rector at Charleston, South Carolina, a victim to his high sense of duty to his congregation during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city before the war. They left an infant daughter named Elizabeth, who has been reared and educated by her aunt, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple.

† Mrs. Robert Tyler, wife of the second child and oldest son of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, is the daughter of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, the distinguished tragedian, an

whom she was, as well as the rest of the family, devotedly attached as to her own daughter. One of the few occasions on which she assented to appear personally in the public Reception-rooms, before a large and distinguished assemblage of men and women associated with the world of fashion and that of politics and diplomacy, was that of the marriage of her daughter Elizabeth, and is thus portrayed by Mrs. Robert Tyler shortly afterward, in a letter addressed to her relatives near Philadelphia:

"WASHINGTON, *February*, 1842.

* * * "Lizzie* has had quite a grand wedding, although the intention was that it should be

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English gentleman, ward and nephew of Goodwin, the political economist, pupil of Holcroft, and friend and relative of Shelley, the poet. Her mother was the daughter of Major Fairlee, of New York, an officer of the Revolutionary war of Independence, and of the Governor Yates and Vanness family. Her eldest daughter, named after her grandmother, Letitia Christian, was born in the White House.

* Elizabeth, third daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, was married to Mr. William Waller, of Williamsburg, Virginia, in the East Room of the President's Mansion, at Washington, on the thirty-first day of January, 1842, in the nineteenth year of her age. In character she greatly resembled her mother, and showed much of her early beauty and grace. Her oldest son, named William, resigned from the West Point military school and married during the recent war between the States the youngest sister of the wife of President Davis, in the Executive Mansion of the Confederate States, at Richmond. And her second son, John, though a mere lad, was killed during the war, "fighting for his mother's grave," to use his own words. Another son, Robert, and a daughter, Mary, had been born to her before she died. Her children, through their great-grandfather, the first Secretary of the American Colonial Congress, and their great-grandmother, his wife, the sister of the Earl of Traquaire, and whose grandson is the present titular Earl, bear in their veins, probably, the nearest living blood to that of Queen Mary Stuart, of Scotland, whose name her daughter bears.

quiet and private. This, under the circumstances, though, was found impossible. The guests consisted of Mrs. Madison, the members of the cabinet, with their wives and daughters, the foreign ministers near the government, and some few personal friends, outside of the family and their relatives.

"Lizzie looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding dress and long blonde lace-veil; her face literally covered with blushes and dimples. She behaved remarkably well, too; any quantity of compliments were paid to her. I heard one of her bridesmaids express to Mr. Webster her surprise at Lizzie consenting to give up her belleship, with all the delights of Washington society, and the advantages of her position, and retire to a quiet Virginia home. 'Ah,' said he,

> 'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And love is heaven, and heaven is love.'

* * * * * * * *

"Our dear mother was down-stairs on this occasion for the first time, in so large a circle, since she has been in Washington. She gained by comparison with all the fine ladies around her. I felt proud of her, in her perfectly faultless, yet unostentatious dress, her face shaded by the soft fine lace of her cap, receiving in her sweet, gentle, self-possessed manner, all the important people who were led up and presented to her. She was far more attractive to me in her appearance and bearing than any other lady in the room, and I believe such was the general impression. Somebody says, 'the highest

order of manner is that which combines dignity with simplicity;' and this just describes mother's manner, the charm of which, after all, proceeds from her entire forgetfulness of self, and the wish to make those around her happy." * * * * * * * *

Major Tyler, who was for more than three years "Major Domo" of the establishment, and to the last private secretary, says, regarding the modes and inmates of the President's house during this time:

"My mother's health was entirely too delicate to permit her to charge herself with the semi-official social requirements of the mansion, and my married sisters being unavoidably absent for the most of the time, the task devolved upon Mrs. Robert Tyler to represent my mother on stated occasions. She continued in the rôle of honors, as they are termed, until after my mother's death, and my brother made his arrangements to practise law in Philadelphia, by which time it also happened that Mr. Semple's affairs became differently accommodated, and he proceeded to sea as a Purser in the United States Navy, when my sister Letitia* became at liberty to take up her abode in Washington. Accordingly,

* Letitia, the second and only surviving daughter and fourth child of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, married in early life the nephew and adopted son of Judge Semple, of Williamsburg, Virginia, who reared and educated him to manhood, his own father, a brother of the Judge, as well as his mother, dying in his infancy, leaving him by will a handsome fortune. The Semples are of the family of the Earls Dundonald, of Scotland, and of the same branch with that of the celebrated Blair, appointed by King James the first commissioner of Virginia, and who was afterward President of William and Mary College.

both the President and myself now addressed to her letters, inviting her to assume the position and duties of hostess of the White House, which she consented to do, and so acted until May, 1844.

"During my mother's life, and up to this date, always contemning pretension and worldly vanity, we lived in the 'White House' as we lived at home, save that we were obliged to have rather more company, less select as to true worth than was altogether agreeable. In the course of the 'fashionable season,' and while the sessions of the Congress lasted, we gave two dinner parties each week, very much after the plain, substantial Virginia manner and style, to the first of which, usually confined to gentlemen from different parts of the country visiting Washington, and who had shown respectful attention to the President and family, twenty guests were always invited; and to the second, usually embracing both ladies and gentlemen from among the dignitaries of the different departments of the Federal and State governments, and the diplomatic corps of foreign governments, forty persons were invited, making in either case quite a full table.

"Our drawing-rooms, as at home, were open every evening informally until 10 o'clock—never later—when the family rose and retired, and doors were closed. Before my mother's death, we gave occasionally during the winter months, by special invitations, in the general reception-rooms, a private ball, attended with dancing, but terminating at 11 o'clock. In addition to these

private entertainments and strictly social converse, we introduced at this period—for the first time it had been done—music on the grounds of the south front of the Mansion, on the Saturday evenings of each week during the mild weather of the spring, summer, and fall, for the recreation of the public at large; and to a similar end a public levee was held once a month, in addition to the general receptions on the first day of January and the Fourth of July, of each year.

"Nothing whatever preceded by cards of invitation was permitted to be considered in any other light than as a private affair of the Presidential family, with which the world outside and the public press had nothing whatever to do, just precisely as if we had been in our own house in Williamsburg. Even in respect to the public receptions mentioned, the *Madisonian* was never suffered to indulge in a description either of the persons or characters present, in an individualizing manner, after modern usages, and no encouragement was given to any one so to do. I send you a specimen of the only sort of notice, even in the latter case, that was regarded as at all admissible while my mother lived. Anything more particular would have shocked her delicate sense of propriety, and been absolutely offensive to the President.

"*From the Madisonian, Washington, Monday, March 17th*, 1842.

"THE LAST LEVEE OF THE SEASON.

"The levee held by the President on Tuesday evening last was a brilliant affair, and gave satisfactory evidence

of the esteem in which that high functionary is held in social circles.

"Among the visitors of peculiar note were the distinguished authors of the 'Sketch-Book,' and of the 'Pickwick Papers,' in addition to whom almost all the Ministers of Foreign Powers to our Government were in attendance in full court dress.

"The rooms were filled to overflowing with the talent and beauty of the metropolis, whilst Senators and Members of Congress, without distinction of party, served to give interest and to add animation to the scene. It seems to us that these levees, as at present conducted, are peculiarly adapted to the genius of our Republican institutions, inasmuch as all who please may attend without infringement of etiquette. We almost regret their termination for the season, but look forward with pleasure to the period when they will be renewed."

"I may say that this notice, as restrained as it is, bears internal evidence showing that it would not have been made but for the necessity of informing the public in some indirect manner of the termination of the public receptions for a season. I find none other. In another column, and in quite a different connection, the *Madisonian* says: 'The Richmond *Whig* admits, and we heartily concur in the sentiment, that Mr. Tyler, in his appointment of Washington Irving, the author of the 'Sketch-Book,' as minister to Spain, has paid a just tribute to the most distinguished ornament of American letters. Scarcely any notice appears of the marriage of

my sister Elizabeth in the preceding January, that being regarded as a purely family matter."

No perceptible change in Mrs. Tyler's condition of health occurred until Friday, the 9th day of September, 1842. On the morning of that day, her family physician detected a change unhappily for the worse, and a threatened renewal of paralysis. He instantly called in consultation others of the faculty, and everything devised by the skill of the profession to ward off the fatal stroke was promptly applied. But all in vain. On the evening of the next day, Saturday, September the 10th, at eight o'clock, the hour came for her to be joined to her fathers. A pious communicant of the Church of Christ, innocent in soul as a little child, crowned with the virtues which had marked her useful and unselfish life, fearing and loving God, reverencing her husband, adoring and adored by her children—she passed into the heavenly kingdom palpitating with the immortal joys of a spirit released from every earthly pain and sorrow. On Sunday, the Executive Mansion stood arrayed in mourning, and the tolling of the bells of the city announced the sad visitation to those among the living. Every honor that the sincerest respect and the purest love and the sense of a bitter bereavement could suggest, was paid to her remains. A committee of the citizens of Washington conveyed her body, after it had laid in state in the East Room for several days, to the family burial-ground at the old paternal residence in New Kent county, and there, in the midst of a sorrowing

assemblage of relatives and friends and neighbors who had known her from birth, the parting tears of her husband and her children, gushing up from the fountain of their hearts, were shed upon her coffin ere it was deposited in the earth, where reposed already the dust of her parents and of others she had loved, and who fondly loved her.

Thus lived and died Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the last of the Virginia Presidents of the United States, a model of the exalted civilization of the "ancient commonwealth and dominion," a representative of her sex worthy of their grateful memory, and an honor to the human family.

XIV.

JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

President John Tyler was married to Miss Julia Gardiner the 26th day of June, 1844, at the Church of the Ascension, New York city. Immediately after the wedding, the bridal party returned to the White House, where they held a grand reception in lieu of the usual wedding festivities. It was the first, and up to the present time, the only instance of the marriage of a President, and the affair created great excitement and interest throughout the United States, heightened doubtless by the recollection of the tragic death of the father of the bride, a few months previous.

Miss Gardiner was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman residing on Gardiner's Island, and the eldest of three children. Her education, continued at home until her sixteenth year, was completed at the Chegary Institute, in New York city. Immediately after the termination of her school life, she accompanied her father to Europe. Returning from abroad after an extended tour, she visited, during the sitting of Congress, the National Capital, and there for the first time met the distinguished man to whom she was afterward married.

It was while on a visit to Washington in the winter of 1844, that Mr. Gardiner and his young daughter were

invited by Captain Stockton to accompany a large party of the President's friends to Alexandria, and on the return trip, when just opposite to the fort, all the gentlemen were invited on deck to witness the firing of the "peace-maker." Many of the party, who were all partaking of a collation, responded to the invitation; among the number the father of Miss Gardiner. The explosion startled the President, who with the ladies had remained below, and in a moment the piercing cries of the wounded filled the hearts of the passengers with terror. Death had made fearful havoc, and the living waited in breathless anxiety for the announcement of the names of the victims.

The bodies were conveyed to the White House, where the funeral services were preached, and the last sad rites performed.

The following summer Miss Gardiner was married, and from that time until the close of her husband's administration, a period of eight months, she did the honors of the Executive Mansion, performing her agreeable task with credit to herself and pleasure to her friends.

After President Tyler's retirement from public life, he removed to his home in Virginia, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred in Richmond, the 17th of January, 1862.

Of late years Mrs. Tyler has suffered pecuniary losses, and in the winter of 1879 she petitioned and received from Congress a pension. She has resided for the past

few years in Washington City, and at present (1881) is living in Georgetown. A devoted Catholic, she finds it pleasant to be a resident of that retired and peaceful place, near to Washington, and yet not in it.

XV.

SARAH CHILDRESS POLK.

Sarah Childress, the daughter of Captain Joel and Elizabeth Childress, was born near Murfreesboro, in Rutherford county, Tennessee, the 4th day of September, 1803. In that beautiful portion of the South, almost a wilderness then, passed the younger years of her life, and there is little to record of it save its contentment and tranquil happiness. Her father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and considered rich for those days, allowed his children every benefit to be derived from his fortunate circumstances, and she was early placed at school. The Moravian Institute at Salem, North Carolina, was chosen by Mr. Childress as the most suitable place for his little daughter, and she was placed in that strict and most thorough establishment. There she attained discipline and culture, and her school days with their varying shadows and sunshine passed quietly away. There was nothing to mar the influence of those happy school days, and each as it came, did its appointed duty in moulding her character. The April life fleeted by, clouds and sunshine, little griefs and joys, the studious hour, the frank companionship of girlhood, the animating walk, hand in hand with young friends and with nature, soon rolled away, and Sarah Childress returned home. Surrounded in her father's house by all the comforts possible to ob-



tain in that State in those days, and possessing a hopeful temperament and sunny heart, adorned with all the accomplishments that the attention of parents and teachers could bestow, she was a bright ornament in her home, and a pleasure to her friends and society.

At the early age of nineteen she was married to James Knox Polk, in Murfreesboro. The wedding was a festival of rejoicing, at which many friends of the bride and groom assisted, and was characterized by the abundance and merriment customary at that day.

Mr. Polk had recently entered public life, and was then a member of the Legislature of Tennessee. In the following year he was elected to Congress from the district, at that time composed of the counties of Giles, Maury, Lincoln, and Bedford. During fourteen sessions he continued the representative of that district. After having served on the most important committees in the House, he was, in 1836, elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, a position for which his studious and industrious habits, together with his constantly increasing popularity, peculiarly fitted him.

Mrs. Polk did not fail to accompany her husband to Washington every winter except in a single instance. She occupied there a conspicuous place in society, and by her polite manners and sound judgment made her companionship pleasant and inspiriting, not only to Mr. Polk, but to the friends by whom he was surrounded. Mrs. Polk was a highly cultivated without being a literary woman. Being interested in all that related to her hus-

band, she took pains to inform herself fully in political affairs, and read all the news and discussions of the day relating to the well-being of the country, subjects which to most ladies of that day proved wearisome and hard to understand. Living in the atmosphere of politicians and surrounded by public men, she however avoided the maelstrom upon which ladies are often stranded, and never discussed a subject in relation to which her sex were expected to be entirely ignorant. Women were then as now, supposed to be too weak to understand the mighty problem of Government, and they evidenced their acquiescence in such a supposition by remaining entirely unacquainted with the politics of the country. Not so Mrs. Polk, who however was no politician, for her visitors were not aware of the depth of her understanding, nor were they offended by the recurrence to a subject deemed out of her sphere. There was an intuitive feeling in her heart of what was due to her delicacy, and she was wise enough to be consistent and appropriate in all her actions. Yet her mind was strengthened by careful reading and intimate intercourse with many of the finest minds in the country.

Mr. Polk's residence was at Columbia, Tennessee, where the intervals between the sessions of Congress were spent among his relatives. In the year 1834, Mrs. Polk joined the Presbyterian Church of that place. Since that time her character has been entirely a Christian one. Faithful and devout, consistent in her conduct to every rule and requirement of her sect, she has ex-

emplified in her life the punctual observance of a vow to serve her God through the acknowledged tenets of the Presbyterian faith.

On the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Polk from Washington, in 1839, Mrs. Polk received the graceful compliment of a copy of verses addressed to her by the eminent jurist, Hon. Joseph D. Story.

In the same year Mr. Polk was made the Governor of Tennessee, and removed his residence to Nashville, in order to fulfil the duties of his new position. Mrs. Polk, always amiable and animated by the truest fidelity to her husband's interests, exerted a wide influence in the new circle into which her life had been cast. By the winning gentleness which ever accompanied her fine social qualities, she attracted even those members of the Legislature who were among the opponents of Mr. Polk. And this is saying a great deal when it is remembered that the political campaign of 1840 was the most fierce and exciting one in the history of the country. It is known as the "hard cider and log-cabin campaign." Political rancor and animosity prevailed to an unprecedented degree. But the lady-like affability, and high and exalted virtues of Mrs. Polk, won universal admiration from friend and foe alike. She lived above the warring elements that surrounded her. The calm and charming bearing of the Governor's wife was a source of constant praise.

From the sister States of Tennessee and Kentucky came the opposing Presidential candidates in 1844.

Henry Clay, the idol of the Whig party, and the most popular public man in the Commonwealth, against the champion of Democracy, James K. Polk.

The election was keenly contested, and the result most damaging to the Whig party. March 4, 1845, Mr. Polk was inaugurated. The day was very disagreeable, rain and mud rendering much of a display out of the question. He was accompanied from the Capitol to the White House by the retiring President, who there took a kindly leave, wishing him prosperity and happiness in his new and exalted position. Mrs. Polk immediately assumed the agreeable duties of the lady of the White House, and having no children to occupy her time, she devoted herself entirely to the pleasures of her new station. She held weekly receptions, and it was customary for her to receive her company sitting. The extreme formality required now was not practised then. The crowds that attend the few levees held by the President's family render everything like sociability out of the question. Farther and farther from the old landmarks we are drifting. In Mrs. Washington's day the company were seated, and herself and the President passed among the company. Later in the history of the Chief Magistrates, President Adams dispensed cake and wine to the guests, and General Jackson cheese. As the throng grew more numerous, Mrs. Polk did away with refreshments, and now policemen are stationed in the Mansion during receptions to keep the crowds from crushing the President and family, who are compelled

to stand and shake hands the entire evening. Verily we are a progressive people.

The reputation which Mrs. Polk had acquired was nobly sustained, even when subjected, as one might say, to the gaze of the whole world. Every circumstance, whether of embarrassment, perplexity or trial, added to the undiminished lustre of her name. She maintained the dignity of the President's Mansion, which, in this country of republican freedom and simplicity, was often in danger of being lowered. Her parents were of the old school, high-toned in manners and principles, and she had imbibed from them what may be called the aristocracy of virtue; an idea that, whatever the mass of society might consider themselves at liberty to do, it was indispensably due to her station to preserve inviolate the strict laws of decorum and of the purest principles. Hence it will not be surprising that during her occupancy of the White House the practice which had formerly obtained, of dancing there, was discontinued; a practice which was evidently out of all harmony with the place, and more suitable anywhere else.

The return of Mrs. Polk to Washington was anticipated by her friends with the liveliest gratification. She was considered, by those who knew her, remarkably fitted to fill and adorn the high seat to which she was bidden. The following extracts will show the feeling which was rife. The *Tennessee Democrat* said:

"We have recently noticed in our exchange papers, of both political parties, the most respectful and flatter-

ing compliments paid to the amiable and accomplished lady who is shortly to take charge of the White House. We cannot refrain from copying the following complimentary tribute to Mrs. Polk, which is taken from the *Southern* (Miss.) *Reformer*, and we are sure that in this community, where Mrs. Polk is best known, the compliment will be duly appreciated."—

"'This lady is one of the most sensible, refined and accomplished of her sex, and will adorn the White House at Washington, over which she is destined to preside, with distinguished honor to her country. All who have mingled in her society know well how to appreciate the gracefulness of her disposition. We have seen few women that have developed more of the genuine republican characteristics of the American lady. She has had her admirers not only in the highest, but in the humblest walks of life. The poor know her for her benevolence; the rich for the plainness of her equipage; the church for her consistency; the unfortunate for her charities; and society itself for the veneration and respect which her virtues have everywhere awarded her. We feel proud that the southwest can boast of such a noble offspring.'"

"WASHINGTON CITY, *February* 24, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR:—The advent of our President-elect has concentrated everything to and about him. The prudence that he observed before he reached here in reference to the formation of his Cabinet still exists. He keeps his own counsels, and no tie of personal or politi-

cal friendship, as far as we can learn, has been enabled to get from him a glimpse of the future. It is generally believed here that Mr. Polk will be influenced by no ultra party considerations; that he will look to the great interests of the country as a whole, and study, with the incentives of a statesman and a patriot, so to administer the government. Should he prescribe to himself this policy, those who know him best know that he has firmness of purpose commensurate to its fulfilment.

"Whatever the diversities of opinion that divide politicians, and whatever the asperities of feeling engendered by the conflicts to which they lead, they seem, by common consent, to be surrendered upon the altar that is reared in every chivalrous heart, to the meed most justly due to elegance and excellence of female character, in the person of the lady of the President-elect.

"All approach her with the tribute that is due to her exalted station, and all leave her with the pleasing impression that the refinement and blandishments of her manners, the gentleness of her disposition, and unostentatious bearing, fit her eminently for the place and part she is to occupy for the next four years. At home and abroad, the influence of her character will do honor to our country. These are the impressions of your friend."

"Not long since, in the *Nashville Union*, appeared a communication in which the writer very justly applauds the lady of the President of the United States in consequence of her dignified and exemplary deportment since her occupancy of the Presidential Mansion. Among

other remarks, the following occur: 'She is a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and therefore has abolished dancing and other light amusements in her house.' Assuredly nothing more effectually commends the religion of the Bible than the holy and consistent conduct of those who profess to be governed by its precepts.

"A professor of religion, doubtless Mrs. Polk deeply realized the responsibility of her position. Exposed to the temptations of fashionable life in their most alluring forms, it required no trivial amount of gracious influence to enable her to abjure the maxims and customs of an ungodly world. The friends of religion anxiously looked forward in regard to the course she might think proper to adopt in that respect, and thanks to Providence and her own pious heart, their hopes and expectations have not been disappointed. By her consistent and exemplary conduct she has secured the gratitude and respect of the friends of religion of every name, yea, of all whose good opinion is most worth enjoying; while, in the meantime, the friends and advocates of the rejected pastimes, *nolens volens*, will even on that account feel constrained to accord to her the homage of their augmented respect.

"The example of Mrs. Polk can hardly fail of exerting, in various respects, a salutary influence. Especially does it rebuke the conduct of those ladies who, professing godliness, nevertheless dishonor its profession by their eager participation in the follies and amusements of the

world. However politicians may differ in regard to the merits of Mr. Polk's administration, there can be no difference as respects that of his lady, in her department of the Presidential Mansion. All will agree that by the exclusion of the frivolities spoken of, and her excellent deportment in other respects, she has conferred additional dignity upon the executive department of our government, and may well be considered a model worthy of imitation by the ladies who may hereafter occupy the elevated position from which she is about to retire. This excellent lady, ere long, it is presumed, will return to the society of kindred and friends, among whom, it is sincerely hoped, she may long live to receive and confer happiness upon all around, and as hitherto, continue to be an ornament to the religion and church her example has so signally honored."

In her elevated and conspicuous situation, the stateliness of Mrs. Polk's bearing was strikingly becoming and appropriate. With this an English lady was impressed, who averred that not one of the three queens whom she had seen could compare with the truly feminine yet distinguished and regal presence of Mrs. Polk. She says: "Mrs. Polk is a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion remind one of the Spanish donnas. She is well read, has much talent for conversation, and is highly popular. Her excellent taste in dress preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady."

The same feeling of admiration seemed to inspire the

graceful writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the following tribute:

"Lady, had I the wealth of earth
To offer freely at thy shrine,
Bright gold and buds of dewy birth,
Or gems from out the teeming mine,
A thousand things most beautiful,
All sparkling, precious, rich and rare,
These hands would render up to thee,
Thou noble lady, good and fair!

"For as I write, sweet thoughts arise
Of times when all thy kindness lent
A thousand hues of Paradise
To the fleet moments as they went;
Then all thy thoughts were winged with light,
And every smile was calm and sweet,
And thy low tones and gentle words
Made the warm heart's blood thrill and beat.

"There, standing in our nation's home,
My memory ever pictures thee
As some bright dame of ancient Rome,
Modest, yet all a queen should be;
I love to keep thee in my mind,
Thus mated with the pure of old,
When love, with lofty deeds combined,
Made women great and warriors bold.

"When first I saw thee standing there,
And felt the pressure of thy hand,
I scarcely thought if thou wert fair,
Or of the highest in the land;
I knew thee gentle, pure as great,
All that was lovely, meek and good;
And so I half forgot thy state
In love of thy bright womanhood.

"And many a sweet sensation came,
That lingers in my bosom yet,
Like that celestial, holy flame
That vestals tremble to forget.
And on the earth or in the sky,
There's not a thought more true and free,
Than that which beats within my heart,
In pleasant memory of thee.

"Lady, I gladly would have brought
Some gem that on thy heart may live,
But this poor wreath of woven thought
Is all the wealth I have to give.
All wet with heart-dew, flush with love,
I lay the garland at thy feet,
Praying the angel-forms above,
To weave thee one more pure and sweet."

The receptions of the President were always largely attended, and were made agreeable to everybody by the spirit of liveliness as well as of courtesy that prevailed. A visitor says: "Last evening I had an opportunity of seeing the members of the royal family, together with some choice specimens of the Democracy, in the 'circle-room' of the White House. It was reception night, and the latch-string, in the shape of a handsome negro, was 'outside the door.' On entering, I found the room full. Mr. Polk is so affable as to prevent one from feeling any awe that he is in direct communication with the concentrated majesty of the whole United States and Territories.

"The wife of the President was seated on the sofa, engaged with half a dozen ladies in lively conversation.

Ill and clumsy as I am at millinery, yet for the sake of my fair readers, I will try to describe her toilet. A maroon colored velvet dress, with short sleeves and high in the neck, trimmed with very deep lace, and a handsome pink head-dress was all that struck the eye of the general observer. Mr. Willis would, no doubt, have noticed many other little accompaniments, interesting to ladies, but I never could indulge in any such familiarity. Who would think of plucking at an angel's wing in order to give an analysis of its fibre? Mrs. Polk is a handsome, intelligent and sensible woman, better looking and better dressed than any of her numerous lady visitors present on the occasion.

"Among the guests of distinction were the Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General, who bears a strong resemblance about the head to Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune;* Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, Commodore De Kay, Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, and a Wall Street financier, who can draw a larger draft on London than any other man in the country. There were two or three pairs of epaulettes; a couple of pretty deaf and dumb girls, who only talked with their fingers; and scores of others who talked with their eyes, while a whole regiment of the 'raw material' of the Democracy in frock coats, stood as straight as grenadiers around the outer circle of the room, gazing in silent astonishment at the President and the chandeliers."

On one of the reception nights a distinguished gentleman from South Carolina remarked in a loud tone of

voice to Mrs. Polk, "Madam, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." Every one ceased conversing for a moment, when Mrs. Polk inquired what he meant. "Well, the Bible says, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'" A general laugh followed, and the remark was considered very appropriate.

During President Polk's administration, the war with Mexico was inaugurated by a difficulty about the boundary line of Texas. The country is acquainted with the brilliant successes of the American troops in Mexico, and of General Scott's glorious successes, whereby he reached and revelled in the halls of the Montezumas. The war ended in 1848, the year before Mr. Polk's retirement. President Polk's easy, courteous manners, went far toward allaying the opposition which is ever apparent in times of national trouble, and the affable manners of Mrs. Polk rendered his efforts the more successful. With the exception of the summer of 1847, spent in Tennessee, Mrs. Polk remained uninterruptedly at the White House; the visits of members of her family cheering the otherwise monotonous routine of her life there.

A gentleman who called at the White House one evening in the fall of 1846, writes in the following terms of his visit: "We were met by Mr. Walker, the Private Secretary, with much politeness, the President being absent, and were received by Mrs. Polk in the kindest, and at the same time most graceful, manner. It may be said with truth, she is a lady of commanding dignity at all

times; and her conversation, generally of the most agreeable character, is always happily directed. In my judgment, at no period in our history have we seen the hospitalities and ceremonies of the White House more handsomely dispensed, or displayed with greater republican simplicity than at the present time. If my observation be correct, no invidious or improper distinction seems to be made in the circle of visitors. There is no imposing movement or extra formality exhibited when a Secretary or some other high officer of Government presents himself. The quiet and unheralded citizen receives a polite and cordial salutation, as well as the haughty millionnaire, or some proud minister of state. And this is precisely as it should be, a just and beautiful commentary, alike upon our noble institutions, and the charming social qualities of the President and his family.

"I was struck not only with the easy and fascinating manners of Mrs. Polk, but equally with her patriotic sentiments and feelings. A gallant Lieutenant just from the bloody but glorious conflict at Monterey, was there also; and as Mrs. Polk gracefully carried back his thoughts to the distant field of his early fame, he caught the inspiration at once, and dwelt briefly for her entertainment upon some of the thrilling incidents of those scenes. In the course of this animated conversation to which I was a favored listener, the modest young officer remarked, in a playful manner, that something which I do not now recollect was rather too democratic; to which Mrs. Polk replied, that 'whatever sustained the honor,

and advanced the interests of the country, whether regarded as democratic or not, she admired and applauded.' The sentiment was a truly noble one."

A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* has also given to the public a sketch of a visit to the Presidential Mansion, which is interesting. "These the musings were soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Polk who, with an easy smile and a graceful simplicity of manner, bid me welcome as an American citizen, and partaker of a common faith. She bears her honors meekly, and surely it is no mean elevation to be the wife of an American President; an elevation to which many fond and ambitious aspirations are doubtless secretly cherished in the bosoms of high-minded American women, but which only one, now and then, can enjoy. And this one, probably, was among the last to expect it, till the news came to disturb the quietude of her happy domestic life in Tennessee.

"Mrs. Polk may be considered a felicitous specimen of the intelligent, refined American lady, who, without artificial airs, without any assumption of stateliness of manners, without any ambitious ornaments of dress, exchanges the courtesies of social life, and demeans herself in public, with a sincerity somewhat rare in the current circles of fashion.

"I cannot but think that the basis of her style of character is laid in a true and unaffected piety. She is regular in her attendance on divine worship and on the communion of the Lord's supper. In our conversation,

she expressed her great delight, among similar things, in having recently witnessed and welcomed the admission of three or four interesting youths to the communion of the Presbyterian Church, of which she is a member. Unlike some of her predecessors, Mrs. Polk has no taste for the gay amusements of the lovers of pleasure."

In the early fall of 1847, the illness of Mrs. Polk threw a cloud of sorrow and apprehension over many hearts; but it was only a cloud, and the recovery of this beloved and honored lady was hailed with delight and thanksgiving. Some one writing to the Baltimore *Sun* says: "This fall we have a peculiar sorrow, in the dangerous illness of the honored lady of President Polk. She came among us almost a stranger, respected on account of her station, but unknown to most of us; she is now the pride of society, as well as the object of our tender affection. The social circles of Washington gratefully acknowledge the happiness she has diffused through them; the needy and suffering bless God for such a friend. All admire her character, all revere her virtues, and all with one consent join in supplicating the Father of mercies to spare her long, very long to her distinguished husband and the friends to whom she is so dear."

A few days before the close of his administration, a splendid dinner party was given by the President to General Taylor. At the levee, the same evening, a great concourse of persons—acquaintances, admirers,

and friends—assembled to pay their last respects and take their last adieu of the President and his wife.

On Sunday afternoon, in the first Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Polk participated for the last time in the solemn services of the communion. The Rev. Mr. Ballentyne addressed the distinguished lady in a most appropriate manner; and on the conclusion of the ceremonies, the pastor and a large number of the communicants approached and bade her an affectionate farewell.

The following morceau appears in the Washington *Union:*

A FAREWELL TO MRS. POLK.

"Lady, farewell! amid the gloom of grief,
How many a heart will utter that sad sound!
Farewell! for thee a thousand hearts will mourn;
So much of friendship lost, of sorrow found.
And thou shalt leave a void in Friendship's hall,
Where joyous notes were once so wont to rise,
Like that fair Pleiad which forsook its home,
And caused to mourn the sisters of the skies.
But thou must go: yet with thee thou shalt bear
A stranger's hope upon the distant way,
And only fade to give a calmer day.
A welcome, too, I'd give thee to my home,
My sunny home, the old Palmetto soil;
Where many a heart, all warm and true and kind,
Shall chase away the gloom of travel's toil.
And may life pass as soft as sunset hour,
When gentle rays gleam on the skies above,
And may each pulse in sweetest union beat
To the soft music of the harp of love.

"CONSTANCY."

The departure from Washington and return to Nashville was a continued scene of ovation and triumph. Everywhere along the route, demonstrations of respect and esteem greeted the distinguished travellers. Arriving at home, the citizens of Nashville showed them every possible mark of regard.

Before the expiration of Mr. Polk's Presidential term, he had purchased a house in Nashville, from the Hon. Felix Grundy, in the most commanding position in the city. It was enlarged and ornamented and put in the most complete and elegant order. Ever since it has been known as "Polk Place." The surrounding grounds are tastefully and elaborately arranged and adorned with flowers and shrubbery. They extend from Vine street on the east, to Spruce street on the west; and from Union street on the north, to Polk avenue, which leads from the mansion to Church street, on the south. The dwelling is large and imposing, and the grounds ample, forming one of the most attractive places in the city. This was the chosen spot for the declining days of the recent occupants of the White House.

Soon after their return from Washington, the ex-President and his wife contemplated a tour in Europe; then a much more serious undertaking than at the present day. He even engaged a courier who could speak and write French and German, to obviate many difficulties of the journey. But ill-health and the speedy termination of the statesman's life, put an end to the pleasant scheme.

After the death of Mr. Polk, a small but beautiful temple, of native marble, was erected on the grounds on the eastern front, beneath which lie the remains of the distinguished statesman. On three sides of a monument within the temple, there are full and lengthy inscriptions, recording the principal events of a useful and honored life. The death of her husband was the only affliction of Mrs. Polk's life. It had been invariably calm, cheerful, and happy. "In this great trial and deep draught of the waters of bitterness, she was sustained and consoled by the divine principles and precious promises of her religion. She was enabled by faith to look forward to a reunion in the better land, with him on whose strong arm she had so long leaned, and to whom her attachment and companionship had been so dear. She had removed her membership from the church in Washington, and had become connected with the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, of which the lamented Dr. John T. Edgar was so long the beloved pastor." The sympathizing attention paid to Mrs. Polk in her grief was universal. From every lady and gentleman of her wide acquaintance she received letters of condolence and consolation.

The study of the President, a large room in the second story, commanding a view of the Capitol, is kept by Mrs. Polk just as he left it. Here are his books, his papers, his pen and all the little articles that betoken an apartment in daily use; as if he had just stepped out and would soon return. It is kept in order by her own hands.

Such public marks of respect have been shown to Mrs. Polk as it has been no other American lady's fortune to receive. Prominent men of all classes and callings rarely visit the city without paying their respects to her. It was for years the habit of the Legislature to call upon her, in a body, on New Year's Day. Large delegations of Masons, of Odd Fellows, and of Sons of Temperance, at the various meetings of their societies, have done themselves the honor to be presented to her. Numbers of the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church have, at different times, visited Polk Place to evince their sincere respect for her whose life has been so pure and blameless, and whose Christian character is so shining an example.

During the Confederate days of Nashville, Mrs. Polk received the kind attentions of the supreme officers; among others of Gen. Beauregard, of Gen. Breckenridge, and of Gen. Preston. Afterward, Gen. Buell, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Nelson, Gen. Mitchell, Gen. Crittenden, Gen. McCook, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Wood, and many others, and staff officers innumerable, called to pay their duty to the distinguished mistress of Polk Place.

In a letter from a visitor at Melrose, the residence of Mrs. Gov. A. V. Brown, in the vicinity of Nashville, is the following pleasant description: "Among the pleasures that we most value and trust never to lose, was meeting and becoming acquainted, while at Melrose, with one of Nashville's most valued residents—Mrs.

President Polk. By far the most interesting spot in that city is Polk Place, this lady's home, an elegant and stately erection, the portico of the noblest architecture, exquisite in design and proportion. The house has large, lofty rooms, a noble hall, rich in presents received by Mrs. Polk during the Presidential career of her husband. Among them is a beautiful drawing of Niagara, a fine oil painting of De Soto, and walking sticks in curious shapes and of precious-looking wood. Besides these, the walls are hung with portraits of illustrious men, and fine likenesses of the President, repeated at different ages. In this cherished retirement, enlivened by the presence of a sweet little relative, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Polk's, men of all parties meet, forgetting their political differences in social enjoyment.

"But the house, noble as it is, is not the goal of the visitor's pilgrimage. As at the Hermitage, the true shrine is to be found in the shade, the verdure, the fragrance of a sloping garden, amid dazzling masses of verbena, geraniums, heliotrope and jessamine. In the centre of this lovely mosaic is a fine monument, erected over the remains of him whose brief and bright career was cut suddenly short, enriched by an elegant inscription from Mrs. Polk's pen; a true and noble record, honorable alike to the departed and to the survivor. Here, amid the song of birds and the odor of flowers, we paid willing homage to all that remained of one who died lamented by his countrymen of every sect and party.

"His mourners were two parts, his friends and foes.

He had kept the whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

"Meeting Mrs. Polk was like seeing the original of a familiar picture, and in a few moments after seeing her, we were surprised to find ourself forgetting, in a confiding feeling, that we were conversing with a lady who had presided at the Executive Mansion with a wider popularity than has since been attained by any of her successors. She seems to have a warm and unenvying sympathy in the success of others, and in her conversation there is an expression of those affectionate sympathies which made her beloved in a more elevated sphere. She has a pleasing figure, what we call ladylike, delicate, erect and graceful, with a great deal of manner, in the last respect resembling the late Mrs. Madison. Mrs. Polk's mental endowments, as well as her personal qualities, combine to render her a general favorite, while her manners and character give a permanence to her social success by converting admirers into friends."

In a pecuniary point of view, Mrs. Polk's life has passed in ease and affluence. Her father was comparatively wealthy, and Mr. Polk's circumstances were always good. In addition to his property in Tennessee, he owned a large and flourishing plantation in Mississippi. Chief-Justice Catron, Major Daniel Graham and other distinguished personal friends, have attended to Mrs. Polk's financial affairs during her widowhood, and have thus relieved her from all care.

Mrs. Polk, though ever willing to converse, and always

enriching the conversation from her ready store of information and observation, is remarkably reticent in regard to her own life. Her most familiar friends fail to persuade an account of incidents relating purely to herself. She is never seen in public except at church. The visits of chosen friends are grateful to her, but she does not return them, and no attraction is sufficient to draw her far away from the home where cluster so many dear and sacred memories. Occasionally she spends a few days with her relatives in other counties.

Having no children, Mrs. Polk, some time after the death of her husband, adopted a niece, who has ever since been an inmate of her house. No employment could have served better to console the many lonely hours that must be the inevitable heritage of a widowed heart, than the charge of a daughter.

Mrs. Polk was born in the dawn of the nineteenth century, and is a pure type of a class which is rapidly becoming extinct. With her will pass away many of the excellences and not a few of the foibles of a class modelled after the aristocracy of the old world on their graftings in the new. Her life has been spent in an age and country where chivalric honor to woman is a matter of national pride, yet in a land of slaves and slavery. The young and middle-aged of to-day will never know the opportunities of time and means which she, half a century ago, enjoyed; for the South is changed, and verily old things have passed away and all are new. The present generation, thrown more upon their own

resources, and passing through the perplexities of change and misfortune, will grow away from the old regime, and may perhaps lose many of their virtues with too few of their faults.

During the late civil war, she suffered in common with the people of the South, losing much of her valuable property, but was fortunately left with sufficient means to enable her to live in her usual style of comfort. Her sympathies were with the section of country in which she was reared, but her conduct was throughout befitting her station, and no expression or action of hers is a reflection of aught save refined bearing and high-toned sensibility.

Surrounded with comforts and luxuries, and enjoying the companionship of her relatives and friends, Mrs. Polk glides calmly down the vale of years, with the memory of a past all brightness, and the hopes of a future all peace. The lifetime imitation of a pure and useful standard of excellence has rewarded her with a glorious fame, and she dwells among the friends of her youth, honored and respected, trusted and beloved.

XVI.

MARGARET TAYLOR.

THE importance attached to Presidential honors is not in our country the inheritance of persons born to the wearing of them. Monarchial governments, by tradition and law, designate not only who is the "chief magistrate," but also provide candidates in advance for the succession. People, therefore, born to such high estate are always, from infancy onward, objects of world-wide interest; and the minutest acts of their lives, before they achieve their inherited position as well as after, are subjects of note from a thousand pens.

In our own country the popular will selects its candidates for the highest office within its gift as often from those who have suddenly received popularity as from those who have, by antecedent history, become known to fame. It is probably true that, just before the breaking out of actual hostilities between this country and Mexico, there was no military officer—his long and faithful public service considered—who was as little known to the country at large as General Taylor.

That the future Mistress of the White House who was buried in the seclusion of his retired private life, should be little known out of her domestic circle, is therefore not surprising; and that a family, the members of which had always courted seclusion and were satisfied

with making perfect the narrow circle of their accepted duties, should shrink from publicity and notice, is not to be wondered at; and, as a consequence, there is but little left to afford material for the pen of the historian.

Mrs. Taylor and her daughter "Betty," who for a while shone forth as the acknowledged "first ladies of the land," never sympathized with the display and bustle of the White House, and they always performed such official duties as were imperatively forced upon them, by their exalted position, as a task that had no compensation for the sacrifices attending it.

The key to Mrs. Taylor's life was touched by General Taylor himself, who, when receiving from an appointed speaker, at Baton Rouge, the official announcement that he was elected President of the United States, among other things said:

"For more than a quarter of a century, my house has been the tent, and my home the battle-field." This statement, which might have been used with propriety as figurative language by any officer who had been for more than a quarter of a century on active duty, was literally true of General Taylor's experience. He was emphatically a hard-working officer: either from choice or accident, his public life was never varied by those terms of "official repose" which give officers a rest at Washington, at West Point, or at head-quarters in some large city.

On the contrary, General Taylor, from the time he entered the army as a lieutenant until he laid aside his

well-earned commission as a Major-General to assume the highest responsibility of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, had never been out of what might be termed the severest frontier duties.

He was known as having acquired the largest experience as an Indian fighter. He was alike the hero of the "Black Hawk," as he was the most prominent officer in the Seminole war. Hence it is that Mrs. Taylor, more than any other mistress of the White House, had seen more army service, and passed through more varied frontier experiences; for she would never, under any circumstances, if she could avoid it, separate herself from her husband, no matter how severe were the trials resulting from wifely devotion.

This heroic spirit, that gives such grace and beauty to useful qualities, carried her cheerfully to Tampa Bay, that she might be near her husband when he was endeavoring to suppress the wily Seminoles in the swamps and everglades of Florida; and as the long previous years in the western country made her familiar with the attributes of savage triumphs, so the final defeats that eventually secured our settlers a peaceful home on the rich plains of Mexico, and laid the foundation of the prosperity of the great West.

In all this quarter of a century so feelingly alluded to by General Taylor, as the time when his house was a tent and his home the battle-field, it was seldom that Mrs. Taylor was not at his side, bearing her share of the hardships incidental to her husband's life, and cheerfully attending to

the duties which fell to her to perform. All this while the modest accommodations were acceptable, the log-cabin in winter, the tent if necessary in summer, with the coarse but substantial food of the soldiers, and often even this not in abundance. Deprived of the little elegancies which are so necessary for a woman's comfort—separated from the society of her children, who were almost always away at school—nothing stood in the way of her fealty to her husband, and she was content thus to live.

Through all these trying circumstances Mrs. Taylor, by her good sense, her modesty, her uncomplaining spirit, her faculty of adding to the comforts and surroundings of her husband's life, filled the measure of her duty, and set an example of the true woman, especially a soldier's wife, that her sex for all time can admire and point to as worthy of imitation.

Her domestic duties, so far as they related to the comfort of her family, she would never intentionally abandon for a single day to menial hands. Especially was she careful in the preparation of the food for the table, and however simple the meal might be, she saw that the material was carefully prepared. And this home training General Taylor displayed when in Northern Mexico, away from his domestic care; for while he was indifferent to a degree about luxuries, yet what he did eat, he persisted in having carefully selected and prepared with due regard to healthfulness; and his tent was ever a model of neatness and rude comfort.

Mrs. Taylor's maiden name was Margaret Smith. She

was born in Maryland, and came of a family identified for their substantial qualities which distinguished intelligent agriculturists. She received such an education as was at the command of female pupils in the beginning of the century. An education which considered the practical, rather than the intellectual, and to this plane of her school life she was trained with special care in all the accomplishments of domestic duties.

"Maryland house-keeping" was for years in the southwest, and is still among the "old settlers," a complimentary remark, if applied to a lady from any part of the country, so excellent was considered the housewives' work of those who learned their duties on the tidewaters of the Chesapeake Bay, and among those examples of domestic perfection in her State, Mrs. Taylor was eminent. And to be more than this—to make her home happy—she evidently had no ambition. Marrying an officer of the United States army, who was born in Kentucky, and was appointed from private life, her husband had no associations that took him to the North, which, independent of official opportunities, are increased by a student's career at West Point. "Captain Taylor" was therefore, from the beginning of his public life, confined to the frontiers, and was known as one of the "hard-working," and "fighting officers." His boyhood days were made up of adventures with Indians, and around the fireside of his own home, listening to his father and his father's friends, talk over the struggles, sufferings, and triumphs they endured as active participators in the

Revolution, under the leadership of General Washington and General Wayne, and of their subsequent hard lives after they left Virginia, to found homes "in the dark and bloody ground."

To accept with pleasure the incidents of the consequent life was the true spirit of the American heroine, and to adorn it through long years of privations and sufferings as Mrs. Taylor did, is the noblest tribute that can be paid to her virtues. For sixteen years after the conclusion of our second war with England, the time indicated in history as the "treaty of Ghent," Major Taylor spent an active life in what was then known as our western frontiers. He established forts and corresponded with the Government on Indian affairs. His custom was to personally superintend the varied and difficult labors imposed upon him. All this while he was literally in the savage wilderness, and Mrs. Taylor, then a young wife, persistently accompanied him. To her attentions to her husband the country was largely indebted for his usefulness, and by her influence and example the subordinates, who were attached to the pioneer army, were made contented and uncomplaining.

This era of Mrs. Taylor's life she was wont always to speak of with subdued enthusiasm.

It was while thus living that her children were born. They followed her fortunes as long as a mother's care was absolutely necessary for their safety; but the moment they were sufficiently matured to leave her protection, she submitted to the painful sacrifice of having them

sent to her relatives in the "settlements," for a less perilous life and the enjoyment of the facilities of educational institutions; but she never thought of abandoning her husband, her first duty being for his interest and comfort. It is not surprising that when the "Florida war" began, that the Captain Taylor of twenty years previous was now a Colonel, and that his past services should have secured for him the difficult and dangerous honor of taking command against the treacherous Seminoles of the Everglades. True to the characteristics of his whole life, he quietly proceeded to this new field of action, and to the surprise of the country, the people of which now began to know Colonel Taylor, it was heralded in the papers that Mrs. Taylor had established herself at Tampa Bay. It was looked upon at the time as a piece of unpardonable recklessness that she should thus risk her life, when to the outward world the odds at the time seemed to be against her husband's success. But she evidently knew his character and her own duty best, and through the lasting struggle, made so terrible and romantic by the incidents of the battle of Okee-Chobee, Mrs. Taylor was of immense service in superintending the wants of the sick and wounded, but more especially so by shedding over disaster the hopefulness created by her self-possession and seeming insensibility to the probability of the failure of her husband's final triumph over the enemy.

At the conclusion of active hostilities, the then Secretary of War, addressing Gen. Jessup, said: "You will

establish posts at Tampa, and on the eastern shore, and wherever else they are in your opinion necessary to preserve the peace of the country; and I would suggest the propriety of leaving Col. Zachary Taylor, of the First Infantry, in command of them." Agreeably to this order, General Taylor in time of peace repeated his previously pursued life on the northwestern frontiers, of forming new military stations in the wilderness and paving the way for the amelioration of peaceful populations. If he had one thought that he needed repose, or that his patriotism was overtaxed by such a continued demand on his time, he had the comforts of a home and a devoted wife with him, and thus cheered and sustained, he patiently performed his severe duties; thus the country was indebted to Mrs. Taylor for the constant services performed by her gallant husband.

In the year 1840, General Taylor, who now had almost become forgotten in this obscurity of the Florida swamps, asked to be relieved of his command, and soon afterward arrived with his family in New Orleans. The "Old Colonel," as he was called by the citizens of Louisiana, came unostentatiously, and was permitted, much to his own gratification, to proceed quietly to Baton Rouge, which place should be for a while, at least, the head-quarters of his family. With this understanding, Mrs. Taylor joyfully established herself with surroundings more comfortable than were afforded in the Florida swamps.

This idea encouraged her to arrange a home which she

hoped would be abandoned only when the "General" had selected some quiet place, where they would together peacefully end their days.

The barracks at Baton Rouge are picturesquely situated upon the high land, that here, in a sort of a peninsula, rising out of the surrounding level, reaches the river. The soldiers usually quartered at Baton Rouge were mustering along the banks of the Red river, and the buildings were left, save a single company of infantry, without occupants, and Mrs. Taylor could select her "quarters" with all the facilities the place afforded. Leaving the imposing brick buildings, with their comfortable arrangements for housekeeping, to the entire possession of one or two officers' families, Mrs. Taylor selected a little tumble-down cottage, situated directly on the banks of the river, which was originally erected for, and inhabited by the Captain-commandant, when the post belonged to Spain.

In the long years of its existence, the cottage, consisting only of a suite of three or four rooms, inclosed under galleries, had become quaint in appearance and much out of repair, and was hardly considered else than a sort of admitted wreck of former usefulness, left because it was a harmless, familiar object, entirely out of the way of the lawn and parade ground. To Mrs. Taylor's eye, this old cottage seemed to possess peculiar charms, for she promptly decided to give up the better quarters at her disposal, as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the military department, and move into this cottage.

With the aid of her own servants, two in number, and the usual assistance always afforded by invalid soldiers unfit for military duties, she soon put the neglected place in proper order. It was remarked by the people of Baton Rouge, how rapidly the old "Spanish Commandant's cottage" became transformed into a comfortable dwelling under the superintendence of the new occupants. And in a country where so much is left to servants, and where the mistress and daughters had so many at command, they set the noble example of doing much themselves.

The work employed their minds, and they were happier in the performance of the details of their well-directed industry. It is certainly true that Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, Miss Betty, were evidently too much engaged in managing their household duties to have time for unhappiness or regrets, if they had cause to indulge in them.

The house had but four rooms, surrounded on all sides by a verandah, and thus in the hottest weather there was always a shady side, and in the coldest, one most sheltered; and so cozy and comfortable did the house become under the management of its new mistress, that Mrs. Taylor was most thoroughly justified in her choice by the universal commendation of the citizens of the town—that it was now the pleasantest residence in all the country round, and its inmates were probably as contented and happy as people can be.

General Taylor himself was not idle, but was kept

busy visiting Fort Gibson and Fort Smith, until finally, to be near his family, was at his own request transferred to Fort Jessup, Louisiana. He bought the house selected by his family, within his military department. The domestic life of General Taylor's family was now complete. He had performed public duties enough his friends thought, to permit him to indulge in the luxury of being left quietly at the head-quarters of a frontier department, where he could enjoy repose from severe military duties, look after his neglected private interests, and for the few years that remained live a kind of private life. Alas! how the dream was to be dissipated.

Texas was at this time a State, acting independently of Mexico, yet unacknowledged as such by the mother country. The Texans, inspired by the difficulties of their situation, and surrounded by political influence in the United States, agitated the question of coming into the Union. The result was that General Santa Anna, then President of Mexico, made preparations which contemplated the reassertion of the national government in the revolted province.

This naturally made the southern border line of Louisiana, the Sabine, an object of attack, and as General Taylor had, with the idea of being left in peaceful retirement, asked to be in command in Louisiana, he unconsciously placed himself in the very position that was to call him into a more active and important field of duty than had yet been entrusted to him.

Mrs. Taylor, meantime, painfully unconscious of the drama that was opening before her, calmly and full of content, went about her domestic duties. A garden was planted, and she cherished the first signs of the growing vegetation with almost childish delight. Her old friends among the citizens of the neighborhood made friendly visits. Miss Betty, who was now in the very perfection of her blooming womanhood, was popular with the young ladies of her age and station.

The "old General" was here and there, according to his habits; one day away attending to some military matter, then enjoying what seemed to him an endless source of interest, the examination of the workings of plantation life. He began, in fact, to assume the airs of an agriculturist; invested what means he had in a cotton farm on the Mississippi, and looked forward to the time when his income would be large and liberal for the pursuits of peace.

All this time to the south of General Taylor's military department there were signs of trouble, and one day he received from the Adjutant-General of the Army a letter, which announced that there was great danger of a hostile incursion of Indians on the southern border of his department. The letter thus concluded: "Should the apprehended hostilities with the Indians alluded to break out, an officer of rank—probably yourself—will be sent to command the United States forces to be put in the field."

The quiet domestic life so much desired by Mrs. Taylor

was becoming a dream. The events which followed so rapidly soon placed her husband on the banks of the Sabine as commander-in-chief of the "Army of Occupation." A succeeding order, and he invaded the disputed territory, and by one single stride rose from the comparative obscurity of a frontier fighter to be the observed of all the world, in a conflict where two Christian nations were to struggle for supremacy in an appeal to arms. The succeeding actions, that began at Palo Alto and ended at Buena Vista, made him for the time being a hero. While these events were culminating, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Betty remained in the little cottage on the banks of the Mississippi, each hour becoming objects of greater interest, and from their quietness and unobtrusive life making themselves dear to the nation.

But the applause and flattery that began to reach the inmates of the old Spanish cottage made no apparent impression. Mrs. Taylor, while her husband distinguished himself on the Rio Grande, only worked harder in her little garden, and she had no superior among the planters of the vicinity of Baton Rouge in the raising of succulent luxuries for the table, and she seemingly took more pride in showing these triumphs of her industry than she did in hearing compliments upon her husband's growing fame. Nay, more than this, she instituted a miniature dairy, and added to her other comforts what was almost unknown at the time in the vicinity—an abundance of fresh milk and butter. It may be readily imagined that with such care and supervision the little

cottage in the garrison was illustrative of domestic comfort nowhere else surpassed. Thus practically Mrs. Taylor taught the young wives of the officers residing in the barracks their duties, and prepared them by her excellent example to perform the arduous task imposed upon them as soldiers' wives in a manner best calculated to insure their own happiness and secure honor and renown to their patriotic husbands.

But Mrs. Taylor's usefulness did not end with the perfect performance of her household responsibilities. The town of Baton Rouge at this time had no Protestant Episcopal Church. It was a want which she, in common with other officers' wives and some few persons in the village, felt keenly; and in her quiet, practical way, she set about meeting the demand. It was, of course, only necessary for her to designate a proper room in the garrison buildings to be used as a chapel, when it was at once prepared for that purpose. She superintended with others the labor necessary to fit up a chapel, then used her influence to secure the occasional services of a rector who resided at some distance away. Meantime her expressed wish that "the service" be regularly read was responded to, and thus was secured to Baton Rouge a commencement of a religious movement that in a few subsequent years crystallized in the building of a handsome church, and the establishment of a permanent and intelligent congregation.

This garrison chapel in time became a place of great interest. Owing to active hostilities in Mexico the num-

ber of officers' wives increased, and it included, as may be supposed, some of the most accomplished and elegant ladies in the land. Their husbands, gallant and noble soldiers, were involved in the duties of actual war, and they, brave-hearted and courageous, comforted each other. As the news came that actual collision was threatened, some of these ladies, unable to control their anxiety for the safety of their husbands, would be overcome with suppressed emotion, and grow for the moment wild with terror. It was on these occasions that Mrs. Taylor and Miss Betty maintained their self-possession, and had kind words and hopeful suggestions for those suffering sisters. And when at last some rumors reached Baton Rouge of battles fought, of blood being shed, of men and officers falling in the strife; when those heart-stricken wives and daughters of the soldiers engaged were left to the agony of apprehension, Mrs. Taylor, still always calm and cheerful, was a constant source of comfort, and shed around her an atmosphere of hope, an inspiration of true courage. At last when names were given of those who fell on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the stricken ones of the garrison suppressed their wild sorrow, lest they should wound the feelings of their superior in rank and influence, and in the little chapel founded by Mrs. Taylor sought, through the holy influences of religion, that consolation that could reconcile them to the irretrievable loss of friends, brothers, fathers and husbands. There was at this time, amid these scenes of actual war, a bit of

domestic history revived in Mrs. Taylor's mind that no doubt made a strong impression.

General Taylor was a great admirer of business men, and was opposed to his daughters marrying officers of the army. He condemned his own life by saying that soldiers never had a home, and in this sentiment was cordially sustained by Mrs. Taylor, who no doubt in her heart reviewed her varied life from place to place on the frontiers, and her constant separations from her husband, with a regret she could not conceal. It was this cause that called forth so much opposition from the family to Lieutenant Jefferson Davis marrying the second daughter, Sarah, which opposition resulted in an elopement and runaway marriage. General Taylor, at the time this occurred, was away from home on military service, and when he heard of it he expressed himself in the most unmeasured terms of disapprobation. He seemed utterly insensible to the feelings which inspired the young people in such an adventure, and persisted in looking upon "young Davis" as having done a dishonorable thing, and his daughter as being entirely regardless of her filial obligations. To all protests calculated to lessen his indignation, he would make the invariable replies, "that no honorable man would thus defy the wishes of parents, and no truly affectionate daughter be so regardless of her duty." General Taylor, though a man of strong impulses, and possessed of but little training to conceal his feelings, except what military discipline enforced, was at heart of a generous and for-

giving nature; and no doubt time would have brought about its softening influences, and the usual ending which follows all runaway matches would have taken place,—reconciliation and entire forgiveness. But ere this occurred, within a few short months of her marriage, Mrs. Davis suddenly died, and a beloved child upon whom he had garnered all his affections passed forever away, the last words she had from him being those of reproof and condemnation. This incident and the sudden death of her daughter left a deep impression upon Mrs. Taylor's life. Naturally of a quiet disposition and living from necessity almost entirely away from influences of society, this sad domestic history was left to make the greatest possible impression upon her mind. That General Taylor keenly cherished for long years his sense of sorrow was destined to be most romantically displayed. His call for volunteer troops at the time he believed his little army was imperilled, on the eve of its memorable march from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande, was answered promptly by Louisiana and Mississippi. The last-named State promptly organized a splendid regiment, composed of the very elite of the native young men, and Jefferson Davis was elected its commander.

At Monterey the 1st Mississippi regiment was stationed at one of the forts in the suburbs of the city, and in the battle that ended with the defeat of Ampudia, its Mexican defender, Jefferson Davis received a slight wound. Before this event, at the time and subsequently, it was noticed that Colonel Davis and General Taylor

had never met, and it was evident that this was designed and not the result of accident—there was an understanding seemingly that kept them apart. The cause of this was freely discussed, and it came to the surface that a reconciliation had never taken place between General Taylor and Colonel Davis on account of the elopement, and so things remained until the close of the three days' struggle that ended in triumph at Buena Vista. It was on the occasion when victory seemed hesitating where she should bestow her wreath—when the men of the North and the West had exhausted their energies—when Clay, Crittenden, Yell, and their brave compatriots slept in death on the bloody field—at this moment, when Santa Anna believed and announced himself the hero of the field, and when he concentrated his favorite troops to make a last charge upon our dispirited and exhausted columns, that Colonel Davis, at the head of his Mississippi regiment, nobly sustained the shock, and sent the foe back disappointed and dismayed. Then it was that "Old Zach," seeing by whom he, his gallant men, and his country's honor, had been saved, had no place in his heart but for gratitude, and the long estranged embraced each other and wept tears of reconciliation upon the battle-field.

Time passed on, and General Taylor completed his brilliant campaign. Our country had then, for nearly two generations, been unused to war, and the magnificent achievements of old "Rough and Ready" filled the hearts of the people with the intensest admiration. The old

cottage on the low bluff at Baton Rouge gradually became of classic interest. Grateful people travelling along the highway of the great Mississippi, representing every State in the Union, and every civilized nation of the earth, would admiringly point out General Taylor's residence. If any of those great western floating palaces stopped at Baton Rouge, some of the passengers would climb up the hill and visit the "garrison grounds," and the young ladies especially would make the pilgrimage in hopes they might see Miss Betty, who they with woman's quickness of perception, felt was to be the first lady of the land, by presiding at the White House.

How much the neatness of that home, its characteristic simplicity, its quiet domestic comforts, the self-possession and unpretending, yet lady-like manners of its inmates, impressed themselves on the public, and prepared the way for that popular affection that greeted General Taylor on his return from Mexico, and culminated in his triumphant election to the Presidency, is difficult to decide; but that it had an element of strength and of vast importance is certain, and presents in a strong view how much can be done by the devoted, sensible wife, in aiding her husband in achieving success.

Meantime, General Taylor returned, the triumphant soldier, to the United States. However wonderful were the subsequent victories achieved over the Mexicans, in the brilliant march from Vera Cruz to the City of Aztecs, the novelty of the war when this was enacted, was gone. The first impressions remained vivid, the subsequent ones

were received with gratification, but not enthusiasm. General Taylor returned, not only a military hero, but over his head was suspended the wreath of an approaching civic triumph; and the little cottage on the bank of the Mississippi that Mrs. Taylor selected for her strictly private residence, became a Mecca for pilgrims from all lands, and for more than a year it was the centre of interest, where patriotism, intellect, and beauty paid homage. In recalling the impressions made upon the public through the press, it is well remarked what a full share of compliments were paid to Mrs. Taylor, and how grateful was the task of every one to praise Miss Betty for her agreeable manners, her hospitality, and her resemblance to her father in matters of good sense, and the further possession of all accomplishments that adorn her sex. But this flow of visitors, this public ovation, this constant bustle about Mrs. Taylor was submitted to and borne, but never received her indorsement and sympathy. Her heart was in the possible enjoyment of a quiet household. She saw nothing attractive in the surroundings of the White House. All this "worldly glory" defeated her womanly ambition, and her life-long dream that, at some time or another, "the General" would be relieved of his public duties, and that together in the retirement of their own estate, unnoticed and unknown except to their friends, they might together peacefully end their days; and that the realization of her modest ambition was due to her, for the separations and wanderings that had characterized all her early married life.

General Taylor was by habit a public servant, and his future, as shaped by circumstances, he quietly accepted. But Mrs. Taylor opposed his being a candidate for the Presidency. She spoke of it as a thing to be lamented, and declared when such a position was first foreshadowed, that the General's acquired habits would not permit him to live under the constraints of metropolitan life; and to those of her intimate friends who spoke of his being President, she sadly replied, "That it was a plot to deprive her of his society, and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility." With the announcement that General Taylor was President-elect, came his resignation as an officer of the army. It was after all a sad day for him and his family, when he severed a connection that had lasted so long, and had been made so memorable by a life of conscientious duty. Miss Betty now appeared on the scene as an agent of national interest. The White House under Mrs. Polk had been grave and formal. There was a cold respectability and correctness about it, that was somewhat oppressive to the citizens of Washington; and there was a degree of earnest pleasure created in the public mind when it was understood that as a consequent of General Taylor's election, there would preside over the White House a lady eminently attractive in her personal appearance, young in years, accomplished in mind, and made more interesting, if possible, by being the bride of Major Bliss, who had served so faithfully under her father as his accomplished Adjutant-General.

Elizabeth Taylor, third and youngest daughter of President Taylor, was twenty-two years of age, when, as Mrs. Bliss, she assumed the formal duties of Hostess of the White House, her mother, from disinclination, refusing to accept the responsibility of official receptions. Mrs. Bliss, or Miss Betty, as she was popularly called, was at this time admired by all who saw her, and had the distinction of being the youngest daughter of any chief magistrate who had honored our Presidential receptions with her presence. Her face was pleasant, her smiles exceedingly attractive, and her eyes beamed with intelligence. She had been throughout her life but little with her parents. When not among her relations in Virginia or Kentucky, she was at some boarding school. Her education was completed at Philadelphia, after which she resided with her parents. No inauguration of any of the later Presidents was more enthusiastically celebrated than General Taylor's. He was at the time the nation's idol. Everything in his history charmed the popular mind, and the fact that he was a total stranger to Washington—that his family were unknown, gave a mystery and novelty to the whole proceeding quite different from common place precedence.

For this reason, more than ordinary encouragement was given to the celebration of the occasion by a grand ball. A wooden building of enormous size was erected, which at the time was considered an "immense affair." It was tastefully decorated with flags and other proper insignia; in the enthusiasm of the hour, many articles

were loaned for its decorations by citizens, who ordinarily took no interest in these "stated occasions." The best music that could be obtained was in attendance, and to give the crowning zest, "Miss Betty" was to be present. The Lady of the Mansion for the next four years, young, handsome, and hopeful, was to be presented to the admiring public.

There was the usual crowd and the characteristic confusion; but nevertheless there pervaded the multitude an intense desire to behold the new occupant of the White House. There was a "Hero President." There was a charming young bride, a young and graceful lady to do the honors of the public receptions. "At eleven o'clock, General Taylor entered, leaning on the arms of Major Seaton and Speaker Winthrop." His fine eye was bright, his step was elastic, he was brave, he was a conqueror, he was President, and the gentlemen expressed their feelings in spontaneous cheers, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs and many wept for sympathy. A silence ensued, a movement at the head of the room indicated that a new scene was to be enacted. The throng pressed back, and Mrs. Bodisco, then the young and handsome wife of the Russian Minister, enveloped in a cloud of crimson satin and glistening with diamonds, supported by two ambassadors emblazoned in gold lace and orders, came forward—just behind were two "Louisiana beauties," a blonde and a brunette, whose brilliant charms subsequently divided the gentlemen in perplexity as to which should be acceded the palm of the belle

of the evening. "Which is Miss Betty?" whispered the throng as these queenly creatures, by their native charms, without the aid of dress, eclipsed the more glowing splendor of the Russian court. Then behind these came "Miss Betty," plainly dressed in white, a simple flower in her hair, timid and faltering, yet with an expression in her eye that showed she was Zachary Taylor's favorite child. The expectations of the vast crowd were for the moment realized, and then followed expressions of enthusiasm that were overwhelming.

The reaction that followed the inauguration in Washington was, as usual, intense. The season was more than usually warm, and the Congress fled from the Capital. Mrs. Taylor was never visible in the reception room; she received her visitors in her private apartments, and escaped all observation from choice. Once established in her new home, she selected such rooms as suited her ideas of housekeeping, and, as far as was possible, resumed the routine that characterized her life at Baton Rouge. As was her merit, she attended personally to so much of it as affected the personal comforts of the General, and it was not long before the "opposition" found fault with her simple habits, and attempted, but without effect, to lessen the public esteem felt for General Taylor, by indulging in offensive personalities.

General Taylor was, from principle and choice, an abstemious man. On the sixth of July, the dullness of Washington was enlivened by the presence of Father

Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. To know him, General Taylor invited him to the White House. The press discussed this honorable notice of the great philanthropist, and spoke of "Miss Betty" as presiding at the reception with unusual grace and affability.

The winter following opened officially and fashionably with the commencement of Congress. There were then in the Senate, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, and lesser but still shining lights. Mr. Fillmore presided over the body with dignity, and such an array of talent and statesmanship divided the public mind with the claims of the White House.

Few official receptions were given. The excitement attending the admission of California—the fiery eloquence of Mr. Clay—the attack of Mr. Calhoun on Mr. Benton, and the growls of disappointed office seekers, divided the current that might have otherwise flowed on to the Executive Mansion, and it is apparent that this created no regrets in the minds of the ladies of the President's House. It was soon understood that set, formal, and official dinners were not coveted, and they were not encouraged. But social and unceremonious visits prevailed beyond any precedent, and Miss Betty was always ready to dispense the honors of her exalted position, with a grace and frankness that was constantly securing for her a wide circle of admiring friends. Thus the first winter of General Taylor's term passed away.

To those who were familiar with the actual life of the

White House, it was apparent that a change had gradually taken place in the feelings of the female inmates. Mrs. Taylor had gradually abandoned much of her personal superintendence of domestic matters, and Miss Betty had assumed the manner of one who began to appreciate the importance of her social elevation. The embarrassments that General Taylor suffered from the betrayal of "false friends" had the double effect, to make the members of his family more devoted to each other, and at the same time created a resolve to more ostentatiously perform the duties of their high social position. A revolution, political and social, had been resolved upon without the parties interested being aware of the change. This new era was inaugurated by the ladies of the President's House having a reception on the 4th of March, 1850, in honor of the inauguration. The affair was of singular brilliancy. It was remarked at the time that the ladies never appeared to better advantage; the rustling of costly dresses and the display of diamonds were paramount, while the gentlemen, for the time being, eschewing the license of Republican institutions, accepted the laws of good society, and appeared in dress coats and white kid gloves. General Taylor surprised his friends by the courtliness and dignity of his manner. Some of his soldiers who saw him in his battles said there was mischief in his eye. He was evidently attempting a new rôle, and doing it with success.

Miss Betty, as hostess, was entirely at her ease, and made the ladies by her affability feel at home in the

National Mansion. For the first time, at the public receptions, she led off in conversation, and her remarks were full of quiet humor and good sense. The following day, the papers expressed their admiration in different ways. "Miss Betty" was complimented with the remark that, in manner and grace at a public reception, Victoria could not surpass her. General Taylor, it was said, "had at last determined to open the campaign for the second term, and those about him, who were intriguing for the succession for others than for himself, would have to stand aside." These suspicions were justified by constantly repeated rumors that Cabinet changes would be made that would entirely change the character of the general Administration. Mr. Webster began now to visit the White House, and was treated with marked consideration by its female inmates. The influence of the ladies of the White House began to be felt in political circles, and what had been for the preceding year a negative, now became a positive power. Gentlemen who had distinguished themselves for the early advocacy of General Taylor's election, but who had received no recognition, were now welcomed to the White House. It was evident that a radical change had come over its inmates. General Taylor seemed at last to begin to understand his duties, and knowing them, he commenced their performance with the same zeal and determination that marked his military career. Four months of spring and summer passed away. The seventy-fourth anniversary of our national Fourth of

July was approaching. It was decided that the event should be celebrated by the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument. General Taylor accepted the invitation to be present without hesitation, and surprised his friends at the pleasure he evinced at the opportunity.

The day was unusually warm and oppressive for Washington City. The procession out to the banks of the Potomac moved slowly, and General Taylor suffered with the intense heat. Upon taking his seat upon the stand, he remarked that he had never before experienced such unpleasant sensations from the sun, much as he had borne its unshielded rays in the swamps of Florida and Mexico. General Foote was the official orator, and Washington Parke Custis took part in the proceedings. It was noticed that General Foote addressed to General Taylor many of his most pointed remarks in praise of Washington. The papers of the day said that "when the orator quoted from a letter of Hamilton to Washington, protesting against his refusing to serve a second term, President Taylor, who sat on the left of the orator, roused from his listless attitude, as if desirous of catching every word." "Perhaps," added a reporter, "General Taylor was thinking what would be his conduct in a similar emergency."

From the celebration the President returned to the White House, and to relieve himself from the terrible thirst the heat had occasioned, in accordance with his primitive tastes, he partook freely of cold water and

fruit. In less than an hour he was seized with symptoms of a fearful sickness. The announcement that the President was prostrated by indisposition, struck the people of Washington with prophetic terror, for the news went from house to house, as if presaging the fatal result. General Taylor, after the first paroxysms were over, seemed to anticipate that he would never recover. He yielded to the solicitations of his physicians, and the efforts of his afflicted family to assist him. On the evening of the third day of his sufferings, he said:

"I should not be surprised if this were to terminate in death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency. God knows, I have endeavored to fulfil what I considered to be an honest duty; but I have been mistaken, my motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings grossly betrayed."

Mrs. Taylor, who heard these remarks, for the first time admitted to herself the possibility of her husband's death. She then recalled, in the bitterness of her soul, the remark she made when it was announced to her that possibly General Taylor would be President:

"It was a plot to deprive her of his society and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility." This was indeed about to happen, and in the agony of that hour she prostrated herself at her husband's bedside, while her children clung around her.

The sun, on the morning of the 9th of July, 1850 rose

gloriously over the White House. The President's family and Colonel Bliss had remained by his bedside all night, refusing the indulgence of necessary repose. Each hour it was evident that the catastrophe was nearer. Mrs. Taylor would not believe that death was possible. He had escaped so many dangers, had been through so much exposure, he could not die surrounded with so many comforts and loved so intensely by his family and friends. The emotions of apprehension were so oppressive, that overtaxed nature with Mrs. Taylor found relief in fits of insensibility.

At thirty-five minutes past ten P. M., the President called his family about him, to give them his last earthly advice and bid them his last good-by. No conventional education could restrain the natural expressions of grief of the members of this afflicted household, and their heart-rending cries of agony reached the surrounding street. "I am about to die," said the President, firmly, "I expect the summons soon. I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully. I regret nothing, but that I am about to leave my friends."

Mrs. Taylor and family occupied the White House until the sad ceremonies of the funeral ended with the removal of the late President's remains. The bustle and the pomp was now painful to her sight and ears, and she realized, in the fearful interval of time, how truly he was dead, who, though the nation's successful General and a President, was to her only a cherished

husband. It can easily be imagined that, as the glittering, heartless display of the Executive Mansion commenced fading away from her sight, that she must have regretfully turned to the peaceful era of her last home at Baton Rouge, and the unpretentious cottage, the neglected garden; and the simple life connected with these associations, must have appeared as a dream of happiness when contrasted with the fearful year and a half of sad experiences in Washington. From the time Mrs. Taylor left the White House, she never alluded to her residence there, except as connected with the death of her husband.

Accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Bliss, after leaving Washington, she first sought a home among her relations in Kentucky, but finding herself oppressed by personal utterances of sympathy, she retired to the residence of her only son, near Pascagoula, Louisiana, where, in August, 1852, she died, possessed of the same Christian spirit that marked her conduct throughout her life. The sudden and lamented death of Major Bliss soon followed, and without children by her marriage "Miss Betty Taylor," as she must ever be known in history, studiously sought the retirement of private life, and found it in the accomplished circles of the "old families of Virginia," with so many of whom she was connected by ties of blood. By a second marriage, her historical name passed away. But when the traditions and histories of the White House have the romance of time thrown around them, Miss Betty

Taylor will be recalled to mind, and for her will there be a sympathy that is associated with youth, for she was the youngest of the few women of America who have a right to the title of Hostess of the President's House.



XVII.

ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

Abigail Powers, the youngest child of Lemuel Powers, a prominent Baptist clergyman of that day, was born in Stillwater, Saratoga county, New York, March, 1798.

Dr. Powers was of Massachusetts descent, being one of the nine thousand six hundred and twenty-four descendants of Henry Leland, of Sherburne, and a cousin and life-long friend of the eccentric and talented John Leland. Though not a wealthy man, he yet possessed a competence, and his profession was the most honored and respected of all pursuits.

Only a short decade from the martyr memories of New England, and not entirely removed from the influences of that severely religious section, he was yet without the sternness and rigor usual to individuals holding his high office.

He died while yet his daughter was in her infancy, leaving to the care of a watchful mother her education and training.

Soon afterward, Mrs. Powers, finding that her income would not justify her in liberality of expenditure, determined to remove with her brother and several families of relations and friends to a frontier settlement, and

thus, at the early age of ten, we find our little heroine established in her new home in Cayuga county. Here began the stern lessons which ultimately educated the pioneer child, and from this point may be dated the foundation of her noble character, made strong through discipline and spiritualized through sorrow. She was studious and ambitious, and with her mother's assistance, rapidly progressed in knowledge; her improvement must have been very rapid, for at an early age she assumed the duties of a teacher, and for many years continued her chosen avocation. Her mother, after the settlement of her father's estate, being greatly reduced in outward circumstances, was compelled to use the most undeviating industry and economy; and she, feeling the necessity of relieving her of the burden of her education, began to teach, during the summer months, to pay her winter's tuition. Thus, alternating between teaching and studying, between imparting and receiving instruction, she became a thorough scholar and remarkable woman. There are circumstances of poverty which throw an interest around those involved in them far greater than the noblest gifts of prosperous fortune could confer. The sight of a young, aspiring woman actuated by the loftiest, purest desire implanted by nature, overcoming obstacles, laughing to the winds the remonstrances of weak and timid natures, and mounting, by patient toil and unceasing labor, the rugged hill of wisdom—is calculated to dignify humanity and render homage to God.

Man may at once determine his calling and assert his place—woman has hers to seek, and however resolute she may appear, with all the dignity she may assume, there are hours of fearful despondency, and moments when, in the crowded avenues of trade, the craving for solitude and aloneness absorbs the energies of her nature, and stills the voice of ambition. Yet the example of this young life is proof that woman's dependence is more the result of custom, than the fiat of nature, and the record of her trials and final success is a testimonial of virtue's reward, and energy's omnipotence.

Varied as were the experiences of Miss Powers' life, they only served to develop all the latent strength of her body as well as mind; her singular embodiment of the physical was not less remarkable than the depth and research of the intellectual.

Commanding in person, for she was five feet six inches in height, of exceeding fairness of complexion and delicacy of features, hers was a harmonious blending of beauty and strength. But she did not possess that mere superficial beauty which cannot retain if it awakens admiration. Hers was no statue-like perfection of figure, nor classically symmetrical face. Genuine kindliness of heart beamed through her light, expressive eyes, and her brow was the throne of pure and lofty inspirations. Perhaps, if any one of her features was more universally admired than the others, it was her light luxuriant hair, which fell in flowing curls round her finely-shaped head.

Thus particular in describing her personal appearance, a circumstance never to be omitted in sketches of women, we but recognize these facts—that the face is the mirror of the soul, and that the law of unerring nature is, that the exterior is symbolical of the inner being.

In the backwoods of New York State, where the borders of the adjoining county were the limits of civilization, accustomed only to the society of the village people, Miss Powers passed the first twenty-eight years of her apparently uneventful life, but in reality, the intensity of her moral and affectional nature gave breadth and depth to her every-day existence, and in the quiet recesses of her heart she lived life over more than once.

Her occupation as a teacher was continued after her mother's second marriage, which occurred about this time, and henceforth her home was in the family of a much loved relation. It was while in this home that she first met Mr. Fillmore, then a clothier's apprentice, and during the winter months a teacher in the village school.

His father's unwise choice of a trade for his son but added to his all-absorbing desire to become a lawyer. But he was not yet twenty, his time was his parents', and his poverty compelled him to serve out his apprenticeship, and, even after he had commenced the study of law, to desire to return to his trade.

The assistance of a gentleman who became much interested in the ambitious youth, enabled him to buy

his time and devote himself to study. Thus he overcame the adverse circumstances which denied him freedom of action, and attained for himself leisure to lay the foundation of future usefulness.

His subsequent removal to Erie county deprived him of the society of Miss Powers—his now promised wife, and so limited were his means, that for three years he was unable to travel a distance of one hundred and fifty miles to see her.

In February, 1826, they were married at the residence of her brother, Judge Powers, in Moravia. Erie county was as much a wilderness to the young wife as Cayuga had been years before, but the obstacles to be overcome were not considered by the affectionate couple, and they started out in their married life buoyed by a confidence in their own strength, and a reliance on a higher power.

Into the small house built by the husband's hands, the wife carried all the ambition and activity of other days, and at once resumed her avocation as a teacher, whilst performing the duties of maid-of-all-work, housekeeper, and hostess.

Mr. Fillmore was thus enabled to practise his profession, relieved of all care and responsibility by his thoughtful wife, and so rapid was his progress that in less than two years he was elected a member of the State Legislature.

Mrs. Fillmore rendered her husband most efficient help in his struggle for eminence, and was the wings by which he soared so high. Instead of clogging his foot-

steps by her helplessness, she, with her intellectual strength, relieved and sustained his every effort. So enthusiastic and unchanging was her attachment to him, that no duty was burdensome, no privation sufficient to cloud her brow. The struggles those first years with poverty and increasing cares were trying, but her dignity never forsook her—her chosen path never became distasteful. Many are noble from choice, she was so from necessity. The greatness of soul and devotion to principle inherent in her nature left no other course.

A letter now old and worn, written in her neat style, has been placed in my hands by a member of that happy household in which she resided so long. It was addressed to one of the sisters, now dead, and cherished by another for the reminiscences it recalls of the beautiful attachment which existed through life between these two friends.

"AURORA, *August 27th*, 1826.

"DEAR MARIA:—Although I have been guilty of breaking my promise to you of writing, and treated you with neglect and indifference, still you are dear and near to me, still you are remembered with that affection which one must feel after being so long an inmate with so kind a girl, one who has bestowed upon me so many acts of kindness and friendship. No, Maria, I feel that I can never forget your family. My mind often reverts to the pleasant hours I have passed at your house. Many friendly conversations I have had with your mother after the family had retired to rest,—but those hours are gone

never to return, yet the remembrance of them is sweet. Oh, that I may again have the pleasure of spending a happy evening in your family with the little children sitting near me, asking a thousand interesting questions. Perhaps I may see that time next winter—I hope so.

"Would you like to know how I am pleased with the country? It does not appear to me as pleasant as Cayuga, but perhaps it may in time. I enjoy myself as well as I expected to; the inhabitants, as far as I am acquainted, appear friendly. I am not yet housekeeping, but am teaching school. But Mr. Dunning will give all these particulars more fully than I can write on this sheet of paper. You will have a pleasant visit with his sister Emily; I think her an amiable girl.

"Maria, if you can forgive me for not writing, I hope you will let me hear from you by the bearer of this. Write me all the news. You cannot imagine how any little circumstance concerning my friends interests me when absent so far from them. Ask Olive to write to me if she can find leisure. My best respects to your parents, and affectionate remembrance to your brothers and sisters, and believe me your sincere friend and cousin,

"ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

"Mr. Fillmore wished me to present his respects to yourself and parents.

"To Miss MARIA FULLER."

In the spring of 1830, Mrs. Fillmore removed with her

husband to Buffalo. In the enjoyment of her children's society, her husband's prosperity, and the pleasure of entertaining her friends, she found great happiness, and as the years passed by they were noted only for the peace and contentment they brought her.

As her life previous to this time had been spent in comparative seclusion, so now it was a scene of gay society. The social element was very largely developed in her nature, and constant practice rendered it a marked characteristic. All the associations of her youth had been those of the country, and in its freshness and beauty, as well as its drearier garb, she had revelled. Now, in her city home she was the same artless, warm-hearted woman of other years, basking in the brightness about her and reflecting upon others her own quiet peace. Well balanced and self-reliant, affectionate and happy, there was wanting nothing to complete her character. The domestic harmony of her life can be partly appreciated from the remark made by her husband after her death. "For twenty-seven years, my entire married life," he said, "I was always greeted with a happy smile."

The result of such unusual evenness of disposition was owing, in a great measure, to the tender sympathy and ennobling affection of her husband, whose ambition was gratified only when he saw that she was content. With her there was no variation or change, no despondency or doubt as to his success in any avocation; she hovered round his pathway, a beacon, and the light never grew

dim. True and faithful in all things, at all times, she ever was; but there was even more of ceaseless vigilance than mere faith implies, where he was concerned. To him who shielded her in her sensitiveness and overflowing affectional nature, and, by his gentleness and unremitting watchfulness, guarded every avenue of her heart from sorrow, she meted the wealth of her love and fondness—and existed in the sunshine of his presence. After her husband's accession to the Presidency, she went to the White House; but the recent death of a sister kept her from entering into the gayety of the outer world. As much as possible she screened herself from public observation, and left to her daughter the duties devolving upon her. Her health had become impaired, and she rather shrank from the necessity of appearing before the world in the position in which she was more than competent to acquit herself. In such a formal routine of life she did not delight; hers was a confiding nature, and to her family she always turned for the happiness the world could not give.

Mr. Fillmore's friends in New York, soon after he became President, presented her with a fine carriage and a costly pair of horses. This carriage was used by the family during their stay in the White House. After his wife's death, Mr. Fillmore sold it and invested the proceeds in a set of plate, which he preferred to the elegant equipage and horses.

But only by the most exact details, by endless particularities, breathing out her whole life and giving evi-

dence, by their nature, of the depths from which they spring; only by such means is it possible, in a degree, to give some perception of her remarkable life—the fountain can only be judged of by the channel through which it flows.

She died at Willard's Hotel, Washington City, on the 30th of March, 1853.

In testimony of respect to the memory of the deceased, the public offices were closed, both houses of Congress adjourned, and other marks of respect were adopted. Her remains were conveyed to Buffalo, where, on the 2d of April, they were laid to rest.

The accompanying letter, written by a well-known lady of Buffalo, who was much of the time an inmate of the White House during Mrs. Fillmore's stay there, is replete with interest, and gives us an insight into the home life of this noble woman, we could in no other way obtain.

"The great interest I feel in your undertaking has outweighed my diffidence and decided me, in accordance with your request, to state briefly some of my recollections of the habits and social traits of my late friend, Mrs. Fillmore, with incidents of life at the White House.

"The retiring modesty of manner so inseparable from the idea of a perfect lady, was eminently characteristic of Mrs. Fillmore. Although well qualified and, when occasion required, ever ready to act her part in the position which Providence assigned her, she much preferred the quiet of domestic life. Her home was pleasant, and

while she was a woman of strong common sense, her tastes were highly refined. Especially was she fond of music and of flowers. Her love for the former received great gratification from her daughter's musical attainments, and her fondness for flowers amounted to a passion, and much of her time in her own home was devoted to their culture and care.

"Mrs. Fillmore read much and carefully, and being possessed of excellent powers of observation, was consequently a well-informed and cultivated woman. With qualities like these, it is superfluous to say that, when she was called to preside at the White House, she did it with dignity and propriety. She was not strong in health, and had suffered much from a sprained ankle, from which she never fully recovered. Fortunately for her, the etiquette of Washington did not require the President and his wife to return visits or to attend parties, though I believe the President did sometimes dine with a cabinet minister. All the claims of society were met and attended to by the daughter, and how well she, a young girl just from school, acquitted herself in this trying position, all will remember who were fortunate enough to come within the circle of her happy influence.

"When Mr. Fillmore entered the White House he found it entirely destitute of books. Mrs. Fillmore was in the habit of spending her leisure hours in reading, I might almost say in studying. She was accustomed to be surrounded with books of reference, maps, and all the other acquirements of a well-furnished library, and

she found it difficult to content herself in a house devoid of such attractions. To meet this want, Mr. Fillmore asked of Congress and received an appropriation, and selected a library, devoting to that purpose a large and pleasant room in the second story of the house. Here Mrs. Fillmore surrounded herself with her own little home comforts, here her daughter had her own piano, harp, and guitar, and here Mrs. Fillmore received the informal visits of the friends she loved, and for her the real pleasure and enjoyments of the White House were in this room. With strangers she was dignified, quiet, and rather reserved; but with her friends, she loved to throw aside all restraint and enjoy a good laugh and indulge in a little vein of humor, which lay quietly hidden under the calm exterior.

"Mrs. Fillmore was proud of her husband's success in life, and desirous that no reasonable expectations of the public should be disappointed. She never absented herself from the public receptions, dinners, or levees when it was possible to be present; but her delicate health frequently rendered them not only irksome, but very painful, and she sometimes kept her bed all day to favor that weak ankle, that she might be able to endure the fatigue of the two hours she would be obliged to stand for the Friday evening levees.

"The President and Mrs. Fillmore received on Tuesday mornings, from twelve to two o'clock. The levees were on Friday evenings, from eight till ten, and at these there was generally a band of music, but no dancing

Every Thursday evening there was a large dinner party, and frequently another on Saturdays. Then there were often smaller dinners in the family dining-room, which were more sociable and agreeable, as the invitations were usually confined to the personal friends of the family.

"But what Mrs. Fillmore most enjoyed was to surround herself with a choice selection of congenial friends in her own favorite room—the library, where she could enjoy the music she so much loved, and the conversation of the cultivated society which Washington at that time certainly afforded. One of these evenings I remember with more than ordinary pleasure. Mr. Webster was there, and Mr. Corwin, and Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, Judge Hall and his wife, and possibly some other members of the Cabinet; Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, of New York, Miss Derby, of Boston, then a guest at the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, and several others of the distinguished residents of Washington. Mrs. Brooks' daughter, then quite too young to appear in general society, was there by special request of Mrs. Fillmore, who so enjoyed her wonderfully sweet singing, that she relied upon her as one of the attractions for this evening. Miss Fillmore played the piano with much skill and exquisite taste. Indeed, few ladies excelled her in this accomplishment; and this evening she was particularly successful in her efforts to please. Mrs. Brooks accompanied her upon the harp, which instrument she played with much grace. Altogether, the

music, the conversation, and the company made it an occasion long and pleasantly to be remembered.

"One of the events of Mr. Fillmore's first winter in the Executive Mansion was a visit from his father. It was the first time any President had ever entertained his father in the White House, and Mrs. Fillmore was very anxious lest some unlooked-for event might prevent this anticipated pleasure. But he arrived in safety one Monday night. Tuesday was reception day. The morning papers announced that the venerable father of the President arrived in town the evening before. There was an unusual attendance at the reception that day, and it was interesting to watch each person, as they cast their eyes about the room, unable to light upon any one who answered to their idea of the 'venerable father of the President,' and when they were presented to him, as he stood before them, tall and perfectly erect, and with hair but little whiter than the President's, there was a general expression of surprise. They had evidently expected to see an infirm old man, bent with years, and leaning upon a cane, and Mr. Nathaniel Fillmore, at the age of eighty, did not answer to that description. Senators and Judges, and Foreign Ministers came that morning, all anxious to pay their respects to the President's father. One gentleman from New York, desirous of drawing him into conversation, said to him, 'Mr. Fillmore, you have been so very successful in bringing up sons, I wish you would tell me how to raise my little boy.' 'Cradle him in a sap-trough, sir,' said the old

gentleman, always ready with an answer. That was an interesting reception, to the President and to all, and when it was over, Mr. Fillmore the elder said to me, 'If I had had the power to mark out the path of life for my son, it would never have led to this place, but I cannot help feeling a kind of pride in it now that he is here.'

"The routine of life at the White House which came under my observation, did not vary materially from week to week. The social habits of both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore were simple and in accordance with those of well-bred people everywhere. Without ostentation or arrogance, they maintained the honor of the high position they were called to occupy, with quiet dignity and ease.

"I was not in Washington the winter Mrs. Fillmore died, and therefore know nothing, except from others, of her illness and death, but I know that she died lamented by all who knew her well, and leaving behind her many pleasant memories.

"Her death was a terrible blow to her family, and to none more than to her daughter, a young lady whose beautiful life and sad death, following so soon upon her return to her own home, made such an indelible impression upon her friends, and for whom all her native city so justly mourned.

"The reverence her son had for her memory proves her to have been a devoted mother, and how tenderly Mr. Fillmore cherished that memory is shown in the sacredness with which he treasures every memento of

her. I have heard him say that he has carefully preserved every line she ever wrote him, and that he could never destroy even the little notes she sent him on business to his office.

"Such affectionate regards from the living speak volumes for the dead."

Lines on the death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore, by Miss Matilda Stuart, on the occasion of her burial at Forest Lawn, April 2d, 1853.

Give room, give room, a friend is here,
She comes to tarry with us now—
And though no greeting on her lips,
No light of gladness on her brow,
Yet this is home—that hallowed place
Where she had fondly longed to rest.
Here were her earlier, fresher joys,
Here was the hearth-stone love had blest.

Though she had moved 'mid stranger scenes,
To share the honor and the strife
Of him whose life was dearer far
Than friend or kindred, home or life—
Though she had tasted pleasure's cup,
While it was sparkling to the fill,
And seen what few may ever see,
Hope's brightest dreams grow brighter still;

Yet there were places in her heart
Where love could rest and friendship live.
There was a light within her soul
Which earth could neither take nor give,
And there were accents for her ear,
More winning than the notes of fame,
Where household voices softly breathed
The sweetness of a mother's name.

And when she heard the other voice
That comes but once, yet comes to all,
Alike to him who longs to go,
And him who dreads to hear the call;
She looked toward her brighter home,
And left life's garments frail and worn,
As calmly as she laid aside
The robes of honor she had borne.

Now she has come to sleep in peace
Within our grand old forest shades,
And fresher than the spring-time leaves
Are those sweet memories that have come
To steal the bitter tear away,
And bid us look, as she had done,
Beyond the pomp of Time's brief day.

Around her loved and honored grave
The severed "household band" may come,
And seem to hear those blessed tones
That made the music of their home.
The faded form, the silent shroud,
These, these were all they gave the tomb;
She watches o'er them, while she wears
The freshness of immortal bloom.

NOTE.—President Fillmore died at his residence in Buffalo, March 8th, 1874.

XVIII.

MARY ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

THE only daughter of President Fillmore was, during her father's administration, in consequence of her mother's ill-health, the Lady of the White House, and as such deserves more mention than the limits of this sketch will allow. She was remarkable for her mental and intensely affectional nature, and discovered during her brief life only those traits which served to render her a source of interest and admiration. As a child, she was precocious; latterly in life, her physical health was so entirely good that it overcame every tendency to brain ascendency.

She was well fitted, by education and a long residence in Washington, to adorn the high station she was destined to fill, and acquitted herself there, as in every other position, with great dignity and self-possession.

Her talents were varied, nor was she a dull scholar at anything she attempted. With the French, German, and Spanish languages, she was thoroughly conversant; so thorough, indeed, was her mastery of the former that a French professor declared her accent equal to that of his own countrymen.

Her taste for sculpture was fostered by association

with a loved schoolmate, the since renowned Harriet Hosmer.

Had her life been spared, she would have become famous through the exercise of some one of the many talents given her, but in less than a year after her mother's death she, too, passed away. Her father and brother were left alone for a few days, that she might go and see her aged grandparents. From this journey she did not return. A message in the night-time roused her parent from his slumber to hasten to her, and though no time was lost, it was too late. She was nearing the golden gates of the spirit-land, when those two of a once happy band reached her bedside.

So full of life and health had she been but a few short days before, and so entirely unconscious of any illness of body, that she anticipated a visit of great pleasure; after her death, a memorandum of house-work to be performed while she was absent, was found in her basket, she expecting to be gone but a few days.

The obituary notices are so complete that I am constrained to quote them in lieu of my own imperfect material, believing they discover a more thorough acquaintance with the subject than I can gather through other sources.

"The character of Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore, daughter of ex-President Fillmore, whose sudden death was announced yesterday, deserves a more extended notice. Though young—being but twenty-two years of age on the 27th day of March last—she was widely known.

"Being a native of the city of Buffalo, most of her life had been spent here, where she had a numerous circle of sincere and devoted friends. From her early childhood she evinced great talent and industry, combined with judgment and discretion, and softened by a cheerful and affectionate disposition, which made her with all a safe and welcome companion.

"As an only and much beloved daughter, her parents were resolved to give her an excellent, practical education. As they were unwilling to spare her from the little family circle, she received much of her primary education at our excellent public schools, and the higher branches, with the modern languages, music, drawing, and painting, were taught her by private tutors. That she might learn, away from home, something of the world without imbibing its vices, and be taught self-reliance under judicious restraints, she was sent for a single year to the celebrated select family school of Mrs. Sedgwick, in Lenox, Massachusetts. She left that school, feeling the necessity of an education not merely of grace and ornament, but which should, in case of a reverse of fortune, place her beyond that degrading and painful feeling of dependence which so often renders the life of a female in this country one of wretchedness and misery. She therefore expressed a desire to attend the State Normal School and qualify herself to be a teacher. This she could not do without assuming an obligation to teach. To this requirement she readily submitted and entered the school.

"Graduating at the end of six months with the highest honors, she was then employed as a teacher in the higher department of one of the public schools of Buffalo for three months, where she exhibited an aptitude and capacity for teaching that gave entire satisfaction. But the death of General Taylor and the consequent elevation of her father to the Presidency, compelled his family to relinquish their residence here and remove to Washington. This introduced her into a new sphere of action, but she moved in it with the same apparent ease and grace that she would have done had she been bred in the midst of the society of the Federal city. At the close of her father's official term, she was destined to suffer a heart-rending bereavement in the death of her excellent and devoted mother. She returned with her father and brother to their desolate home in this city, and by her entire devotion to the duties thus suddenly devolved upon her, she relieved her father from all household cares, and exhibited those high domestic and social qualities which gave a grace and charm, as well as system and regularity, to the home over which she presided. She again called around her the friends of her childhood and early youth, for no change of fortune had in the least impaired her early attachments—attachments which she continued to cherish with unabated ardor and devotion. The home of her bereaved father had once more become cheerful and happy, for her whole mind and heart were given to promote his happiness and that of her only brother, and they repaid her devotion with the kindest and most grateful affection.

"She had some weeks since promised a visit to her grandfather, at Aurora, about seventeen miles from this city. She went from here in the afternoon of Tuesday last in good spirits and apparent good health, and she reached Aurora in the evening. She appeared well and cheerful on her arrival, and after conversing with her grandparents she retired to rest about nine o'clock.

"She was soon after attacked with what proved to be the cholera; but unwilling to disturb the family, she called no one until after 12, when a physician was immediately sent for, but alas! too late. A messenger was dispatched for her father and brother, but they only arrived to see her breathe her last, unconscious of their presence. She died about 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The effects of this crushing shock upon her fond and devoted father and her affectionate brother may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Her remains were immediately removed to Buffalo and interred yesterday in the Forest Lawn Cemetery by the side of her mother. She was followed to her last resting-place by a numerous concourse of sorrowing friends.

"In the absence of the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Shelton officiated in the funeral services."

The Late Miss Fillmore.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, of July 28th, 1854.

"We yesterday announced in the usual terms the death of Mary A. Fillmore. The sad event seems to

demand some expression of our esteem for her character, and of our grief at the heavy loss. We would not, indeed, obtrude our consolations upon those hearts, broken by so sudden a calamity, whose sorrows human sympathy can only pity in reverent silence, nor do we expect either to soothe or express the feelings of that intimate circle of friends which her many attractions had drawn around her. But the contemplation of her virtues is a relief to friendship, and we shall perform a most useful duty, if, by a slight sketch of her character, sincerely and simply drawn, others shall be inspired to the pursuit of similar excellence. Miss Fillmore's character was written upon her face. It was not beautiful, yet it was so full of vivacity of intellect, of cordiality, and of goodness, that it attracted more than any beauty, and as it rises before us now its expression only suggests the simple thought,

"'How good, how kind! And she is gone.'

In that character were mingled, in just proportion, almost masculine judgment and the most feminine tenderness. Its leading feature was excellent common-sense, united with great vivacity of temperament, genuine sensibility, and real intellectual force. With a keen sense of the ridiculous, overflowing with wit and humor, all her views of life were nevertheless grave and serious, and she saw clearly beneath its forms and shows in what consists its real happiness, and devoted herself to the performance of its duties, with all the

energies of a powerful will, and the fidelity of the strictest conscientiousness. This fidelity to her own sense of duty had led her most carefully to cultivate all of her talents; and it is no exaggeration to say that she was among the most accomplished young women we have ever seen among us.

"She was, for her years, uncommonly familiar with English literature; spoke the French language with ease and elegance, was well versed in Italian, and had lately made great progress in her German studies. She had much taste in drawing, but had mostly abandoned that accomplishment for music; because, as she said, the latter gave greater pleasure to her friends, and she was a skilful performer both upon the piano and the harp. Shortly before her death, she had begun to pay some attention to sculpture, and had got her materials together for self-instruction in this highest branch of art. It affords an instructive lesson upon the use of time to know, that she had perfected herself in all these studies and accomplishments since her father's accession to the Presidency, and in the leisure moments of a life almost devoted to society. In Washington, the etiquette of the place and her mother's feeble health combined to devolve upon her, almost unaided, the entire performance of the social duties incident to her father's station. She was but a young girl fresh from school; but all admired the self-possession, the tact, and the kindness with which she filled the position allotted to her; and how, young

and retired as she was, society in her presence became something more genuine and hearty, as if ashamed of its false mockeries in the light of her sagacious mind and honest heart.

"She was eminently social, and latterly her conversational powers were of the first order. She had read much; her advantages had been great, and she had reaped their entire fruit. She was a keen but kind observer of character, had been familiar with men and women of very various ranks and descriptions, and she would paint to the life the very interesting events which she had witnessed, and the character of the many distinguished persons with whom her fortune had made her acquainted. Full of information and of spirits, more anxious always to listen than to talk, yet never at a loss, even with the dullest, for something pleasant and entertaining to say, with a countenance beaming with honesty and intellect, and with a sweet cordiality of manners which invited at once confidence, affection, and respect. No wonder that wherever she went she became the centre of a circle of friends who loved her most tenderly, and at the same time looked up to her as one of a stronger mind and heart, as a guide and confidante.

"She was a genuine tender-hearted woman. Observant of all the forms of elegant life, yet with the most utter contempt for its mere fashions; kind and attentive to all, yet without one point of sympathy with merely worldly people, she loved her friends with all the

affection of a strong and ardent nature. She never saw or read of a kind or noble deed that her eyes did not fill with tears.

"She clung to her old friends without regard to their position in life, and her time and talents seemed devoted to their happiness; she was thinking constantly of some little surprise, some gift, some journey, some pleasure, by which she could contribute to the enjoyment of others. 'Blessing she was, God made her so;' and with her death, with many of her friends is dried up forever the richest fountain of their happiness.

"She was reserved in the expression of her religious views. As is natural with youthful and independent minds, she had little comparative respect for creeds and forms, perhaps less than she would have manifested in maturer years, but her intimate friends knew that she was always governed by a sense of religious duty, that her relations to her Creator and her Saviour were the subject of her constant thought, and that she trusted for her future happiness to the kind mercies of a benevolent Father, to the conscientious improvement of all her talents, to a life devoted to deeds of kindness, and to a heart as pure and unspotted as a child's. At home—ah! that house, all 'emptied of delight,' over which she presided with so much dignity and kindness, that forsaken parlor where all the happiness that social life can give was wont to be so freely and hospitably enjoyed; the weeping servants—those bleeding and broken hearts—let these tell what she was at home!

"But she is gone! and young though she was, she has accomplished much. She has done much to lay the foundation in our midst of a mode of social life more kind, genuine, and cultivated than most of what is called society; and she has left behind her the example of her life, which, though most private and retired, will always be a blessing to her friends, and through them, we trust, to a wider circle for many coming years.

"Farewell!

"Forgive our tears for one removed,
Thy creature whom we found so fair,
We trust she lives in Thee, and there
We find her worthier to be loved."

XIX.

JANE APPLETON PIERCE.

THERE are two classes of ladies of whom the biographer is compelled to write, and both are alike interesting. One includes those whose lives have been passed in the sunshine of prosperity and allurements of fashionable society, who have been widely known, and who have mingled with the leading characters of this country. The lives of such women include innumerable incidents of public and private interest, and are, in fact, necessary to a perfect history of their time. They are a part of the great world about them, and it as easy to gather the facts of their careers, as of the great men with whom they have been associated nearly or remotely.

The other class is composed of those of whom the world knows little; whose perfect seclusion even in a public position has given but little evidence of their abilities, and the world, with its eager curiosity, has been but imperfectly apprised of their merits. Such natures, howsoever cultivated and developed, receive but a small portion of that admiration awarded to the first-mentioned class. Their lives are known only to the inmates of their homes, and though cherished there as a beautiful harmony, and their memory as a holy, sealed book, the inquirer after facts and incidents is dismayed by the

small amount of material to be gathered from such an existence. Such an one was Jane Means Appleton Pierce, who was born at Hampton, New Hampshire, March 12th, 1806. She was but one year of age when her father, Rev. Jesse Appleton, D. D., assumed the presidency of Bowdoin College. Reared in an atmosphere of cultivation and refined Christian influences, the delicate child grew in years, unfolding rare mental qualifications, but fragile and drooping in health, developing year by year the most exquisite nervous organization. Naturally inclined to pensive melancholy—the result, partly, of her physical condition, she was from her childhood the victim of intense sensibilities and suffering, and was during her life the unfortunate possessor of an organism whose every vibration was wonderfully acute and sensitive. The world of suffering locked up in the hearts of such persons it is impossible to estimate; but happier by far is the day of their deaths than the years of their lives. Blended with a naturally strong mind, Miss Appleton possessed a quick appreciation of the beautiful, which in the later years of her life was of priceless value to her own heart. Thrown by her marriage into the political arena, and much in the society of public men of note, she yet soared to a higher theme, and, when not incompatible with politeness, discovered to her company the natural elevation of her nature. Politics, a theme most generally uninteresting to woman, was peculiarly so to her, and it was in her presence impossible to sustain a conversation on the subject. In

1834, at the age of twenty-eight, she was married to Hon. Franklin Pierce, then of Hillsborough, and a member of the lower house of Congress. The match was a pleasing union of kindred natures, and was a source of deep and lasting happiness. The wealth and tenderness of Mr. Pierce's nature, appreciated to its fullest extent by her, had its reflex in the urbanity and courteousness with which his conduct was ever characterized toward others. He is spoken of in a recent publication as the most popular man, personally, in the District of Columbia, who ever occupied the position he filled.

To a person organized as was Mrs. Pierce, public observation was extremely painful, and she shrank from it always, preferring the quiet of her New England home to the glare and glitter of fashionable life in Washington. A friend has said of her: "How well she filled her station as wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend, those only can tell who knew her in these private relations. In this quiet sphere she found her joy, and here her gentle but powerful influence was deeply and constantly felt, through wise counsels and delicate suggestions, the purest, finest tastes and a devoted life."

"She was not only ministered to, but ever ministering," and there is so much of the spiritual in her life that from Bulwer we gather a refrain most applicable to her. "The cast of her beauty was so dream-like and yet so ranging; her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of women; it had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealousy and

all anger; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and fairy-like in its fondness, that it was difficult to bear only the sentiments of earth for one who had so little of earth's clay."

In 1838, Mr. Pierce removed from Hillsborough to Concord, where he afterward continued to reside. Four years later, he resigned his seat in the Senate to practise law, and thereby make provisions for the future. A bereavement, the second of its kind, occurred two years later in the loss of his second son, Frank Robert.

When President Polk tendered Mr. Pierce the position of Attorney-General, it was the illness of his wife which drew from him his reply declining it. He says:

"Although the early years of my manhood were devoted to public life, it was never really suited to my taste. I longed, as I am sure you must often have done, for the quiet and independence that belong only to the private citizen, and now, at forty, I feel that desire stronger than ever.

"Coming so unexpectedly as this offer does, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arrange the business of an extensive practice, between this and the first of November, in a manner at all satisfactory to myself, or to those who have committed their interests to my care, and who rely on my services. Besides, you know that Mrs. Pierce's health, while at Washington, was very delicate. It is, I fear, even more so now; and the responsibilities which the proposed change would necessarily impose upon her, ought, probably, in themselves

to constitute an insurmountable objection to leaving our quiet home for a public station at Washington."

Mrs. Pierce was not called upon to leave her pleasant home, and for another year she passed her time in tranquil happiness, little dreaming that her country would so soon demand the sacrifice of him who thought not of public honors when she was concerned.

The declaration of war with Mexico found him ready and willing to serve the best interests of his State and Government, by enlisting as a private soldier in a company raised in Concord. He was subsequently appointed Colonel, and finally Brigadier-General, which position he filled with honor and distinction. He sailed from Newport, the 27th of May, 1847, and remained in Mexico nine months, during which time Mrs. Pierce and her son continued at their home in Concord. Her health during his absence was not more frail than usual, but anxiety and suspense, watching yet fearing to hear of the absent one, kept her from regaining or improving her impaired constitution, and of renewing the slender chord by which her life was held.

The mother of three children, none survived her, and the death of the last, under circumstances so peculiar, shattered the small remnant of remaining health, and left her mother's heart forever desolate. On the 5th of January, previous to the inauguration of Mr. Pierce as President, an accident occurred on the Boston & Maine Railroad, which resulted in a great calamity; among the passengers were the President elect, his wife, and only

son, a bright boy of thirteen years. The family were on their return to Concord from Boston, and it was between Andover and Lawrence that the axle of one of the passenger-cars broke, and the cars were precipitated down a steep embankment. Mr. Pierce, sitting beside his wife, felt the unsteady movements of the train and instantly divined the cause. Across the seat from them sat their son, who but a moment ago was amusing them with his conversation. A crash, a bounding motion as the cars were thrown over and over down the hill, and men began to recover from their fright and assist in aiding those injured in the fearful accident. Mr. Pierce, though much bruised, succeeded in extricating his wife from the ruins, and bearing her to a place of safety, returned to hunt his boy.

He was soon found; his young head crushed and confined under a beam, his little body still in death. Even now it is a subject too painful to dwell upon. What must have been the feelings of those grief-stricken parents, in a moment bereft of their all!

The remains were conveyed to Andover until arrangements could be made for their removal to Concord.

Under such a bereavement, in feeble health and exhausted vitality, came Mrs. Pierce to the White House.

Through the season, before her great trial was sent upon her, she had been nerving herself for the undesired duties and responsibilities of her public station at Washington; and with the burden of that crushing

sorrow she went forward, with the noblest self-sacrifice, to do what was to be done, as well as to bear what was to be borne. That she performed her task nobly and sustained the dignity of her husband, the following letter will prove.

From Mr. J. H. Hoover, who, during President Pierce's administration, was Marshal of the District of Columbia, the following facts were received:

"My Dear Madam: I learn that Prof. Aiken's notice of Mrs. Pierce, that appeared in the *Observer*, has been sent to you, and I presume it does not contain information on all the points you desired to reach particularly. Hence this note. The idea has somehow gone out that Mrs. Pierce did not participate in the receptions and entertainments at the White House. Mr. Gobright, in his book recently published, 'Recollections of Men and Things at Washington,' makes the statement that Mrs. Pierce did not, until the close of the administration of President Pierce, appear at the receptions. This is an inexcusable blunder, for Mr. Gobright was here on the spot, and should have known better. The fact is, Mrs. Pierce seldom omitted attendance upon the public receptions of the President. She was punctually present also at her own Friday receptions, although at times suffering greatly. Often in the evening of the President's levee, she would allow herself to be conducted into the Blue Room, and there remain all the evening receiving, with that quiet ease and dignity that charac-

terized her always: a duty which few ladies, indeed, would have had the courage to perform in her then delicate state of health. She presided, too, with the President at the State dinners, as well as those of a more social character, and certainly never before or since, was more hospitality dispensed by any occupant of the White House. The most agreeable memories of Mrs. Pierce at the Presidential Mansion, and such only, are retained and cherished in this city. The days of that period when a quiet and dignified but hearty hospitality signalized the Executive Mansion, and the protection of the Constitution, which diffused a sense of all-pervading security, were indeed the bright days of the Republic. This is the view of our own people, and who are better judges than they who have seen so many Administrations here?

"Every one knew and respected the enfeebled condition of Mrs. Pierce's health, and felt that the sad event which happened only a short time before she came to Washington, on that fatal railroad train, might have shattered a much hardier constitution than was hers, and at least have unfitted her, physically as well as mentally, to discharge the duties of the Lady of the White House. Yet she suppressed her inward grief before the public eye, and overcame her debility in deference to what she believed to be her duty toward her distinguished husband's exalted position. Those who knew Mrs. Pierce well at this time eulogized her heroism.

"No lady of the White House left more warm friends

in Washington among our best people, and she had not a single enemy. What I have written above, you are at liberty, madam, to use (if you deem it worthy) in your forthcoming work. It has the merit at least of being the testimony of 'one who knows.' I give it in order that the grievously wrong statements in Mr. Gobright's work, concerning Mrs. Pierce, may be corrected, and the error exposed before it passes into history."

Another friend says of her: "It is no disparagement to others who have occupied her station at the White House, to claim for her an unsurpassed dignity and grace, delicacy and purity, in all that pertains to public life. There was a home, a Christian home, quietly and constantly maintained, and very many hearts rejoiced in its blessings."

Mrs. Pierce was always extremely delicate, and was reduced to a mere shadow after the loss of her son. I have heard a gentleman say, who was a member of Mr. Pierce's family at the time, that "it was with the utmost difficulty she could endure the fatigue of standing during a reception, or sitting the tedious hours of a dinner party," and her courage must have been all-powerful to have sustained her under the most uncongenial of all things to an invalid—the presence of comparative, and in many cases entire, strangers. Her pious scruples regarding the keeping of the Sabbath were a marked attribute of her life. Each Sunday morning of her four

years' stay in the White House, she would request, in her gentle, conciliatory way, all the attachés of the Mansion to go to church, and on their return, would make pleasant inquiries of what they had heard, etc. "Many a time," remarked Mr. Webster, the Private Secretary, "have I gone from respect to her, when, if left to my own choice, I should have remained in the house." In her unobtrusive way, ever thoughtful of the happiness of those about her, she diverted their minds to the elevated and spiritual, and sought, in her own life, to be a guide for the young with whom she was thrown. How rare are these exquisite organizations, and how little do we know of them, even though they have lived in our midst, and formed a part of us! A while they linger here to learn the way to brighter spheres, and when they vanish, naught is left but a memory fragrant with the rich perfume of a beautiful, unselfish life.

In the autumn of 1857, Mrs. Pierce, accompanied by her husband, left the United States, on the steamer "Powhatan," for the island of Madeira, and passed six months in that delightful place. The following eighteen months were spent in Portugal, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and England. Of her appreciation of this lengthy sojourn in the most historic and renowned countries of the old world, we have no evidence save in the supposition, how one of her fine nervous nature must have enjoyed the bygone splendors of Spain, the ever-ranging panorama of luxurious Paris, and the snow-capped mountains of Italy and Switzerland, of the Alps, of

Mont Blanc, and the tamer scenery of German towns and cities! Would that it were possible to present even one of her letters to the American public who have ever evinced their regard and admiration for Mrs. Pierce, through the sympathy extended to her now desolate husband. But that repugnance to publicity, so characteristic in life, is respected now by the few of her family who have survived her, and the painful recollections of what she suffered are as yet too fresh in the minds of her friends to desire them to be recalled.

From ex-President Pierce, who very kindly replied to my many inquiries, the following letter was received just previous to his death, which occurred on the 8th of October, 1869:

"If your attention has been called to the obituary notice of Mrs. Pierce, published in the *Boston Recorder*, of January 8th, 1864, and reproduced in the *New York Observer* within two or three weeks of that date, you may have been impressed with the sentences, 'She shrank with extreme sensitiveness from public observation.' I cannot help being influenced by that very controlling trait of her character, and this, I am sure, is true of all her relatives. Hence, and indeed, in consulting our own tastes, we were thoroughly satisfied with the sketch from the hand of one who knew her intimately, from his early manhood, and loved her well.

"Mrs. Pierce's life, as far as she could make it so, was one of retirement. She very rarely participated in gay amusements, and never enjoyed what is sometimes called

fashionable society. Her natural endowments were of a high order, recognized by all persons with whom she was, to any considerable extent, associated. She inherited a judgment singularly clear and correct, and a taste almost unerring. She was carefully and thoroughly educated, and moved all her life, prior to her marriage, very quietly in a circle of relatives and intimate friends of rare culture and refinement."

* * * * * *

On the 2d of December, 1863, at Andover, Massachusetts, she died. Many of her kindred and all her children had gone before her, and she was ready to join them. But she was patient, and had "learned to wait, with growing confidence and love, for the revealing of her Heavenly Father's will." Among her last words was the familiar line,

"Other refuge have I none,"

repeated with all the emphasis of which she was then capable. Now she has reached that refuge.

On the 5th of December, she was buried by the side of her children in the cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire.

Those who knew her will be glad, glad just in proportion to the intimacy of their acquaintance with her, to be reminded of the qualities in which they found so much delight. To others who have only known of her, and that mainly in connection with her sorrows, it will be just to present very briefly other aspects of her life. Her

fine natural endowments were developed by a careful and generous culture, not merely under the forms of education, but through the agency of all the examples and influences of her early home and the circle of related families. No one knew better how to make tributary all the experience of life. All her instincts and choices drew her toward, and attracted toward her, whatever was refining and elevating. Her tastes were of exceeding delicacy and purity. Her eye appreciated, in a remarkable degree, whatever was beautiful in nature and art. During the last years of her invalid life, she found not merely physical relief, but the deepest gratification in foreign travel, and in residence near our own New England mountains and sea-shore. This contact with nature's freshness and variety and beauty, often renewed her strength when the ministries of human affection and skill were alike powerless.

The following touching tribute was written by a friend whose affection for Mrs. Pierce knows no change. He sent it carefully wrapped in many covers to protect it. Oft used and much worn as it is, he prizes the paper, from the associations clustered with its appearance, and the circumstances under which it was written. Its beauty is its truth and simplicity.

"The distinctions of earth fade away in the presence of death; but the memory of departed excellence comes forth fresh and perennial from the very portals of the grave.

"To-day this paper records the lamented decease of

one who has filled the highest station in the land with dignity and propriety unsurpassed, and who has adorned private life with every estimable quality which could become a true Christian gentlewoman.

"The many who have esteemed and respected her throughout life will deeply deplore her loss, and will sincerely sympathize with him who has been thus called to submit to one of the severest of human afflictions.

"His beloved companion has passed through great sufferings, bearing always with him the memory of a great grief; and she has doubtless gone to that rest which we know 'remaineth for the people of God.'"

XX.

HARRIET LANE.

THE name of Harriet Lane is so nearly associated with the latest and most illustrious years of her uncle, James Buchanan, that it is quite impossible to write a life of the one in which the other shall not fill some space. Of all his kindred she was the closest to him. Given to his care when she was scarcely past infancy, she took the place of a child in his lonely heart, and when she reached womanhood she repaid his affection by ministering with rare tact and grace, abroad and at home, in public life and in private, over a household which would otherwise have been the cheerless abode of an old bachelor. The sketch of her history which we propose to give will, therefore, necessarily involve many recollections of the great ex-President, with whom her name is inseparably associated.

Harriet Lane is of Pennsylvania blood, of English ancestry on the side of her father, and Scotch-Irish on that of her mother. Her grandfather, James Buchanan, emigrated to America from the north of Ireland, in the year 1783, and settled near Mercersburg, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. In the year 1788, he married Elizabeth Speer, the daughter of a substantial farmer, a woman of strong intellect and deep piety. The eldest child of this marriage was James, the late ex-President.



Harriet Lane Johnston

He spoke uniformly with the deepest reverence of both his father and mother, and took delight in ascribing to the teachings of that good woman all the success that he had won in this world.

Jane Buchanan, the next child after James, his playmate in youth, his favorite sister through life, known as the most sprightly and agreeable member of a family all gifted, was married, in the year 1813, to Elliot T. Lane, a merchant largely engaged in the lucrative trade at that time carried on between the East and the West, by the great highway that passed through Franklin county. In this trade James Buchanan the elder had accumulated his fortune, and on the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Lane much of his business passed into the hands of the latter.

Mr. Lane was descended from an old and aristocratic English family, who had settled in Virginia during the Revolution, and he was connected with some of the best names of this land. His business talents were well known and trusted, and all who enjoyed his acquaintance testify to the uncommon amiability of his disposition.

Harriet, the youngest child of Elliot T. Lane and Jane Buchanan, spent the first years of her life in the picturesque village of Mercersburg, in the midst of a society distinguished for its intelligence and refinement. She inherited the vivacity of her mother, was a mischievous child, overflowing with health and good humor. Her Uncle James, then in the prime of life, and already an

illustrious man, paid frequent visits to his birth-place, and the impression which his august presence and charming talk made upon little Harriet was deep and lasting. She conceived an affection and reverence for him which knew no abatement till the hour of his death.

Her mother died when she was but seven years old, and her father survived but two years longer. She was left well provided with money, and with a large family connection, but at his solicitation she accepted as a home the house of her Uncle James, and sought his guardianship in preference to that of any of her other relatives.

Although Mr. Buchanan was not particularly fond of children, he was attracted toward this frank and handsome child from her earliest infancy. Her exuberant spirits, love of mischief, and wild pranks called forth from him daily lectures and severe rebukes, but his acquaintances all knew that he was well pleased to have been singled out by the noble and affectionate girl as her guide, philosopher, and friend. No doubt that even at that early age he recognized in her a kindred spirit, and his good angel whispered to him that the boisterous child who sometimes disturbed his studies and mimicked his best friends, would one day be to him a fit adviser in difficulty, a sympathetic companion in sorrow, the light and ornament of his public life, and the comfort, at last, of his lonely hearth.

Mr. Buchanan was reticent in speaking the praises, however well deserved, of his near relatives, but he has

been known, especially of late years, to dwell with a delight he could not conceal upon the admirable qualities displayed by Miss Lane in childhood. Said he: "She never told a lie. She had a soul above deceit or fraud. She was too proud for it."

During the earliest years of Miss Lane's residence with her uncle, in Lancaster, she attended a day-school there, and though she evinced much more than the usual aptitude for study, she was chiefly distinguished as a fun-loving, trick-playing romp, and a wilful domestic outlaw.

There was one anecdote her uncle liked to tell of her, as an evidence of her independent spirit and her kind heart. When she was about eleven years old, she was well grown and, indeed, mature looking for her age. Unlike most young ladies at that ambitious period of life, she was entirely unconscious of her budding charms, never dreaming that men must pause to wonder at and admire her, and that her actions were no longer unimportant as those of a child. One day Mr. Buchanan was shocked upon beholding from his window Miss Harriet, with flushed cheek and hat awry trundling along, in great haste, a wheelbarrow full of wood. Upon his rushing out to inquire into the cause of such an unseemly and undignified proceeding, she answered in some confusion, that she was just on her way to old black Aunt Tabitha, with a load of wood, because it was so cold.

In administering the reproof that followed, Mr.

Buchanan took good care that she should not see the amused and gratified smile with which he turned away from the generous culprit.

About this time, her uncle executed a threat which he had long held suspended over Harriet. This was to place her under the tender care of a couple of elderly maidens of the place—ladies famous for their strict sense of propriety and their mean domestic economy—just such rule as our high-spirited young lady would chafe under. She had never believed her uncle to be in earnest about the matter, and her horror at finding herself duly installed in this pious household, under the surveillance of these old damsels, must have been comical enough to Mr. Buchanan, who was never blind to the funny side of anything. He was in the Senate at the time, and she was in the habit of pouring out her soul to him in childish letters that complained of early hours, brown sugar in tea, restrictions in dress, stiff necks, and cold hearts. The winter passed slowly away, only solaced by the regular arrival of fatherly letters from her uncle, or by an occasional frolic out of doors—to say nothing of pocketsful of crackers and rock-candy, with which the appetite of the young woman was appeased, her simple fare being, if not scanty, unsuited to the tastes of one who had sat at Mr. Buchanan's table.

The next autumn, when she was twelve years old, she was sent with her sister, a lovely girl but a few years Harriet's senior, to a school in Charlestown,

Va. Here they remained three years. Harriet was not a student, but she knew her lessons because it was no trouble for her to learn them. She was excessively fond of music, and made great progress in it. Her vacations were spent with Mr. Buchanan; but the great event of those three years was a visit with him to Bedford Springs. It was a glorious time, which even now the woman of the world looks back upon with her own bright smile of pleasure.

She was next sent to the convent at Georgetown—a school justly celebrated for the elegant women who have been educated there. Miss Lane went over to Washington every month, and spent Saturday and Sunday with her uncle, then Secretary of State. These visits were, of course, delightful. Without seeing any gay society, she always met at Mr. Buchanan's house such men as few young girls could appreciate, and listened to such conversation as would improve the taste of any one.

Miss Lane at once became a great favorite with the sisters, who constantly expressed the highest opinion of her talents and her principles.

Before Mr. Buchanan had decided to send her to the convent, he had asked, "Do you think you would become a Roman Catholic?" She was anxious to go, but she answered, "I can't promise; I don't know enough about their faith." "Well," said he, "if you are a good Catholic, I will be satisfied."

She did not change her religious opinions, but her

intercourse with the good sisters has always made her respect the old church, and has taught her sympathy and charity for all God's people.

Here she became very proficient in music, an accomplishment which, unfortunately for her friends, she has much neglected, owing to her constant engagements in social life and her disinclination for display in her public position. The nuns were anxious to have her learn to play upon the harp, not only on account of her musical taste, but because of her graceful person and exquisite hand. For some reason, however, she never took lessons upon that beautiful instrument, so well calculated to display the charms of a graceful woman.

Her uncle once asked in a letter what were her favorite studies. She answered, "History, astronomy, and especially mythology." Mr. Buchanan did not forget this avowed preference, and in after years gratified his natural disposition to quiz those of whom he was fond, by appealing to his niece as authority on mythological questions, in the presence of company before whom she would have preferred to be silent.

Miss Lane was exceedingly quick and bright. She never applied her whole mind to study except the last of the two years she spent at Georgetown. The result of that effort was that she won golden opinions and graduated with great honor. She left the school, loved and regretted by the sisters, with some of whom she has been on terms of close friendship ever since. They always speak of her with pride, and have followed her

career with an interest they seldom evince in anything outside their sphere of seclusion and quiet.

At this time, Miss Lane's proportions were of the most perfect womanliness. Tall enough to be commanding, yet not high enough to attract observation—light enough to be graceful, but so full as to indicate the perfect health with which she was blest. Indeed, this appearance of health was the first impression produced by Miss Lane upon the beholder. It made one feel stronger only to watch her firm, quick step and round, elastic form. Her clear, ringing voice spoke of life. The truthful, steady light of her eyes inspired one with confidence in humanity, and the color that came and went in her cheek, set one's own blood to a more youthful, joyous bound.

Miss Lane was a blonde, her head and features were cast in noble mould, and her form, when at rest, was replete with dignified majesty, and, in motion, was instinct alike with power and grace. Hers was a bright, good face upon which none looked with indifference. Those deep violet eyes, with the strange dark line around them, could glance cold, stern rebuke upon the evil-doer, and they could kindle, too, and pour young scorn upon what was small and mean. Yet of all her features, her mouth was the most peculiarly beautiful. Although in repose it was indicative of firmness, it was capable of expressing infinite humor and perfect sweetness. Her golden hair was arranged with simplicity, and in her dress she always avoided superfluous ornament. In toilet, speech, and manner she was a lady.

Miss Lane was fond of games, and invariably excelled at all she ever attempted. Her uncle secretly prided himself upon her prowess, and, in her absence, frequently spoke of this success of hers: but he liked to laugh at her for being able to "distance everybody else in athletic sports." He used to tell about her daring some young man to run a race with her, and then leaving him far behind and out of breath. Yet it was known he had, upon this occasion, rebuked her for want of that dignity which, in his heart, he gladly owned she did not lack.

At Wheatland, Miss Lane saw much company from a distance, her uncle constantly entertaining his foreign and political friends. Their conversation and her historic reading, directed by Mr. Buchanan, made her a most congenial companion for him.

She was a good reader, her voice sweet and pure, and her enunciation clear and distinct. She was in the habit of reading aloud the newspapers, and afterward discussing with him the news and the political and literary subjects of the day. She took great interest in the grounds, and it was her taste that suggested many of the improvements made at Wheatland.

The quiet of her life here was interrupted by gay visits to Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Virginia. Wherever she went, she left hosts of friends, and never came home without bringing with her scores of masculine hearts. Indeed, their former owners often followed them and the young lady, in hopes



WHEATLAND—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

of obtaining her hand in exchange. She remained, however, "fancy free," until her heart was touched by the love-tale of Mr. Johnston, whom she met at Bedford Springs, during the annual visit made there by herself and Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Johnston was a young gentleman of Baltimore, fresh from college honors, manly, frank, and kind—full of enthusiasm, and as demonstrative as youth and Southern blood make an earnest man when deeply in love.

Geranium leaves exchanged in those golden days of youth—withered surely in the lapse of time, and, one would fancy, long since cast aside—are worn by Miss Lane and her husband in memory of a dawning affection of which neither could have foreseen the end.

Miss Lane's brothers lived in Lancaster. One of them married there. Her sister Mary, who had been married to Mr. George W. Baker, also resided in Lancaster, and was much with Harriet until her removal to California. It was during her absence, in 1852, that Mr. Buchanan went as Minister to England, taking Miss Harriet Lane with him.

No more illustrious man than James Buchanan had ever been sent to represent his country at the court of the greatest empire of the world. His fame as a statesman had preceded him. To the public men and educated classes of England his name was familiar, for he had been one of the most conspicuous figures in the United States for the third of the century. No citizen

of this country had ever held so many great stations as he. His life had been crowded with the gravest public employments. Apart from his reputation as a statesman, he had won the highest encomiums at the bar. For ten consecutive years he had sat in the lower house of Congress. As Minister to Russia, he had negotiated our first commercial treaty with that empire. In the Senate of the United States he had stood for years in the foremost rank of those mighty men whose statesmanship and eloquence made that body, thirty years ago, the most dignified assembly on earth. When he resigned his seat as a Senator, it was to become Secretary of State, and during that period, when he held that position, he refused a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States, urged upon him by Mr. Tyler, and afterward by Mr. Polk. His name had, for half his life-time, been associated with the Presidency. When he went to England, it was at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Pierce, who was unwilling to trust the settlement of the great questions then at issue between the two countries, to any hands less able than his, and it was well believed by many friends that, his work abroad completed, he would return to take possession of the Executive Chair.

In the blaze of this reputation, and led by the protecting hand of one so illustrious, did Harriet Lane make her entrance into English society.

And now she became publicly identified with Mr. Buchanan. At dinners and upon all occasions, she ranked, not as niece, or even daughter, but as his wife

There was, at first, some question on this point, but the Queen, upon whom the blooming beauty had made a deep impression, soon decided that, and our heroine was thenceforward one of the foremost ladies in the diplomatic corps at St. James.

Her first appearance at a Drawing-room was a memorable occasion, not only to the young republican girl herself and her uncle, but to all who witnessed her graceful and dignified bearing at the time. Notwithstanding her youthful appearance, it could scarcely be credited that she, who managed her train so beautifully, appeared so unconscious of the attention she attracted, and diffused her smiles in such sweet and courtly manner, had never before been in the presence of royalty.

That night when she and Mr. Buchanan discussed the events of the day—as they habitually did before retiring—he suddenly turned about, saying, "Well, a person would have supposed you were a great beauty, to have heard the way you were talked of to-day. I was asked if we had many such handsome ladies in America. I answered, 'Yes, and many much handsomer. She would scarcely be remarked there for her beauty.'"

Upon every occasion Miss Lane was most graciously singled out by the Queen, and it was well known that she was not only an unusual favorite with her majesty, but that she was regarded with favor and admiration by all the royal family. She was so immediately and universally popular, that she was warmly welcomed in every circle, and added much to the social reputation

Mr. Buchanan's elegant manners won him everywhere. At her home she was modest and discreet, as well as sprightly and genial, and her countrymen never visited their great representative in England without congratulating themselves upon having there also such a specimen of American womanhood.

The limits of our sketch prevent us from dwelling upon particular characters, political, noble and literary, with whom Miss Lane constantly came in contact. Nor have we time to mention the country houses of lord and gentry where Mr. Buchanan and herself were gladly received. Suffice it to say that her offers of marriage were very numerous, and such as would do honor to any lady of any land—men of great name, of high position and immense fortune, English and American.

She always confided these *affaires du cœur* to her uncle, who gave his advice as freely as it was asked. But he never attempted to influence her affections, although one could not have blamed him for wishing her to remain as she was. She always decided for her uncle, and ended the consideration of each proposal by trusting to the happiness she had already tried.

The years that Miss Lane spent in England were probably the brightest of her life. She loved England, English people, and English habits, and fortunate indeed it was for her that in the days of her early youth, when just entering upon womanhood, she acquired that taste for exercise, early hours, wholesome food, and healthy living, which make the ladies of Great Britain the fairest and most substantial beauties in the world.

One of the incidents of her stay abroad with her uncle was her visit with him to Ostend, at the time of the celebrated conference between the American Ministers to England, France, and Spain. From here she travelled with Mr. Mason and others to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Coblentz, and Frankfort on the Main, and thence joined Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Soulé at Brussels, where the business of the Conference was completed.

She accompanied Mr. Mason on his return to Paris, and spent two months at his house. It is needless to say that these were happy months, for Mr. Mason's elegant hospitality, and the agreeable manners, and kind hearts of wife and daughters, made his home a thronged resort of all Americans who visited the gay capital. Miss Lane's recollections of that noble man are as warm as those of any of the thousands who were familiar with his virtues, and whose feeling regarding him was happily expressed after his death in an obituary written by a near friend, who summed up his faults and his merits in the title taken from the most genial character ever drawn by Bulwer, of "Old Gentleman Waife."

Among the brilliant circle that nightly assembled in the saloons of Mr. Mason, Miss Lane reigned a pre-eminent belle.

We must also particularly refer to the enthusiasm excited by Miss Lane upon a memorable occasion in England. We mean the day when Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Tennyson received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws at the University of Oxford. Her appearance was

greeted with loud cheers by the students, and murmurs of admiration.

She returned to America, leaving Mr. Buchanan in London, waiting for a release from his mission, which he had long urged, but which the State Department at Washington had failed to give him.

During this separation, her uncle wrote her long letters, overflowing with affection and regret that he had suffered her to leave him. Indeed, she would never have consented to absent herself from his side for an hour, had she not been expecting a visit at Wheatland from her sister, Mrs. Baker, whose sweet companionship she had missed in all her pleasures and triumphs. It was soon after her happy arrival at dear old Wheatland, with the welcome of friends still in her ears, and amid hurried and loving preparations for the reception of this beautiful and only sister, that the dreadful tidings of her death on the distant shores of the Pacific, smote on the sad heart of Harriet. In the agony of her first great grief, brooding over the memory of this twin soul, often did she echo in feeling those verses of Tennyson:

"Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,
I, falling on thy faithful heart,
Would, breathing through thy lips, impart
The life that almost dies in me.

"That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind;
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again."

Under these sad circumstances Mr. Buchanan came home, and the news of his nomination for the Presidency soon afterward reached Wheatland. Miss Lane heard it, not with indifference, but with less enthusiasm than she had shown about anything in which her uncle was concerned. She, however, received his friends with a grace which, if sadder than of old, was none the less interesting; and the noble figure clad in mourning, and the modest, tender face beneath her dark English hat, will never be forgotten by those who saw Harriet Lane dispensing the dignified hospitalities of Mr. Buchanan's table, or calmly strolling over the lawn during the summer of 1856.

Saddened by suffering, but sustained by her warm affection for her uncle, she became the mistress of the White House. Her younger and favorite brother, Eskridge, accompanied Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane to Washington, and after a few days' stay there went home to Lancaster, promising his sister, who was loth to bid him good-by, that he would return in about a month. But just a month from that parting, the telegraph bore to Mr. Buchanan the news of his sudden death.

The President loved this youth above all his nephews, and had meant to have him with him at Washington. This was a terrible blow to him, but in his affliction he was mindful of Harriet, and it was with the kindest care he broke to her the intelligence.

The sister, again and so soon smitten, with a crushed heart set out for the scene of death, there to yearn over the dear clay of that lost brother.

When Miss Lane returned to her uncle, it was not to parade her trouble, but quietly and cheerfully to assist him in his social and domestic life; to keep her grief for her closet, and in the endurance of it, to ask no help but God's. Yet all who saw her, subdued but dignified, as she received familiar friends during those first months in Washington, were struck with the elegant repose of her manners, her sweet thanks for sympathy, and her kind and gentle interest in everything about her.

The next winter she went to no entertainments, but the usual dinners and receptions at home were not omitted. In her new high sphere she was as much admired as she had always been, and after she began to participate in the gayeties of that gayest administration, her life was made up of a series of honors and pleasures such as have never fallen to the lot of any other young lady in the United States.

On the occasion of a New Year's reception, when Mr. Buchanan stood up to receive the ambassadors of the world's kingdoms and empires, his great frame, his massive head, his noble countenance, marked and adorned by the lines of thought, but untouched by the wrinkles of decay, made him a spectacle so impressive and majestic, that it did not require the addition of his courtly manners to elicit a thrill of pride in the breast of every American who beheld him.

It would have been a trying contrast to the beauty and dignity of any one to have stood by his side; yet it was difficult for those who saw Harriet Lane there to

decide between the uncle and the niece—to say which looked the proudest and the greatest—the man or the woman, the earlier or the later born.

Miss Lane's position was more onerous and more crowded with social duties than that of any other person who had filled her place since the days of Martha Washington, because Mr. Buchanan received not merely official visits in the capacity of President, but his wide acquaintance at home and abroad was the cause of his constantly entertaining, as a private gentleman, foreigners and others, who came, not to see Washington and the President, but to visit Mr. Buchanan himself.

Jefferson Davis, who, for reasons creditable to Mr. Buchanan's course at the outbreak of the secession movement, was not friendly to him, speaking to Dr. Craven at Fortress Monroe, said: "The White House, under the administration of Buchanan, approached more nearly to my idea of a Republican Court than the President's house had ever done before since the days of Washington." In this compliment, extorted by truth, of course Miss Lane shared.

In the summer of 1860, Queen Victoria accepted the invitation of the President for the Prince of Wales to extend his Canadian tour to this country. The duty of preparing for the Prince's reception devolved upon Miss Lane, and so admirably did she order the Executive household, that a party far less amiable than the Prince and the noble gentlemen who accompanied him, could not have failed to find their visit an agreeable one.

Apart from the personal qualities of this distinguished guest (and Mr. Buchanan always spoke with enthusiasm of the admirable qualities and excellent disposition of his young friend), his visit was an occurrence of memorable interest, being the first occasion on which an heir apparent to the Crown of Great Britain had stood in the Capital of her lost colonies. Especially did this interest attach, when, standing uncovered by the side of the President, before the gateway of Washington's tomb, and gazing reverently on the sarcophagus that holds his ashes, the great-grandson of George the Third paid open homage to the memory of the chief who rent his empire —when the last born king of William the Conqueror's blood bowed his knee before the dust of the greatest rebel of all time.

The modesty of the Prince's behavior, and his perfectly frank manners attested the excellence of the training given him by his good mother and his high-souled, wise, and pious father. He entered with all the freshness of youth into every innocent amusement planned to beguile the hours of his stay.

It may be well here to mention, as an instance of Mr. Buchanan's care for the proprieties of his station, that, anxious as it was possible for man to be to gratify the Prince, who, on more than one occasion, proposed dancing, approving of it as a harmless pastime, and fond of it as a spectacle, he yet declined to permit it in the White House, for the reason that that building was not his private home, that it belonged to the nation, and that

the moral sense of many good people who had assisted to put him there, would be shocked by what they regarded as profane gayety in the saloons of the State.

The visit of the English party lasted five days, and they separated from Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane leaving behind them most agreeable recollections.

On the Prince's arrival in England, the Queen acknowledged her sense of the cordiality of his reception by the President, in the following autograph letter, in which the dignity of an official communication is altogether lost in the personal language of a grateful mother thanking a friend for kindness done her first-born child. It is the Queen's English employed to express the sentiments of the woman:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Nov. 19th*, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND:—Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing, as it does, such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him, have secured to him your esteem and the general good-will of your countrymen.

"I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales' safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us,

by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced in his travels.

"He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and whilst, as a mother, I am grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express, at the same time, how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally toward myself which his presence has called forth.

"I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity.

"The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as the type of our present feeling, and, I trust, of our future relations.

"The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane.

"Believe me always

"Your good friend,

"VICTORIA R."

The Prince spoke for himself in the following note:

"JAFFA, *March 29th*, 1862.

"DEAR MR. BUCHANAN:—Permit me to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States.

"Believe me, that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people, and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory.

"I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and

"Believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan,

"Yours, very truly,

"ALBERT EDWARD."

The portrait to which the Prince alludes in the preceding letter was a handsome painting of himself, done by Sir John Watson Gordon, and sent to Mr. Buchanan.

The Prince also presented Miss Lane with a set of engravings of the Royal Family, which are now in her possession. A newspaper correspondent, after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, wrote that the appearance of the Mansion was very much changed by the removal of the portraits, which had been presented for the White House.

Mr. Buchanan could not let so grave a charge re-

main unanswered, and wrote to Lord Lyons, whose letter is for the first time published.

"WASHINGTON, *Dec. 24th*, 1861.

"SIR: I have this morning had the honor to receive your letter of the 19th of this month, requesting me to state the facts connected with a present made by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to Miss Lane, of a set of engravings representing Her Majesty, the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family.

"The Prince of Wales told me, when His Royal Highness was at Washington, that he had asked Miss Lane to accept these engravings—he said that he had not them with him there, but that he would send them, through me, from Portland. His Royal Highness accordingly sent them on shore immediately after he embarked at that place.

"They were marked with Miss Lane's name, in the handwriting of General Bruce.

"In obedience to the commands I had received from the Prince, I presented them in his name, to Miss Lane. I had the honor of placing them myself in her hand.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant and friend,

"LYONS.

"The Honorable

"JAMES BUCHANAN, etc., etc., etc."

When the secession movement was inaugurated by South Carolina, immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the position of Mr. Buchanan become one of extreme delicacy and difficulty, and in its great cares as well as in its petty social annoyances, Miss Lane bore a heavy part.

During those last months of his administration, when Mr. Buchanan was harassed on every side, when his patriotism was doubted, when his hands—eager to hold steady the reins of Government—were tied fast by the apathy of Congress and the indifference of the Northern people, his mind was lightened of much of its load of anxiety by the consciousness that his niece faithfully represented him in his drawing-room, and that his patriotism and good sense would never suffer by any conversational lapse of hers. He always spoke with warmth and gratitude of her admirable demeanor at this critical time.

And now we see Miss Lane once more at Wheatland, sharing and enjoying the dignified retirement of her uncle.

The society of that revered man who was preparing for a better world and appealing to a higher judgment than that of a selfish faction, the calm pleasures of country life, the continued attentions of enthusiastic admirers, the many visits of dear tried friends, the consolations of religion, and the devotion of one true heart that had never ceased its homage, was her compensation for many trials.

In 1863, Miss Lane was confirmed in the Episcopal Church, at Oxford, Philadelphia, of which her uncle was the rector, by Bishop Stevens. She would have joined the Presbyterian Church, to which her uncle belonged, had he desired it, because she was as liberal as he is known to have been in his religious views, and they never differed on doctrinal points. But several circumstances had made it convenient for her to attend the Episcopal Church a great deal, and she had early learned to love its beautiful prayer book, and in any other church to miss its significant forms.

About this time occurred the death of James B. Lane, leaving Harriet no brother nor sister, nor indeed any near relations except her two uncles, the Rev. E. Y. Buchanan, and the ex-President, to whom she clung with renewed affection.

However, one morning in January, 1866, when the evergreens before the old house at Wheatland were burdened with snow, and the lawn was white, and the spring was frozen, and icicles hung from the roof, the grounds there were made gay and bright by the assemblage of carriages that brought guests to see the marriage, by the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, of Harriet Lane and Henry Elliott Johnston. Indoors, there was nothing in the glow of the fire, the odor of the flowers, the gratified appearance of the host, or the sunny faces of the wedding party, to indicate the struggle just finished between two loves.

Some weeks after the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. John-

ston went to Cuba, where they spent a month or two most delightfully. From there, Mr. Johnston took his wife to his house in Baltimore, which, with characteristic taste, thoughtfulness, and liberality, he had elegantly and luxuriously fitted up for the lady of his dreams, to whom he forthwith presented it.

It would scarcely be fair to dwell, in print, upon the happiness of this congenial pair, but it would be unpardonable if we did not assure the reader, that Mr. Johnston is all that Miss Lane's husband ought to be. Even those who naturally disliked to see Miss Lane pass out of the house of her great kinsman into any other home, soon became charmed with Mr. Johnston, and could not but congratulate Miss Lane upon this choice, made from many lovers.

Nor can we consent to close this sketch of Mrs. Johnston's life without attracting attention to her in her last and most endearing relation. In her most glorious days, she was never more beautiful than as a mother, and the matronly grace with which she cares for her child is sweeter to her husband than the early flush or the queenly prime when he occasionally ventured on presents of fruits and flowers.

Would that we could now drop the curtain upon this fair domestic scene without noticing the cloud that darkened the prosperous life of Mrs. Johnston after her marriage. The death of Mr. Buchanan caused her the greatest grief of her life, and is its permanent bereavement.

Again, she is at Wheatland—now her own summer home—mourning for the good man gone; but comforted by the thought that, though in all his dear familiar haunts she will see him nevermore, he is already understood and appreciated, and that history is even now doing him justice. Comforted also in knowing that her husband ministered to her uncle's dying days, and that he received his unqualified confidence and affection. Comforted also in the sweet task, the great work of training up her boy to be worthy the name of James Buchanan Johnston. . . . . .

This son grew to be a noble youth of fourteen, and died on the 25th of March, 1881. His character was affectionate and truthful, and his bearing was distinguished for its grace. His death was a terrible blow to his parents, of whom and of him Judge Jere. S. Black wrote as follows in a letter to a friend:

"I have just returned from the funeral of James Buchanan Johnston, affected by a deeper sense of bereavement than any death outside of my own immediate family has caused me in many years. It is strange that we cannot get hardened to these calamities in the course of time, or at least learn to accept some measure of consolation when our friends are fatally stricken. But human philosophy, how well soever it may be strengthened by trials, is powerless to save our equanimity in cases like this. The overwhelming grief of that beloved mother and the awful break-down of the proud father's spirit cannot even be thought of without strong emotion. Besides

that I had built much hope of my own upon the future of that bright and beautiful boy. He was gifted with uncommon talents, so well cultivated, and developing so rapidly, that even at the age of fourteen he was intellectually a full-grown man. With moral principles clearly defined and quick perceptions of the right, his sense of justice and his love of truth would have given him a dignity of character not surpassed by that of his illustrious uncle. But these visions of a moment are faded forever, and we can only sigh 'for the touch of a vanished hand' and listen in vain 'for the sound of a voice that is still.'"

XXI.

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

To Mrs. Lincoln more than to any other President's wife was the White House an ambition. She had ever aspired to reach it, and when it became her home, it was the fruition of a hope long entertained, the gratification of the great desire of her life. In her early youth she repeatedly asserted that she should be a President's wife, and so profoundly impressed was she with this idea, that she calculated the probabilities of such a success with all her male friends. She refused an offer of marriage from Stephen A. Douglas, then a rising young lawyer, doubting his ability to gratify her ambition, and accepted a man who at that time seemed to others the least likely to be the President of the United States.

Mary Todd was a Kentuckian by birth, and a member of the good old Todd family, of Lexington. Her younger years were spent in that homely town of beautiful surroundings, with an aunt who reared her, she being an orphan. Childhood and youth were passed in comfort and comparative luxury, nor did she ever know poverty; but her restless nature found but little happiness in the society of her elders, and she went, when just merging into womanhood, to reside with her sister in Springfield. The attraction of this, then small place,



was greatly augmented by the society of the young people, and Mary Todd passed the pleasantest years of her life in her sister's western home. On the 4th of November, 1842, at the age of twenty-one, she was married to Abraham Lincoln, a prominent lawyer, of Illinois. A letter written the following May, to Mr. Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, by Mr. Lincoln, contains the following mention of his domestic life: "We are not keeping house," he says, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady, of the name of Beck. Our rooms are the same Dr. Wallace occupied there, and boarding only costs four dollars a week. I most heartily wish you and your Fanny will not fail to come. Just let us know the time, a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and we'll all be merry together for a while." The pleasant spirits in which the husband wrote, must have argued well for the married life they had entered upon. Although much in public life, Mr. Lincoln was holding no office at the time of his marriage, but four years later he was elected to Congress, and took his seat December 6th, 1847. Mrs. Lincoln did not accompany her husband to Washington, but remained at her home. It was a season of war and general disturbance throughout the country, and while her husband attended to his duties at the Capital, she lived quietly with her children in Springfield. In August he returned to enter upon the duties of his profession, and to "devote himself to them through a series of years, less disturbed by

diversions into State and National politics than he had been during any previous period of his business life. It was to him a time of rest, of reading, of social happiness, and of professional prosperity. He was a happy father, and took an almost unbounded pleasure in his children. Their sweet young natures were to him a perpetual source of delight. He was never impatient with their petulance and restlessness, loved always to be with them, and took them into his heart with a fondness which was unspeakable. It was a fondness so tender and profound as to blind him to their imperfections, and to expel from him every particle of sternness in his management of them."

At this time Mrs. Lincoln was the mother of four children, and though one had passed on to the higher life, her home was one of happiness. Ministered to by a husband who never knew how to be aught but kind to her, and surrounded by evidences of prosperity, her lines had fallen in pleasant places, and she was considered by her friends a fortunate woman.

Mr. Lincoln was a hard student and constant reader, and was steadily progressing in knowledge. Thrown among talented and educated gentlemen, and possessing an intense desire for improvement, he had become, during the years of his married life, a superior lawyer and statesman. His was an aspiring nature, striving for the golden truths of sage experience.

His enemies sometimes speak of him as a man who owed his eminence rather to the contrast between his



HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD.

social and his political rank, between his qualifications and the place in history which it was his fortune to fill, than to his personal character or his political capacity, but the estimate is not a true one. A man so revered as is his memory by all classes of his countrymen, had a character untarnished by corruption, and a moral refinement far above the comprehension of the average public man. He was in his domestic life the embodiment of fidelity and gentleness. His career as a statesman, and not the manner of his death, places him next to Washington in the hearts of Americans. His services to the country rank as the noblest performed in its history after those of Washington. Opportunity, while it did much for him, was not all that made Lincoln great; it was his readiness to meet the emergency when it came; his ability to seize the occasion, and use it to the honor of his country, and his own lasting fame.

Mr. Lincoln was so intensely individual in his career, and his life was so devoted to public affairs, that it is with difficulty that a sketch of Mrs. Lincoln can be written that is not largely composed of the events pertaining to the official life of her husband. The White House during her life in it was the reverse of gay. Officials were the chief callers at the mansion, and the movement of armies, and the news from the front occupied the attention of its inmates. She was less fortunate than any lady who had ever preceded her in this respect, and to judge of her success in her position, it is

needful to keep in mind the conditions under which the administration existed.

The Republican Convention at Chicago verified Mrs. Lincoln's prophecy of being the wife of a President. It assembled the 16th of June, 1860, and after a close contest between the two favorites of the Republican party —Governor Seward and Mr. Lincoln—the latter was declared unanimously nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. In Springfield, Mrs. Lincoln waited in her own home for the result of her prediction, and when at noon the cannon on the public square announced the decision of the Convention, breathless with expectancy, she scarcely dared to ask the result. Her husband, in the excitement of the moment, did not forget her, but putting the telegram in his pocket, remarked to his friends that "there was a little woman on Eighth street who had some interest in the matter," walked home to gladden her heart with the good news. That Friday night must have been the very happiest of her life, for few women have ever craved the position as she did, and it was hers! Crowds of citizens and strangers thronged her home all the afternoon, and the roar of cannon and the wild, tumultuous shouts of excited men filled the town with a deafening noise. At night the Republicans marched in a body to Mr. Lincoln's house, and, after a brief speech, were invited, as many as could get into the house, to enter, "the crowd responding that after the fourth of March they would give him a larger house. The people did not retire until a late hour, and

then moved off reluctantly, leaving the excited household to their rest."

And now commenced the life which Mrs. Lincoln had so long anticipated, and if her husband was not elated, she was, and the hearts of these two, so nearly concerned in this great honor, beat from widely different emotions. "He could put on none of the airs of eminence; he could place no bars between himself and those who had honored him. Men who entered his house impressed with a sense of his new dignities, found him the same honest, affectionate, true-hearted and simple-minded Abraham Lincoln that he had always been. He answered his own bell, accompanied his visitors to the door when they retired, and felt all that interfered with his old homely and hearty habits of hospitality as a burden—almost an impertinence." She, annoyed by the crowds who thronged the house, and the constant interruptions, found it so intolerable that Mr. Lincoln took a room in the State House, and met his friends there until his departure for Washington.

Mrs. Lincoln was not greatly inclined to observe the requirements of her social position, and she thereby lost opportunities of advancing her husband's interests of which she perhaps was unaware. She did not rightly estimate the importance of conciliatory address with friend and foe alike, and seemed not conscious of the immense assistance which, as the wife of a public man, she had it in her power to give her husband. And this was all the more singular for the reason that she was very ambitious.

Just after the election, a circumstance occurred which Mrs. Lincoln interpreted in a manner which forced one to recall the predictions of her childhood. Mr. Lincoln thus repeated it. "It was after my election, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home, I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of

office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term."

Mr. Lincoln regarded the vision as an optical illusion, caused from nervousness, "yet, with that tinge of superstition which clings to every sensitive and deeply thoughtful man, in a world full of mysteries, he was so far affected by it as to feel that 'something uncomfortable had happened.'" Viewed in the light of subsequent events, Mrs. Lincoln's prophetic interpretation of the vision had almost a startling import.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their three boys, accompanied by a number of Mr. Lincoln's old friends, left Springfield in a special car, and all along the route they were welcomed by the people with every demonstration of hearty good-will. It was a time of anxiety, and the throngs that gathered about the newly elected Chief Magistrate seemed impelled by a stronger feeling than mere curiosity or excitement. Between Chicago and Indianapolis, the stations were decorated, the towns and villages were gay with flags and flower-bedecked mottoes, and wherever a stop was made, men, women and children grasped the hand of Mr. Lincoln, and wished him a safe journey and all success in the trying place he was going to fill.

An immense crowd cheered him as the train reached the depot at Indianapolis, and a national salute was fired in his honor. The Cincinnati committee of reception, filling his car, met the party there, and accompanied it

next day. The train passed by the burial-place of General Harrison, who had for a short month occupied the Presidential chair, and here the family of the deceased patriot were assembled. Mr. Lincoln bowed his respects to the group and to the memory of his predecessor.

The morning of the fourth of March, 1861, broke beautifully clear, and it found General Scott and the Washington police in readiness for the day. The friends of Mr. Lincoln had gathered in from far and near, determined that he should be inaugurated. In the hearts of the surging crowds there was anxiety; but outside all looked as usual on such occasions, with the single exception of an extraordinary display of soldiers. The public buildings, the schools and most of the places of business were closed during the day, and the stars and stripes were floating from every flag-staff. There was a great desire to hear Mr. Lincoln's inaugural; and at an early hour, Pennsylvania Avenue was full of people, wending their way to the east front of the Capitol, from which it was to be delivered.

At five minutes before twelve o'clock, Vice-President Breckinridge and Senator Foote escorted Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President elect, into the Senate Chamber, and gave him a seat at the left of the chair. At twelve, Mr. Breckinridge announced the Senate adjourned, and then conducted Mr. Hamlin to the seat he had vacated. At this moment, the foreign diplomats, of whom there was a very large and brilliant representation, entered the

chamber, and took the seats assigned to them. At a quarter before one o'clock, the Judges of the Supreme Court entered, with the venerable Chief-Justice Taney at their head, each exchanging salutes with the new Vice-President, as they took their seats. At a quarter past one o'clock, an unusual stir and excitement announced the coming of the most important personage of the occasion. It was a relief to many to know that he was safely within the building; and those who were assembled in the hall regarded with the profoundest interest the entrance of President Buchanan and the President elect—the outgoing and the incoming man. A procession was then formed which passed to the platform erected for the ceremonies of the occasion, in the following order: Marshal of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Supreme Courts and Sergeant-at-Arms, Senate Committee of Arrangements, President of the Senate, Senators, Diplomatic Corps, heads of departments, Governors of States and such others as were in the chamber.

* * * * * *

After the reading of the inaugural and the oath of office, administered by the venerable Chief-Justice Taney, Mr. Lincoln was escorted back to the White House, where Mr. Buchanan took leave of him, and where he received the large number of persons who called to see him.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Lincoln took possession of the White House, and her eventful life commenced in Washington.

The following days were spent with her sisters in happy bustle and excitement, arranging for the first levee, and domesticating themselves in their new abode.

It was held the 9th of March, and was the only one of the season. Her personal appearance was described in these words:

"Mrs. Lincoln stood a few paces from her husband, assisted by her sisters, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Baker, together with two of her nieces, and was attired in a rich pink moire-antique, pearl ornaments, and flowers in her hair and hands. She is a pleasant-looking, elegant-appearing lady, of perhaps forty, somewhat inclined to stoutness, but withal fine-looking and self-possessed." The levee was a brilliant one, and many citizens and strangers, not accustomed to taking part in the gay world about them, did themselves the pleasure of paying their respects to the new President and his family. It was perhaps the proudest occasion of Mrs. Lincoln's life—a triumph she had often mused upon and looked forward to as in store for her. The desire of her heart was gratified, and she was mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Lincoln was a fortunate woman in that she secured the measure of her ambition, but it was the impartial judgment of her friends that she was not a happy person. The match was an unfortunate one, in that it united two people of widely divergent tastes and characteristics. Mr. Lincoln was utterly devoid of those

social qualities which would have made him agreeable in the drawing-room and in the presence of fashionable people. His wife was fond of society, pleased with excitement, and gratified to be among the gay and brilliant company which she, by reason of her husband's position, found herself in. She would have made the White House, socially, what it was under other administrations, but that was impossible. She found herself surrounded on every side by people who were ready to exaggerate her shortcomings, find fault with her deportment on all occasions and criticise her performance of all her semi-official duties. The state dinners were abandoned and she was said to be parsimonious. Weekly receptions were substituted, and her entertainments were made the topic of remark. The first two years of the administration of Mr. Lincoln were years of the severest trial to him, and his gloom and absorption affected his family. The death of Willie, the second son, occurred during this period of anxiety, and for nearly two more years the President's family were in mourning. Mrs. Lincoln grieved long and deeply over her loss, and it was not possible for either husband or wife to allude to him without showing intense feeling. Mr. Lincoln rarely mentioned his name, and Mrs. Lincoln never afterward entered the room where he died, or the Blue Room in which his body lay. Several instances are told by Mr. Carpenter, the artist, of the affection entertained by the President for his sons. On one occasion while paying a visit to Commodore Porter at Fortress Monroe, "Tad,"

the youngest son, accompanied his father, and the latter, noticing that the banks of the river were dotted with spring blossoms, the President said, with the manner of one asking a special favor: "Commodore, Tad is very fond of flowers; won't you let a couple of your men take a boat and go with him for an hour or two along shore, and gather a few? it will be a great gratification to him." On another occasion, while he was at Fortress Monroe awaiting military operations upon the Peninsula, he called his aide, who was writing in the adjoining room, and read to him selections from "Hamlet" and "King John." Reciting the words where Constance bewails her imprisoned lost boy, Mr. Lincoln said: "Colonel, did you ever dream of a lost friend, and feel that you were holding sweet communion with that friend, and yet have a sad consciousness that it was not a reality? Just so I dream of my boy Willie." Overcome with emotion, he dropped his head on the table and sobbed aloud.

A man who could thus feel towards his children may well be called an excellent father: and such Mr. Lincoln was. He was, as a lady relative of his who spent many months in his house said of him, "all that a husband, father and neighbor should be: kind and affectionate to his wife and child and very pleasant to all around him. Never," said she, "did I hear him utter an unkind word."

Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, who knew both husband and wife well, summed up his estimate,

based on long acquaintance, in a single sentence: "All that I know ennobles both." Mrs. Lincoln was a lonely woman much of the time spent in the White House. The President had but little leisure to devote to her, and the state of the country was such that any display or gayety seemed out of keeping with the position she occupied. In the summer of 1864, the political canvas absorbed attention, and much of the season Mrs. Lincoln spent at the watering-places. In the autumn she renewed the receptions, and after the re-election of Mr. Lincoln the White House habitués saw promise of more pleasure than had been enjoyed there. The New Year reception of 1865 was the most brilliant entertainment given by the administration. Thousands of people paid their respects to the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and congratulated them on the confidence reposed in him by the people. The war was drawing to a close, and the North was inclined to look upon the Union as well-nigh restored. The inauguration was anxiously looked forward to, and when it was safely over the people breathed freer, and gave up the fear that had oppressed them.

There was general rejoicing in the land when the long anticipated peace was declared. General Lee surrendered on the 9th of April, and the White House was the scene of excitement from that time on to the close of the President's life. People thronged to congratulate him, and from all parts of the nation telegrams poured in upon him. The 14th of April was the fourth anni-

versary of the fall of Sumter, and on that evening the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, of the United States army, and a daughter of Senator Harris attended, by invitation, the performance at Ford's Theatre. A large audience greeted the President as he took his seat at the front of the private box. As he sat waiting for the curtain to rise on the third act, looking pensive and sad, as was his wont, he was shot from behind by John Wilkes Booth, the leader of a gang of conspirators, who had carefully matured their plans to kill the President and members of the Cabinet. The shot was a deadly one, and total insensibility followed it.

Mrs. Lincoln, unnerved by the sudden and terrible event, was assisted from the theatre to a house across the street, where her husband had been taken. She remained beside him until death released him from all pain. The return to the White House was a journey never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The grief of Mrs. Lincoln and her children was shared by a nation of people, but nothing could restore the dead, or give back the husband and father who went out from their midst so well only the evening before.

The afternoon of the day on which the President was shot he was out driving with his wife, and she subsequently remarked that she never saw him so supremely happy as on this occasion. When the carriage was ordered she asked him if he would like any one to accompany them, and he replied, "No; I prefer to ride by ourselves to-day." During the ride his wife spoke

of his cheerfulness, and his answer was: "Well, I may feel happy, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close;" and then added: "We must both be more cheerful in the future; between the war and the loss of our darling Willie, we have been very miserable." His household was very miserable from that awful night.

The grief manifested by little Tad, the youngest son, on learning that his father had been shot was touching to behold. For twenty-four hours he was inconsolable. He frequently said that "his father was never happy after he came here," and asked questions of those about him as to their belief in his being in heaven. He seemed resigned when this idea fastened itself strongly in his mind, and in his simplicity he imagined that his father's happiness in heaven made the sun shine brightly.

Mrs. Lincoln never recovered from the shock. After the death of the President she remained in the White House five weeks, too ill to depart. The remains of her husband were borne back to Illinois, through towns, villages and hamlets, bearing every outward token of woe, and the cortege was met at each stopping-place by thousands of mourners who paid their respects to the great dead. Impressive scenes occurred all along the route, and the funeral pageant which met the remains at Springfield was the largest ever assembled in the country. Robert Lincoln, the eldest son, accompanied the remains, and after all honor had been paid the body of the martyred father, he returned to remove his mother to their future home.

The White House was like a public building during these sad weeks. The officials were embarrassed under the extraordinary circumstances, and the mansion was given over to servants. The soldiers on duty there had no other authority than to keep out the rabble, and no one felt justified in taking charge of the house while Mrs. Lincoln remained. The new President, Mr. Johnson, disavowed any inclination to hasten her departure; and when at last Mrs. Lincoln removed from the building, it was in the condition to be expected after the hard usage it had received subsequent to the tragedy.

Mrs. Lincoln left Washington accompanied by her sons, the youngest, "Tad," being her special care and protection.

The country learned with sincere regret of the death of this lad after the return of the family to their western home. Mrs. Lincoln, after all the excitement and the trials through which she had passed, was unable to live quietly in any place, and travelled with the hope of recovering her health. In 1868 she went abroad and remained a considerable time in Germany. During her stay there she asked Congress for a pension, her letter to the Vice-President bearing date of January 1st, 1869. The bill was presented by Senator Morton, of Indiana, and was adversely reported upon by the Committee on Pensions. It read as follows:

"The committee are aware the friends of the resolution expect to make a permanent provision for the lady under the guise of a pension; but no evidence has been

furnished to them, or reasons assigned why such provision should be made. If such was the intention, the committee submit, the reference should have been made to some other committee, as the Committee on Pensions, at least for some years past, have not thought it compatible with their duty or the objects of their appointment to recommend in any case the granting of any special pension, or any pension of a greater amount than is allowed by some general law. If they thought the amount so allowed too small, they would feel it incumbent on them to report a general bill for the relief in all similar cases. If the increase proposed was on account of extraordinary military or naval services, the proper reference would be to the military or naval committee. Under all these circumstances, the committee have no alternative but to report against the passage of the general resolutions."

Previous to this time Congress had passed two Acts for Mrs. Lincoln. The first duty performed by it on reassembling after the assassination was to provide for the payment to her, by the Secretary of the Treasury, the sum of $25,000, the salary of the President for one year. In February, 1866, it conferred upon her the franking privilege. In 1870 Congress voted her a pension of $3,000 a year. She was thus provided for by the government, and having the small estate left by Mr. Lincoln, her income enabled her to live comfortably and independently.

Broken in health and depressed in spirits, Mrs. Lin-

coln has lived in various countries, much of her time for several years being spent in France. She has not and will not recover from the catastrophe which robbed the country of its President, and her of her husband. With him died all her hopes of ambition, of home-life, and of rest and companionship in old age.

In October, 1880, Mrs. Lincoln returned to the United States from France on the steamer *Amerique*, and among her fellow-voyagers was Mlle. Bernhardt, the French actress. The New York *Sun*, in describing the arrival and reception of the latter thus incidentally mentions Mrs. Lincoln:

"A throng was assembled on the dock and a greater throng was in the street outside the gates. During the tedious process of working the ship into her dock there was a great crush in that part of the vessel where the gang plank was to be swung. Among the passengers who were here gathered was an aged lady. She was dressed plainly and almost commonly. There was a bad rent in her ample cloak. Her face was furrowed, and her hair was streaked with white. This was the widow of Abraham Lincoln. She was almost unnoticed. She had come alone across the ocean, but a nephew met her at Quarantine. She has spent the last four years in the south of France. When the gang plank was finally swung aboard, Mlle. Bernhardt and her companions, including Mme. Columbier of the troupe, were the first to descend. The fellow-voyagers of the actress pressed about her to bid adieu, and a cheer was raised, which

turned her head and provoked an astonished smile, as she stepped upon the wharf. The gates were besieged, and there was some difficulty in bringing in the carriage which was to convey the actress to her hotel. She temporarily waited in the freight office at the entrance to the wharf. Mrs. Lincoln, leaning on the arm of her nephew, walked toward the gate. A policeman touched the aged lady on the shoulder and bade her stand back. She retreated with her nephew into the line of spectators, while Manager Abbey's carriage was slowly brought in. The Bernhardt was handed inside, and the carriage made its way out through a mass of struggling 'longshoremen and idlers who pressed about it and stared in at the open windows. After it, went out the others who had been passengers on the *Amerique*, Mrs. Lincoln among the rest."

Mrs. Lincoln took up her residence with her sister, Mrs. Edwards, in Springfield, Illinois, and was living there when the news of the assassination of President Garfield shocked the world. For a time the fact was withheld from her lest the revival of her own grief should entirely impair her health. The winter following her return home was spent by her at St. Catharine's, Canada, for the benefit of her health. It is scarcely likely that she will ever be well again, or participate in the social life of her friends. She will, however, be an object of interest to the American people as long as she lives, as the widow of the first martyr President.

XXII.

ELIZA McCARDLE JOHNSON.

In the autumn of 1824, the term of a fatherless boy's apprenticeship expired, and he entered the world rich only in energy, and a noble ambition to provide for a widowed mother. But he was sensitive and anxious to enlarge his facilities for an education, and his strong mind grasped and analyzed the fact that to succeed he must form new ties, and find a broader field of action. Tennessee was the land of promise which attracted his attention, and accompanied by his mother, who justly deserved the affection he bestowed upon her, he reached Greenville in 1826.

Young, aspiring, and ambitious, he was not long in making friends, and among them a beautiful girl evinced her appreciation of his character, by becoming his wife. Eliza McCardle was the only daughter of a widow, whose father had been dead many years, and whose life had been spent in her mountain home. When she was married, she had just reached her seventeenth year, and her husband was not yet twenty-one.

Education in those days did not comprehend and embrace the scientific accomplishments it does now, but a naturally gifted mind, endowed with much common sense, received a broad basis for future development. She was well versed in the usual branches of instruc-



tion, and possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that beauty of face and form which rendered her mother one of the most beautiful of women.

It is a mistaken idea that she taught her husband his letters; for in the dim shadows of the workshop at Raleigh, after the toil of the day was complete, he had mastered the alphabet and made himself generally acquainted with the construction of words and sentences. The incentive to acquire mental attainment was certainly enhanced when he felt the superiority of her acquirements, and from that time his heroic nature began to discover itself. In the silent watches of the night, while sleep rested upon the village, the youthful couple studied together; she ofttimes reading as he completed the weary task before him, oftener still bending over him to guide his hand in writing.

He never had the benefit of one day's school routine in his life, yet he acquired by perseverance the benefits denied by poverty. What a contemplation it must have been to those mothers who watched over their children as they struggled together! Let time in its flight transport us back to those years, and see what a scene was being then enacted there. In that obscure village in the mountains, three strong, yet tender-hearted women watched over and cherished the budding genius of the future statesman. History, in preserving its record of the life and services of the seventeenth President of the United States, rears to them a noble tribute of their faithfulness.

The young wife, thrifty and industrious all day, worked patiently and hopefully as night brought her pupil again to his studies, and punctually completed her womanly duties that she might be ready for the never-varying rule of their lives. Much of latent powers he owed to her indefatigable zeal and encouragement, and he never forgot those evening hours years ago when the scintillations of natural genius first began to dawn, which ultimately converted the tailor boy into the Senator, and subsequently into the President of his country.

Year after year she watched him as he rose step by step, and always as willing and earnest as when in life's bright morn they were married.

The later years of Mrs. Johnson's life were crowned with the honors her husband's successes had won, but the story of her younger days is fraught with most interest to all who can appreciate true worth and genuine greatness of soul.

In her girlhood she was the purest type of a Southern beauty, and like her mother was very graceful and agreeable in her manners. I have heard persons say that her mother was the handsomest lady in all that region of country, and her old neighbors stoutly maintained that Mrs. Johnson was the image of her. Her extreme modesty denied the imputation that she was the belle of the county.

While their means increased as time passed, and the caroling of their little children gladdened their home,

Mr. Johnson received his first substantial proof of the confidence of the community in which he lived in his election as "alderman." How intense must have been the joy of the good wife as she saw her pupil progressing in a career he was so well fitted to occupy!

At this time their residence was situated on a hill just out of Greenville, simple and plain in its surroundings, yet the resort of the young people of the village. The college boys, as they passed to and fro on errands, always stopped to enjoy a chat with their "Demosthenes," and were ever welcomed by the genial, frank manners of the gentle wife.

Fresh laurels crowned the alderman's brow when he was chosen Mayor, and for three terms he filled the position with credit, winning for himself an enviable reputation for honest deeds and correct principles.

Little has been written of Mrs. Johnson, mainly from the fact that she always opposed any publicity being given to her private life, and from the reluctance of her friends to pain her by acceding to the oft-repeated requests of persons for sketches of her. In a conversation held with her while she was in the White House, she remarked "that her life had been spent at home, caring for her children, and practising the economy rendered necessary by her husband's small fortune."

An impartial writer cannot be swayed by such natural and creditable sentiments, nor is it just that a woman who was the means of advancing her husband's interests so materially, and who occupied the position she did,

should be silently passed by. She deserved, as she received from all who were fortunate enough to know her, the highest encomiums; for by her unwearying efforts she was a stepping-stone to her husband. Patient and forbearing she was universally liked, and if she had an enemy it was from no fault of hers, nor did she number any among the acquaintances of a life-time.

Like Mr. Johnson she had very few living relatives; her children having neither aunts nor uncles, and being deprived of both grandmothers while they still were young. Mrs. Johnson's mother died in April, 1854, and his parent lived until February, 1856; each having been the object of his tenderest care, and living to see him holding the highest position his native State could bestow. There was not two years' difference in the deaths of these two mothers, and it was the unspeakable happiness of their children to know that as the wick burned low, and the lamp of time went out, all that peace and plenty could devise for their happiness they received, and their departure from earth was rendered calmly serene by the assurance that their work was well done and finished.

When the civil war, which snapped the cords of so many old persons' lives and hurried them to premature graves, sounded its dread tocsin through East Tennessee, it was a source of mournful satisfaction to know that those two aged mothers lay unconscious of the approaching conflict which was to bathe that section of the State in blood. The tall grass grew unharmed, and no impious hand desecrated the resting-place of departed virtue.

During the meetings of the Legislature to which Mr. Johnson was repeatedly called, Mrs. Johnson remained at Greenville; and while he sought honors and support away from home, she found compensation for his prolonged absence in the knowledge that she best promoted his interest when she lived within their still slender means. Her children received the benefit of her ripe, matured experience, until one by one they left their home; two to marry and dwell near her, and the youngest to be a comfort in her days of suffering. Her home in Greenville was thus described in 1865: "Just down there, at the base of this hill, stands a small brick building with a back porch, and around it the necessary fixtures. It stands on the corner of the square, near where the mill-race passes under the street on its way down to the little mill. That is the first house Andrew Johnson ever owned. It now belongs to another person. Almost directly opposite the mill, whose large wheel is still moving, but whose motion is scarcely perceptible, you will see a rather humble, old-fashioned-looking, two-story brick house, standing near the south end of Main street. It has but one entrance from the street. In front of it stand three or four small shade-trees. The fences of the lot and windows of the house show evident signs of dilapidation, the consequences of rebellion and of rebel rule. Like many other windows in the South, a number of panes of glass are broken out and their places supplied with paper. Glass could not be obtained in the Confederacy. As you pass along the

pavement on Main street, by looking into the lot you will see several young apple trees, and in the spaces between two of them are potatoes growing. In the rear of the kitchen stands a small aspen shade-tree, and down there in the lower end of the lot is a grape-vine trained upon a trellis, forming a pleasant bower. Scattered over the lot are a number of rose, currant, and gooseberry bushes. At the lower end of the lot, and just outside, stand two large weeping willows, and under their shade is a very beautiful spring. This is the residence of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. Up the street stands his former tailor shop, with the old sign still on it. And in an old store-room up the street are the remains of his library. At present, it consists principally of law books and public documents, most of his valuable books having been destroyed by the rebel soldiers."

In the spring of "'61," Mrs. Johnson spent two months in Washington with her husband, then a Senator, but failing health compelled her early return to Tennessee. Long and stormy were the seasons which passed before she again met Mr. Johnson, and how changed were all things when they resumed the broken thread of separation, after an interval of nearly two years!

At her home quietly attending to the duties of life, and cheered by the frequent visits of her children, she was startled one bright morning by the following summons:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF EAST TENNESSEE,
"OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL, *April 24th*, 1862.

"MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON, Greenville:

"Dear Madam:—By Major-General E. Kirby Smith I am directed to respectfully require that you and your family pass beyond the Confederate States' line (through Nashville, if you please) in thirty-six hours from this date.

"Passports will be granted you at this office.

"Very respectfully,

"W. M. CHURCHWELL,

"Colonel and Provost-Marshal."

This was an impossibility, both on account of her very poor health, and the unsettled state of her affairs. Nor did she know where to go; rumors reached her of the murder of Mr. Johnson in Kentucky, and again at Nashville; then again she would hear that he had not left Washington. She knew not what to do, and accordingly wrote to the authorities for more time to decide on some definite plan.

The military movements delayed the execution of the next order sent her, and the continued illness of Mrs. Johnson distressed her children, who knew that a change of residence would sooner or later become necessary. All the summer she remained in Greenville, occasionally visiting her daughters, and hoping daily to hear of her husband. September came, and knowing she would be compelled to leave East Tennessee, she applied to the authorities for permission to cross the

lines, accompanied by her children and her son-in-law, Mr. Stover.

Finally, after numerous endeavors, the cavalcade set out. A few miles out from town they were overtaken by an order to return.

Reaching Murfreesboro, exhausted and weary from the long trip, the little band were told they could not go through the lines. The Confederate troops occupied this once beautiful town, and no accommodations were to be obtained. Wandering from one house to another after the long walk from the depot, in the night-time, without food or shelter, Mrs. Johnson and her children despaired of securing any more inviting abode than the depot, and that was a long distance from the centre of the town. As a last resort, a woman was requested to share her home with the tired refugees, and she consented with the understanding that in the morning they would depart. Their Union sentiments made them obnoxious, and it required courage to show them hospitality. Next day they returned to Tullahoma, but on arriving there received a telegram to retrace their steps, as arrangements had been made for their passage through to Nashville.

A former friend of the family obtained this favor for them, and, nothing daunted, night again found the same band at Murfreesboro.

No effort was made to secure lodgings, all preferring to stay on the cars, rather than undertake the experiences of the previous night.

The eating-house near by was vacant, and into this Colonel Stover conducted the tired party. Without fire or food, or any kind of beds or seats, they determined to stay as best they could; and but for the thoughtful, motherly care of Mrs. Johnson, it would have been a night of horrors. She had provided herself with candles and matches before starting, and the remnants of an old lunch satisfied the hunger of the little ones, and rendered less cheerless their lonely abode.

Thus, from one trouble to another, subject to the commands of military rulers, liable to be arrested for the slightest offence, and ofttimes insulted by the rabble, Mrs. Johnson and her children performed the perilous journey from Greenville to Nashville. Few who were not actual participators in the civil war can form an estimate of the trials of this noble woman. Invalid as she was, she yet endured exposure and anxiety, and passed through the extended lines of hostile armies, never uttering a hasty word or by her looks betraying in the least degree her harrowed feelings. Wherever she passed she won kind words and hearty prayers for a safe journey, and is remembered by friend and foe as a lady of benign countenance and sweet, winning manners.

The following day Mrs. Johnson received the following note:

"MURFREESBORO, *October* 12*th*, 1862.

"MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON:—General Forrest sends a flag of truce to Nashville to-morrow morning, and he wishes you and your party to make your arrangements to go down with the flag, at seven o'clock A. M., to-morrow.

"The General regrets that he has no transportation for you; he will send a two-horse wagon to carry your baggage, etc. By remaining until to-morrow, you can go the direct route to Nashville; by going previous to that time, the route would be necessarily circuitous.

Respectfully,

"ISHAM G. HARRIS."

A diary kept by a citizen of Nashville at this time contains the following:

"Quite a sensation has been produced by the arrival in Nashville of Governor Johnson's family, after incurring and escaping numerous perils while making their exodus from East Tennessee. The male members of the family were in danger of being hung on more than one occasion. They left Bristol in the extreme northeastern section of the State, on the Virginia line, by permission of the rebel War Department, accompanied by a small escort. Wherever it became known on the railroad route that Andrew Johnson's family were on the train, the impertinent curiosity of some rebels was only equalled by the clamor of others for some physical demonstration on Johnson's sons. Arriving at Murfreesboro, they were met by General Forrest and his force. Forrest refused to allow them to proceed, and they were detained some time, until Isham G. Harris and Andrew Ewing, noted rebels, telegraphed to Richmond, and obtained peremptory orders allowing them to proceed. The great joy at the reunion of this long and

sorrowfully separated family may be imagined. I will not attempt to describe it. Even the Governor's Roman firmness was overcome, and he wept tears of thankfulness at this merciful deliverance of his beloved ones from the hands of their unpitying persecutors."

Nashville and comparative quiet were at last reached, and the long separated family hoped their trials were over. Mrs. Johnson had exhausted her strength, and for many months kept her room, too feeble to venture out. But her little grandchildren enjoyed the freedom of play once more, and their happy faces are remembered by strangers and friends who watched them in their gambols about the capital.

By-and-by Mrs. Patterson joined the family in the safe asylum they had found in Nashville, and young and old were happy in the reunion. But trouble, never far from Mrs. Johnson, came very near in the cruel death of her eldest son. Not long after receiving his diploma as physician, he was appointed a surgeon in the First Tennessee Infantry.

One bright spring morning, he started on his rounds of professional duty. In the exuberance of health, youth, and spirits, he sprang upon the horse of a brother officer. He had gone but a short distance, when the high-mettled creature reared upon its hind feet suddenly; the young man was thrown backward, and falling upon the frozen earth, was instantly killed. The concussion fractured his skull. Mrs. Johnson grieved for this son as did Jacob for his beloved Joseph, and not only the

mother, but the whole family, mourned with unusual poignancy his untimely death. Any mention of "Charlie's" name for years after brought the hot tears to their eyes, and a sadness, hard to dispel, gathered about their lips, when some familiar object recalled their loved and early lost one.

The convention, in 1864, nominated Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor, for the Vice-Presidency, on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln. In March, 1865, Mr. Johnson left his family in Nashville and went on to Washington. It was their intention to vacate the house then occupied by their family and remove to their home in Greenville, but the events of the coming month caused them to form other plans. President Lincoln was assassinated the 14th of April, and the Vicé-President was immediately sworn into office. A telegraphic notice in the Nashville papers the next morning contained the following:

"The Vice-President has already assumed the authority which the Constitution devolves upon him, and we feel doubly assured that he will so conduct himself in his high office as to merit the affection and applause of his countrymen." As this was the first murder of a ruler in the experience of the Republic, it will ever occupy a prominent place in the history of America, and, involving as it did the result of civil war, will live a silent monitor to all democratic countries. Had the conspiracy, which had been carefully planned, been successfully executed, the Government would have been paralyzed. Even as it was, and there was but one

death, when many others were meditated, the shock was terrible and lasting. It was a humiliating calamity to our free government, and a source of national sorrow and mortification. Men and women, reared to idealize rather than ponder the principles of the system under which they had lived; educated to give a ready assent to the hero worship of the signers of the Declaration, and voluntary adoration to the First General of the army, and the first President, rudely awakened from their dream of a perfect Government, became discouraged and dismayed at the unexpected, never to be thought of, murder of a President. It may not be amiss to give a few facts in connection with this unhappy affair, relative to the husband of Mrs. Johnson, which, affecting her interests materially, are not out of place in this sketch of her life.

After her arrival in Washington, a beautifully bound album, containing the letters of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, to Senator Doolittle, and the replies of himself and Ex-Governor Farwell, was presented to her. The letters were inscribed by an expert penman, and are prized by the family as a truthful account of Mr. Johnson's narrow escape from death, together with the main incidents of the assassination conspiracy.

The Historical Society of Wisconsin, through Hon. L. C. Draper, its Secretary, wrote to Senator J. R. Doolittle for a full account of the circumstances; to which he replied, that "by the sagacity, presence of mind, courage, and devotion of Governor Farwell, our own

distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Johnson was apprised of his danger, and his life secured, if not absolutely saved from destruction;" "and it is a matter of congratulation to ourselves and our State that a former Governor of Wisconsin was successfully efficient in securing the life of the nation's Chief Magistrate."

Governor Farwell's letter, in reply to the request of the Society, through Senator Doolittle, is perhaps the most authentic statement ever made in regard to the unfortunate affair. It is as follows:

"WASHINGTON, *February 8th*, 1866.

"HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, United States Senate

"DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 22d ult., requesting, on behalf of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, a statement of my connection with the occurrences that took place in this city on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln. It is a mournful task to recall the terrible scenes that I then witnessed. Yet in order that the expressed wishes of that Society, of which from the time of its formation I have been a member, and in which I have always taken a deep interest, may be gratified, and a truthful account of those events, so far as I witnessed them, may find its way into history, I comply with the request.

"At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, I was boarding at the Kirkwood House, my family being then in Wisconsin. The Vice-President had rooms, and was boarding at the same place, and I there

came to know him, and occasionally passed an evening in his room.

"Early in the evening of April 14th, 1865, I called to see Mr. J. B. Crosby, of Massachusetts, and found that he had but a short time to stay and was very desirous of seeing the President before his return. Having noticed in the papers a statement that Mr. Lincoln was expected to be present at Ford's Theatre on that evening, to witness the play entitled 'Our American Cousin,' we concluded to go thither for the express purpose of seeing him. This we did, and procured seats having the President's box in full view on our right. When the fatal shot was fired, we involuntarily turned our eyes to the box from which the sound proceeded, and at the same instant the horrible vision of J. Wilkes Booth flashed upon my eyes, brandishing a knife, and jumping from the President's box repeating the words, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis." I had scarcely seen and heard him before he had vanished from the stage. As the President fell, and the cry ran through the house that he was assassinated, it flashed across my mind that there was a conspiracy being consummated to take the lives of the leading officers of the Government, which would include that of Mr. Johnson. The cause of this suspicion and of my alarm for the safety of Mr. Johnson was, probably, the fact of my having read in some newspaper the article copied from the Selma (Ala.) *Despatch*, being an offer by some fiendish rebel to aid in contributing a million of dollars for

procuring the assassination of Lincoln, Johnson, and Seward.

"While some seemed paralyzed by the boldness of the deed, and others intent upon knowing how seriously the President was injured, I rushed from the theatre, and ran with all possible speed to the Kirkwood House, to apprise Mr. Johnson of the impending danger, impelled by a fear that it might even then be too late. Passing Mr. Spencer, one of the clerks of the hotel, who was standing just outside the door, I said to him, 'Place a guard at the door: President Lincoln is murdered;' and to Mr. Jones, another clerk, who was at the office desk as I hurried by—'Guard the stairway and Governor Johnson's room: Mr. Lincoln is assassinated;' and then darting up to Mr. Johnson's room, No. 68, I knocked, but hearing no movement, I knocked again, and called out with the loudest voice that I could command, 'Governor Johnson, if you are in this room I must see you.' In a moment I heard him spring from his bed, and exclaim, 'Farwell, is that you?' 'Yes, let me in,' I replied. The door opened, I passed in, locked it, and told him the terrible news, which for a time overwhelmed us both, and grasping hands, we fell upon each other as if for mutual support. But it was only for a moment. While every sound suggested the stealthy tread of a conspirator, and every corner of the chamber a lurking place, yet Mr. Johnson, without expressing any apprehension for his own safety, and with that promptness and energy which has always characterized him, at once deliberated

upon the proper course to meet the emergency. But the moment of danger had passed. The officers of the hotel, as requested by me, had stationed guards, who in a short time were released by Secretary Stanton. Soon many personal friends of Mr. Johnson arrived, anxiously inquiring for his safety. In the meantime, the news of the murderous assault upon Secretary Seward and his son Frederick had reached us, and justified our fears as to the general purpose of the conspirators. Mr. Johnson was desirous of knowing the real condition of the President and Mr. Seward, and requested me to go and see them personally, and not to credit any story or rumor that might be flying about the city. This was no easy task. Distrust and horror seemed to fill every mind. The very atmosphere was burdened with stories of dark conspiracies and bloody deeds. Thousands of excited citizens, soldiers, and guards, blocked up every avenue leading to Mr. Peterson's house, No. 453 Tenth Street, to which the President had been carried, and in which he was dying. None but prominent citizens, either known to the officers of the guard, or who could be generally vouched for, were allowed to pass, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in working my way through the crowd and past the guards to the house, and then into the room in which the President had been placed. The news was all too true. There he lay, evidently in the agonies of death, his medical attendants doing all that human zeal or skill could devise, and many of his friends had gathered about him, some in

tears. Turning away from this sad sight, I worked my way to the house of Secretary Seward, and there, too, I found that the villains had done their work. I then returned and reported to Mr. Johnson the disastrous doings of the conspirators. In a short time Mr. Johnson resolved to see the President himself. His friends thought he ought not to leave the house when there was so much excitement in the city, and when the extent of the conspiracy was unknown. President Lincoln had just been shot in the presence of a crowded assembly, and his assassin had escaped. Secretary Seward had been stabbed in his chamber, and the minion had fled. But he determined to go. Major James R. O'Beirne, commanding the Provost Guard, desired to send a detachment of troops with him, but he declined the offer, and, buttoning up his coat, and pulling his hat well down, he requested me to accompany him and the Major to lead the way, and thus we went through the multitude that crowded the streets and filled the passage-way, till we joined the sad circle of friends who were grouped around the bedside of the dying President. It is unnecessary to add anything more to this account of my connection with an event which forms, with the rebellion plot, the darkest chapter in our country's history.

"If it is true, as regarded by many, that the life of President Johnson was saved by the timely arrival of citizens at the Kirkwood, at the risk of their lives, then such risk was properly, and so far as I am concerned,

joyfully incurred, and this statement may be worthy of preservation. Trusting that this may meet the wishes of the Society as expressed through you,

"I have the honor to be,
"Respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"L. J. FARWELL."

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Republican* thus speaks of Mrs. Johnson:

"Mrs. Johnson, a confirmed invalid, has never appeared in society in Washington. Her very existence is a myth to almost every one. She was last seen at a party given to her grandchildren. She was seated in one of the Republican Court chairs, a dainty affair of satin and ebony. She did not rise when the children or old guests were presented to her; she simply said, 'My dears, I am an invalid,' and her sad, pale face and sunken eyes fully proved the expression. Mrs. Johnson looks somewhat older than the President, and her age does exceed his by a few swings of the scythe of time. She is an invalid now, but an observer would say, contemplating her, 'A noble woman—God's best gift to man.' Perhaps it is well to call to mind at this time that it was this woman who taught the President to read, after she became his wife, and that in all their earlier years she was his counsellor, assistant, and guide. None but a wise and good mother could have reared such daughters as Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover.

When Mrs. Senator Patterson found herself 'the first lady in the land," she made this remark, which has been the key-note of the feminine department of the White House from that day to the present time: 'We are plain people, from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust too much will not be expected of us.' When Anna Surratt threw herself prostrate upon the floor of one of the ante-rooms of the White House, begging to see Mrs. Patterson, she said: 'Tell the girl she has my sympathy, my tears, but I have no more right to speak than the servants of the White House.' When the 'pardon brokers' trailed their slimy lengths everywhere about the Mansion, they never dared to cross a certain enchanted pathway; and the face of any lobbyist set in this direction has always brought up in the end against a stone wall."

Mrs. Johnson shared as little as possible in the honors accorded her family, as well after as during their stay in the White House, and gladly turned her face homeward, to find rest and repose so necessary to her feeble condition.

Once more quietly established at home, she anticipated renewed happiness in the presence of her reunited family, and reasonably hoped to have much happiness in the future.

Death hovered near her when least expected, and one night, as the servant entered the room of her son (Col. Robert Johnson), he was discovered in a dying condi-

tion, and in an unconscious state passed from earth. From a tear-stained letter I gather these sad particulars. "He was well and on the street at five o'clock, and at dusk, as the servant went as usual to light his lamp, she discovered that he was in a deep sleep. He was never aroused from it. All the physicians of the village were immediately called in, but alas! too late to do any good. He breathed his last at half-past eleven that night, without a single groan or struggle.

"I do not suppose he ever made an enemy in his life. He was certainly the most popular boy ever raised in this part of the country, and continued so after he became a man. Oh, if he could only have spoken one word to us! but he passed into the tomb, unconscious of all around him. He was buried with Masonic honors, and the largest funeral ever before seen in this village accompanied his remains to the grave."

After seven years of wanderings, he was permitted to accompany his parents to their home, and to die surrounded by the friends of his youth.

Mrs. Johnson grieved deeply for this son as she had done for his brother. She lived in and for her family, and the loss of any one dear to her affected her seriously. Frail in health, tried by anxiety and care in early life, and a confirmed sufferer in maturer years, she became now a helpless invalid; and though she was glad to be at home again, pleased to see the kindly faces of her old neighbors and friends, she could not be an active participator in anything. She could only mourn for her dead,

and receive and give comfort to those about her in her own home. The world saw but little more of her. The suggestion at this time that she would live longer than Mr. Johnson, if made to her, would have been derided. She had little thought of recovering her health at any time, and particularly after the first ten years of her invalidism. Subsequent to her return, and the death of Robert, she ceased to entertain the wish to live many years, for she was less and less concerned in public affairs, now that her husband had retired, and was likely to remain, as she thought, in private life. His health was not as robust as formerly, and during the summer succeeding his return from Washington, he was stricken with cholera, and his life was for a time despaired of. From this he recovered, and in the fall he was again participating in the service of redeeming Tennessee from the reconstruction errors into which it had been led by men more eager for place than true principle.

In 1874 Mr. Johnson was elected to the Senate to succeed William G. Brownlow, and his wife saw him set out again for Washington, holding the same position he had held before the war. She rejoiced in the ovation that was paid him; read all that the papers said of him, and was pleased that his career was not over, as she had at one time supposed. He was again in Greenville in the early spring, and the quiet home-life was continued during the summer. He spent much time from home during the following season, making speeches throughout the State, and giving his time as of old to politics.

As a defeated candidate, he returned to Greenville from Nashville that season, and Mrs. Johnson then felt that they were two old people who would go towards the grave together quietly, surrounded by the worldly comfort he had secured for his family. This was not to be, however.

It was given him to enjoy the triumph of a re-election to the Senate for the long term, beginning in December, 1874, and he sat out the extraordinary session, and made his last speech in the Louisiana case. But it was not given this indomitable patriot long to enjoy the dignity with ease, which his own party and his opponents equally wished. He only lived to attend this one session, and the opportunity was given him to make one speech of importance to himself as a vindication of the course he had pursued while President. It was an appeal for the rights of a population whose government was kept from them by military force, and in it he threw all the fervor and sincerity of a man who was not only deeply interested in the subject, but who was speaking in favor of a policy he had devised and upheld under most adverse circumstances. Naturally enough, it was the grandest effort of his life, as it was his last. He went back from the Senate to his own people, and in mid-summer he was stricken down with death. On the morning of the 31st of July, 1875, he died at the residence of his youngest daughter in Carter county. Her home was not far distant from Greenville, and he thought that, though ill when starting, he would recuper-

ate from the fatigue of the ride, and recover more speedily in the country than in town. He had frequently said to his physician that "he did not think he could hold out more than a year or two longer, as he was completely worn out." Two days before his last illness, he made a similar remark to his wife, who was anxiously noting the change that had come over his spirits. He left her in the early morning, saying good-bye, with no thought of a longer absence than a week or two. The next morning his son and daughter were summoned to their father's bedside, and the startling news was broken to the invalid wife. She could not go to him, and her part was to remain alone in her deserted house, while her children hastened away. When they returned, it was to bring with them the dead. From this shock she did not recover. At no time had she ever entertained the slightest thought of outliving her husband, and now that this event had occurred, she was stunned and bewildered. She lived for six months, and died at the home of her eldest daughter on the 13th of January, 1876. It was not an unlooked-for event, though her children had become so accustomed to her invalidism, that they could not realize she was dying. She was always quiet and gentle, and her serenity deceived even those who watched over her continually. Very patiently and uncomplainingly she bore her part of sorrows, and it was only after she was dead that others realized what a sufferer she had been. Denied every other means of serving her loved ones, she cheered them, and the un-

selfishness of her life was not fully understood until two white hands were clasped in death, and her sad eyes were closed forever. She lived for others, and counted not self, and was rewarded for all life's trials in the love she was capable of giving to others. She was a woman of heroic mould, and her life-example was a noble one to her family, to her friends, and to the world.

Mrs. Johnson was buried beside her husband in the romantic place he selected many years ago. At the time he bought the property, Mr. Johnson offered to purchase sufficient ground for a public cemetery, provided the authorities would improve it. The liberal offer was not accepted, and for a time there were no other graves there. The monument erected by the children is a superb structure, standing twenty-six feet high, with a base that is nearly ten feet square. Granite piers rest on each of the graves, lying side by side, over which is sprung a granite arch, and upon this the monument rests, leaving an opening under the arch, through which are seen the graves. The structure is one of great beauty, with its four funeral urns supported on pilasters, and its exquisite carving. Upon the front of the arch is carved a scroll, representing the Constitution of the United States, and an open book with a hand resting upon it, representing the taking of the oath of office. Over the apex of the shaft—which of itself is thirteen feet high—hangs an American flag in graceful folds, and surmounting the whole is an American eagle with outstretched wings. On the 28th of May, 1878, this monu-

ment was unveiled with the most imposing ceremonies, and for the first time the simple inscription was seen. It contained the names, ages, and death dates of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and underneath the name of the seventeenth President is the motto:

"His faith in the people never wavered."



Matilda Patterson

XXIII.

MARTHA JOHNSON PATTERSON.

The resemblance to her father is a marked attribute of Mrs. Patterson's face; a reproduction, though moulded in a softer cast, of his distinct and strong features and expressive eyes. She inherited his executive ability, his comprehensiveness, and many of his characteristic peculiarities. Her countenance denotes strength, and the organs of the head indicate a harmonious and perfect blending with the finer sentiments of the heart.

Eyes large and full discover her power of language, and the development of form, color, size and weight, attest her ability to judge correctly and estimate proportions unerringly. Viewed from a phrenological standpoint, hers is a remarkable organism. The head is symmetrical, tending upward from the brow, indicating spirituality, and gently sloping to the ears and neck, embracing in its outlines the faculties of firmness, generosity and benevolence.

Never led off by persuasion from what her judgment decides correct, she rarely makes a mistake in regard to persons or places, and is the firm advocate of those less fortunate than herself. Like her heart, her mouth is large, the lips partaking more of the intellectual than

of the sensual. The length, prominence, and compression of the upper lip, bespeaks the firmness and strength of character which stamps her, wherever she goes, a woman of rare powers. Adapting herself to circumstances, she quickly masters any situation in which she is placed, and controls rather than follows the will of others. The intellectual lobe is large, the perceptive and reflective faculties are harmoniously blended, and withal hers is an educated intellect, with an available mind. She is possessed of almost sleepless energy, and her slight, frail form seems knitted for endurance. Never restless or impatient, she comprehends at a glance her position and requirements, and by the force of her will overcomes obstacles and bears up with fortitude under accumulated trials.

Reared in the mountains of East Tennessee, her nature is untrammeled by artistic contortions, and her manners are as free from ostentation as are the feelings which prompt them. The eldest of five children, she was to her mother an efficient aid in the care of her brothers and sister, and in the management of her house. When she was old enough to attend school, it was her task to assist in keeping house, and no duty was neglected. It has been remarked that she never had time to play. While other school-girls amused themselves in the sports of the season, the pale, quiet Martha Johnson hastened back to relieve her mother, and by her indefatigable industry performed the many deeds so grateful to a parent, when offered by a child. The neigh-

bors called her a strange, silent being, indifferent to the ordinary amusements of the young, but she felt herself ennobled by the work she daily made a part of her life, and passed these younger years in her own earnest way.

She was placed by her father, who was then a member of Congress, at school in Georgetown, where she remained three terms, and there laid the foundation of the structure which, as she grows older, develops her native strength of mind.

It happened that, during her school-life in Georgetown, President Polk, of Tennessee, occupied the White House, and she became his frequent guest, spending most of her holidays in the mansion in which, later in life, she was to preside. Her own accounts of her sojourn are amusing, deprecating as she does the awkward conduct of the timid, bashful girl, in the stately residence, through which the voices of children never resounded. She was shy and distant, and the stately kindness of the hostess could not overcome her shrinking reserve; it was her greatest delight then to observe persons, and the opportunity afforded was not lost upon her. She returned home in 1851, and was married to Judge David T. Patterson, on the 13th of December, 1856. No wedding festivities marked the occasion, it being congenial to her habits to have a quiet ceremony. After which she visited Nashville, where her father was residing as Governor of the State. Extending her tour through the Southern cities to New Orleans, she returned

to her old home in Tennessee, where she continued to live until the war in 1860 disturbed the private relations of the entire family. Throughout the stormy years of '61 and '62, she remained in East Tennessee, nor did she leave there till, late in the next year, she visited her mother's family at Nashville. It was her intention to remain several months and then go back to her home; but before she again crossed its threshold, the two contending armies had passed through the place, leaving nothing but the empty house. Every particle of furniture, every prized relic of her own and her children's infant years were gone, and their home was desolated. She trod its familiar apartments where she had left so many mementos of a happy past, and nothing remained save the bare walls. Well she remembered the arranging and adjusting of everything before closing it up, and as she gazed upon its comfortless appearance, her mind dwelt upon the time she had spent in adding to its adornment.

The family were in Nashville when the nomination of the father, then Military Governor of Tennessee, as Vice-President was announced, and they witnessed the delight of the Union men of the Capital, as the news spread of his success.

Early in February, the Vice-President proposed to leave Tennessee, and his children decided to seek once more their home in Greenville. The news of the assassination of President Lincoln flashed over the wires on the morning of the 15th of April, as the drums were

beating and soldiers parading for a grand review and procession in honor of the recent victories. It reached the family of Mr. Johnson as they were preparing for their removal home, and awakened in their breasts anxious fears for the fate of the husband and father. Assurances of his safety calmed their minds, and with deep thankfulness that he was spared, they sorrowed for the untimely death of the President. The Nashville papers of the 19th of April thus speak of the funeral procession in honor of the murdered Chief Magistrate:

"All places of business were closed, and every store and dwelling appropriately draped in mourning. The procession numbered upward of fifteen thousand persons; among them were Generals Thomas, Miller, Whipple and Donaldson, and in the line of civilians which swelled its length was seen the carriage of Mrs. James K. Polk, occupied by herself and Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson."

The family of the new President reached Washington in June, and soon after took up their residence in the White House. Here was a new field entirely for the diffident woman who was compelled to do the honors in lieu of her mother, who was a confirmed invalid. After the harrowing scenes through which the former occupants had passed, the House looked anything but inviting to the family. Soldiers had wandered unchallenged the entire suites of parlors; and the East Room, dirty and soiled, looked as little like itself as could be imagined. Guards had slept upon the sofas and carpets

until they were ruined, and the immense crowds who, during the preceding years of war, filled the President's house continually, had worn out the already ancient furniture. No sign of neatness or comfort greeted their appearance at their new home, but evidences everywhere of neglect and decay met their eyes. To put aside all ceremony and work constantly, was the portion of Mrs. Patterson, under whose control were placed the numerous servants connected with the establishment.

"The first reception held by President Johnson was on the first of January, 1866, assisted by Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, his two daughters. Their softness and ease of manner had an eloquent external expression in the simple neatness of their apparel, and surpassed in quiet dignity all who gathered to see them. The house had not been renovated, and the apartments were dingy and destitute of ornament save two kinds, which are more touchingly beautiful than gems of the East. Natural flowers were in profusion, and left their fragrance, while the little children of the house were living, breathing ornaments attracting every eye. The old injured furniture of the East Room was removed, and the worn-out carpets covered with linen. The supervision of Mrs. Patterson made the house quite presentable. Mrs. Patterson was attired in a blue velvet, white lace shawl, and point lace collar. Her dark hair was put back from her face, with pendent tresses, and adorned with a single white flower. Mrs. Stover, who was yet in

half-mourning for her gallant husband, wore a heavy black silk, with no ornaments in her light hair."

During the early spring an appropriation was made by Congress of thirty thousand dollars to refurnish the Executive Mansion, and during the long and warm summer succeeding, Mrs. Patterson struggled unceasingly with the atlas-heaps of lumber and old furniture scarcely worth repairing, but which was renovated for use. The firmness and decision of her character was fully tested in this trying ordeal, but she triumphed over every difficulty, and so managed the amount appropriated that the Executive Mansion was once more comfortable and more beautiful than ever before.

Appreciating the condition of the country just emerging from a long strife, she determined to make the funds voted sufficient to satisfy the demands of the upholsterer, and to do so she constituted herself agent.

Hearing the proposals of various firms, she found, to put the matter in other hands, she could not more than furnish the parlors and reception rooms, and then her determination was formed to superintend the purchases. By dint of perseverance and the co-operation of competent assistants, she had the house completed when the winter season approached. Old and abused sets were repolished and covered, and the papering which she had not the means to remove entirely, was made to assume a brighter appearance by the addition of panelings and gilt ornaments.

The warm weather, which had ever found her before

the war in her mountain home, now came upon her in its intensity, as she labored with her numerous assistants in arranging the comfortless residence over which she presided. Who, while admiring the elegant and refined atmosphere of the historic house during her father's administration, imagined that the entire labor was accomplished by the tact and energy of the daughter who received and entertained her visitors so unostentatiously?

Tenderly caring for her invalid mother, and her children, who grew weary of the restraints imposed upon them, she struggled on and succeeded in making the house not only attractive to her friends, but to citizens and strangers, who pronounced it handsomer than it ever was in times past. The exquisite walls of the Blue Room long remained a lasting proof of her artistic and cultivated taste, and the graceful adornments of the hitherto stiff and ungainly East Room were evidences of her ability. A newspaper correspondent who visited the White House complimented Mrs. Patterson upon the Republican simplicity of the establishment, to which she replied, "We are a plain people, sir, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while." "There is a homeliness in this utterance," said the *Albany Evening Journal*, "which will shock the sensitive refinement of 'ottar of roses and lavender water classes,' but it has a sentiment in it which must meet with response from every true lover of democratic ideas and practices."

Throughout the White House there existed not a single evidence of tawdry gaudiness or coarseness in color or quality; and from cellar to garret it was overhauled and adorned by the unaffected hostess, who called herself "a plain person from East Tennessee."

"The reference of Mrs. Patterson to the mountain home of her family, is suggestive of the fact that when the tornado of war was sweeping over Tennessee, President Johnson's kin dwelt where its ravages were most dreadful, and that while some who are now leading the shoddy aristocracy of the metropolis were coining their ill-gotten dollars from the sufferings and blood of brave men, they were being hunted from point to point, driven to seek a refuge in the solitude of the wilderness, forced to subsist on coarse and insufficient food, and more than once called to bury with secret and stolen sepulture those whom they loved: murdered because they would not join in deeds of odious treason to union and liberty. A family with such a record of devotion and suffering, needs for its recognition none of the adventitious aids of show and pretence. It is refreshing in these days of extravagant and pompous display, when silly pretence is made to pass current for gentility, when bombast and fustian are palmed off as good breeding, when the shopman's wife emulates the luxury of a duke's household, when no one is presumed to be worthy the honors of good society who does not 'put on airs,' to hear that the President's daughter, who, by courtesy of her new position as his housekeeper, is the first lady of the land,

proposes to set the example of a truly republican simplicity all too rare among those who influence the customs of the land."

In September, 1867, Mrs. Patterson accompanied the Presidential party on their tour through the Northern and Western States, leaving her two children with her mother at the White House. Returning in a few weeks, she resumed the routine of her life, and prepared for the approaching season.

Mrs. Patterson is the first instance of the wife of a Senator and a daughter of the President presiding over the Executive Mansion. President Jefferson's second daughter, Mrs. Eppes, held a similar position, but she never presided over the Mansion, and was but once a visitor at the President's house during her short life, after her father's election. The threefold responsibilities were accepted and endured with a calm reliance, on the energies of a mind ever ready for the occasion, and the world has already rendered the verdict of "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Simple but elegant in her apparel, never descending to a disregard of place, yet not carried away by the follies of fashion, Mrs. Patterson pleased the eye, and gratified the pride of all who felt an interest in her success. Golden opinions of her taste were won by the rich simplicity of her toilet on every public occasion, and the beauty of her dress in part consisted in the artless, unassuming manner of the wearer.

In the combined elements which go to form the marked character of Mrs. Patterson, she was not unlike Mrs. John Adams, and her will-power, guided by superior common-sense, recalls to mind the life of that brave woman of the Revolution; but the current of circumstances into which she has been thrown, has been almost too strong to allow her perfect freedom of action. In her life there has never come a time when she might choose between diverging pathways; but if she could not alter the stern fiats of fate, she had the power of dignifying little insignificant things, and, by her manner of meeting them, making the pleasantest side appear. In an eminent degree she inherits that most marked trait of her father's character, patient endurance, and knows "how sublime a thing it is, to suffer and be strong." Treading unmurmuringly the appointed way of life, she depends upon her judgment to guide her bark, recognizing the fact that when nature fills the sails the vessel goes smoothly on; and when judgment is the pilot the insurance need not be high.

In the higher walks of literary pursuits she will never shine, nor yet as a conspicuous person in any department of life. She has essentially a Southerner's love of home; and the duties devolving upon her as a mother, daughter, and wife, fill the meed of her ambition. True to principle, she will perform the duties of her station, be it high or low, and the amount of courage hidden away in the recesses of her nature would lead her in emergencies to dare—if need be—to die.

Simple to a fault in her desires, she has learned to gather happiness from within, and to rely upon the cold charity of the world for nothing. She would not pine for luxuries which others deem necessities, but even rather scorns the value many set upon them. Reared as she was in childhood by parents remarkable for ceaseless industry, she imbibed the lessons taught her by example, and is energetic to restlessness, and vigilant in working while the day lasts.

During the impeachment trial of her father, Mrs. Patterson was asked what she thought of it, and how it would terminate. "I have so much to do," she replied, "that I have no time to discuss the subject, and I suppose my private opinion is not worth much; I do not know how it will end, but all we can do is to wait." And she did wait, bending every energy to entertain as became her position, and wearing always a patient, suffering look. Through the long weeks of the trial, she listened to every request, saw every caller, and served every petitioner (and only those who have filled this position know how arduous is this duty), hiding from all eyes the anxious weight of care oppressing her. If she was indisposed after the acquittal, it surprised no one who had seen her struggling to keep up before.

There are no triumphs or displays to record of her life, no travels in foreign lands, nor novel sights of strange places. She has not stood in the Orient and watched the great stars swim down hot southern skies, nor heard

from the distant palm groves the orioles and nightingales. The even tenor of her way has been spent far from the palaces of luxury or the frivolities of fashion. She has not trodden the gilded halls of ephemeral wealth, nor basked in the sunlight of uninterrupted prosperity, but from the emanations of her father's genius she has gathered the forces which strengthen her own mind, and the rounds she has mounted in the ladder of progressive development have been won by earnest thought and the gradual experiences of a still young life.

She more than any other of her name and race, appreciated the giant efforts of her father, and upon her he devoted most attention. The companion in childhood of the village tailor, she became in womanhood the counsellor and friend of the successful statesman.

Louis Napoleon, in his Life of Julius Cæsar, says: "How little able are common men to judge of the motives which govern great souls." The history of Mrs. Patterson's stay in the Executive Mansion suggests the thought how unappreciated she was by those who fawned around her in her hour of triumph. Possessing native intellect to a high degree, she knows her latent powers, and her head thinks and her soul feels the difference between her sound principles and practical sense, and the flippant, vain women who consider her unfashionable. With such a class she could have no sympathy; and it is foreign to her nature to dissemble. Circumventing all attempts at advice and assistance, she taught many who insisted upon helping her, that a sensible woman is never

at a loss for words or manners, and to such Presidents' houses are as simple residences, requiring only the refinement of the lady and the ability of a resolute, determined person. Genial and social to familiar friends, she was generally distant and reserved toward promiscuous visitors; while, at the same time, she had a high sense of the justice due the masses from the family of the first official in the nation. This feeling of duty toward others actuated her course in keeping the White House ready always to be seen by the crowds who daily throng it. Parlors and conservatories were kept open as much as consistent, though many times very annoying to the inmates, and rendering the privacy of their own apartments rather a matter of chance than of certainty. It was not unfrequent that idle curiosity-seekers ventured through the closed doors which separated the private from the public wing of the building, and intruded upon the forbearing occupants; yet such occurrences were never made the occasion of trouble—a polite request and pleasant acceptance of the proffered apology sufficed, and not unfrequently added the offenders of etiquette to her list of new-made friends.

It was the custom of Mrs. Patterson to rise early; and after a simple toilet, to skim the milk and attend to the dairy before breakfast. In the hall connecting the conservatory to the main building, her clean pails might be seen ranged in regular order. When, on Saturday afternoons, the greenhouses were thrown open to the public, these evidences of her house-keeping propensi-

ties were removed. Fond of the delicacies of the table, she valued home-made articles, and the delicious food found always upon her table gave evidence of her personal oversight and thoughtfulness.

Caring for real comforts, to the exclusion of costly expenditures, she prided herself upon gratifying the wants and tastes of her household, and rendering the domestic life of the White House a reality.

In the possession of such principles, and actuated by motives which redound to her praise, Mrs. Patterson's life cannot fail to be worthy of emulation, and the satisfaction of her conscience must be a well-spring of pleasure, sparkling like sunshine through the darkest places in her earthly career.

The last levee held by President Johnson was discussed by a Washington paper after the following manner:

"The levees at the Executive Mansion have always been occasions of especial interest to strangers who chanced to be in Washington during the session of Congress; but never before, since receptions were inaugurated, has there been such an ovation at a Presidential levee as was last night at President Johnson's closing reception. The attendance comprised not only an unusual number of our own citizens, but also a greater multitude of visitors from all parts of the world, than was ever present on a similar occasion. As early as half-past seven, and long before the doors were opened, there were numerous arrivals at the Presidential Mansion. An hour later, and the rush had commenced in

good earnest. A long line of carriages extended from the street to the portico in front of the house; every car on the F street and avenue lines added fresh accessions to the crowd; while hundreds, availing themselves of the pleasant weather, came on foot. Although an extra police force had been detailed for the evening, and every arrangement had been made in the cloak-room for the accommodation of all, so great was the rush that confusion was, in a measure, unavoidable. The dressing-rooms and corridors were closely packed with people mainly striving to reach the entrance to the Reception-room, and it was found necessary to close the outside doors, and also the door leading from the hall into the Red Parlor. The crowd here was fearful, but, fortunately, it was composed mainly of the male sex.

"Those in front were pushed on by those behind, and the position of every one was most uncomfortable, while at one time, persons were in actual danger of being crushed. However, the utmost good humor prevailed, and we heard of no accidents. In the ladies' dressing-room, the pressure was also very great, and the breaking down of a table caused some thoughtless person to raise an alarm of fire, which for a few moments created terror and consternation among the timid fair ones. At ten o'clock, the line of equipages not only filled the carriage-way from the east to the west gate, but extended for two squares on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"The space in front of the Mansion, and the sidewalk from the portico to the gate, was crowded with people,

waiting in the hope of gaining admission to the house. Policemen were now stationed at the front entrance, and only a few were admitted at a time. Those who made their exit from the mansion were obliged to pass under the arms of the policemen, who were stationed to keep back the surging crowd. Hundreds left unable even to reach the portico. The door leading to the ladies' dressing-room was blocked by gentlemen looking for those under their charge, while scores of bright eyes searched anxiously through the throng seeking in vain for escorts not to be found. Many of the ladies, unable to find their escorts, were pushed on by the crowd, and were obliged to make their entrance into the Blue Room unattended, and in several instances it was not until the close of the reception that parties who had been separated at the commencement of the evening were again united.

"The President occupied his usual position near the entrance of the Blue Parlor, the visitors being presented by Marshal Gording. From eight o'clock until after eleven, the crowd poured through the apartments, and to each person, however humble his or her station, President Johnson extended a pleasant and cordial greeting. Mrs. Patterson, who stood at the right of the President, and a few steps farther back in the room, was attired with customary taste and elegance. She wore a Lyons black velvet, handsomely trimmed with bands of satin and black lace. A shawl of white thread lace fell in graceful folds over her dress. Her hair was simply and

becomingly ornamented, and her jewelry was of the most chaste description. The ceremony of introduction was graciously performed by General Mickler. In the vast concourse assembled to pay their respects to the retiring Chief Magistrate were many persons of distinction from abroad, as well as an unusual number of Washington celebrities. From Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic coast to the seaboard on the Pacific, there was scarcely a State or Territory that was not represented last night, at the farewell reception of Andrew Johnson, whose kindly grasp and sincere smile called forth many a hearty wish for his future happiness and prosperity. Exquisite bouquets of choice exotics were scattered through the rooms. The superb East Parlor was dazzlingly illuminated. Magnificent mirrors flashed back the light from the quivering crystals of the massive chandeliers. From the ante-chamber came the sweet strains of the Marine Band, floating in softened cadence through the sumptuous apartments. The scene was one of unrivalled interest, and will never be forgotten by those who were present. The display of wealth and beauty was bewildering. It would be a difficult task to describe the toilettes of the many lovely ladies present, and it would be still harder to decide, among so large a number of magnificent dresses, which was the most beautiful."

Another prominent daily contained a lengthy and interesting account of this reception, the largest ever held in the Executive Mansion, and from all the circum-

stances connected with the unpleasant political life of the President, was a significant proof that he was socially pre-eminently popular. Every grade of citizens, representing every party and creed, vied with each other in their expressions of admiration for the honest, upright conduct of the retiring Executive and his charming daughters.

"Last night, President Johnson held his farewell reception at the White House, and certainly quite in a blaze of glory, as far as social attention is concerned. Perhaps the whole history of the Presidential Mansion gives no record of such a crowded reception. It is estimated that some five thousand people sought admittance in vain, while fully as many must have gained an entrance, almost each individual member of this successful crowd submitting the host of the evening to the inevitable hand-shaking. He bore it well, and until the last moment a sweet, suffering smile irradiated his countenance. The band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' and the doors were thrown open. The President received the crowd in the Blue Room, which was handsomely lighted up, and adorned in the centre with a magnificent stand of fragrant flowers. As the crowd increased, the sagacious official abandoned the system of announcing names, so that the President accepted without explanation all who presented themselves.

"A few steps from the President, and near the stand of flowers, Mrs. Patterson, a handsome, though not tall lady, of very pleasing manners and appearance, 're-

ceived' the lady guests. She wore an elegant white lace shawl, which quite enveloped her person, and a long curl fell down her back. The simply unaffected grace of this lady, and her entire freedom from pretension, either in garb or manner, attracted highly favorable comment. Mrs. Patterson is quite a young lady, and when some of the bare-armed, bare-necked, would-be-juvenile dowagers were presented to her, the contrast was entirely in favor of the President's daughter."

Of the many elegant entertainments given by President Johnson, none surpassed the State dinners. They were conducted on a most generous and princely scale, and reflected lasting honor upon the taste and judgment of his daughter, to whom was left the entire arrangement of every social entertainment. The magnificent State dining-room, which had been closed during the last few years of President Lincoln's administration, became again a scene of hospitality, and resounded once more with the voices of welcome guests and personal friends.

Nothing contributed more than these "affairs of State" to win for the family that popularity, apart from their lofty social position, which they enjoyed whilst in Washington. A letter written by a lady who was familiar with the home-life of Mrs. Patterson, may not prove uninteresting, pertaining, as it does, particularly to the subject of State dinners.

"Late in the afternoon I was sitting in the cheerful room occupied by the invalid mother, when Mrs. Patter-

son came for me to go and see the table. The last State dinner was to be given this night, and the preparations for the occurrence had been commensurate with those of former occasions. I looked at the invalid, whose feet had never crossed the apartment to which we were going, and by whom the elegant entertainments over which her daughters presided, were totally unenjoyed. Through the hall and down the stairway, I followed my hostess and stood beside her in the grand old room. It was a beautiful and altogether rare scene which I viewed in the quiet light of this closing winter day, and the recollections and associations of the time linger most vividly in memory now. The table was arranged for forty persons, each guest's name being upon the plate designated in the invitation list.

"In the centre stood three magnificent ormolu ornaments filled with fadeless French flowers, while beside each plate was a bouquet of odorous greenhouse exotics. It was not the color or design of the Sèvres china, of green and gold—the fragile glass, nor yet the massive plate which attracted my admiration, but the harmony of the whole, which satisfied and refreshed. From the heavy curtains, depending from the lofty windows, to the smallest ornament in the room, all was ornate and consistent. I could not but contrast this vision of grandeur with the delicate, child-like form of the woman who watched me with a quiet smile as I enjoyed this evidence of her taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

"All day she had watched over the movements of those engaged in the arrangement of this room, and yet so unobtrusive had been her presence and so systematically had she planned, that no confusion occurred in the complicated household machinery. For the pleasure it would give her children hereafter, she had an artist photograph the interior of the apartment, and he was just leaving with his trophy when we entered.

"Long we lingered, enjoying the satisfaction one experiences in beholding a beautiful and finished task. All was ready and complete, and when we passed from the room, there was still a time for rest and repose before the hour named in the cards of invitation.

"Through the Red and Blue parlors we sauntered slowly, she recalling reminiscences of the past four years, and speaking with unreserved frankness of her feelings on her approaching departure. It was almost twilight as we entered the East Room, and its sombreness and wondrous size struck me forcibly. The hour for strangers and visitors had past, and we felt secure to wander in our old-fashioned way up and down its great length. It was softly raining, we discovered as we peered through the window, and a light fringe of mist hung over the trees in the grounds, and added a shade of gloom to the cheerless view. The feeling of bodily comfort one has in watching it rain, from the window of a cozy room, was intensified by the associations of this historic place, and the sadness of time was lost in the outreachings of eternity.

"Its spectral appearance as we turned from the window and looked down its shadowy outlines—the quickly succeeding thoughts of the many who had crowded into its now deserted space, and the remembrance of some who would no more come, were fast crowding out the practical, and leaving in its place mental excitement, and spiritualized, nervous influences, not compatible with ordinary every-day life. Mrs. Patterson was first to note the flight of time, and as we turned to leave with the past the hour it claimed, her always grave face lighted up with a genuine happy expression, as she said, 'I am glad this is the last of entertainments—it suits me better to be quiet and in my own home. Mother is not able to enjoy these things. Belle is too young, and I am indifferent to them—so it is well it is almost over.' As she ceased speaking the curtains over the main entrance parted, and the President peered in, 'to see,' he said, 'if Martha had shown you the portraits of the Presidents?' Joining him in his promenade, we passed before them, as they were hanging in the main hall, he dwelling upon the life and character of each, and we listening to his descriptions, and personal recollections. The long shadows of twilight and deepening gloom disappeared before the brilliant glare of the gas, and we turned from this place of interest, reminded that the present was only ours, and with the past we could have no possible business when inexorable custom demanded of us speedy recognition and attention."

On the morning of the 4th of March, 1869, President

Johnson, accompanied by his family, bade adieu to the servants and employés of the Mansion, and were driven to the residence of Mr. Coyle, on Missouri Avenue. Mrs. Patterson accepted the hospitality of Secretary Wells, and reached there soon after twelve o'clock.

Thus closed the administration of President Johnson. The most perilous, stormy, and trying one ever known in the history of this country; a record of rude unpleasant contact with defiled revilers, and a continued struggle from first to last to maintain untarnished the oath too sacred to be violated. Not here, but in the annals of history will all its triumphs be written; not in this day or generation can its untainted and correct measures be fully estimated, but to the coming men of America it is bequeathed, a sad acknowledgment of the tyrannous oppression of a President, and a testimony of his undeviating course, moving onward, swerving neither to the right nor to the left, but forward to the cradles of posterity who will pass judgment and wreathe immortelles to the memory of the patriot, whose truth will not be doubted, whose honesty cannot be impeached.

During the afternoon of the day the President left the Executive Mansion, the house in which he was a visitor was crowded to overflowing with friends and admirers who gathered about the members of his family to express their attachment. For two weeks the same scene was re-enacted, and day and night the numerous

callers crowded the spacious dwelling. One continued ovation of people of every political party assured them of their popularity, too wide-spread to be circumscribed by party lines. Behold them, reader, as they were seen that last night in Washington! The invalid wife is in her room, too feeble to walk, but surrounded by hearts softened and eyes moistened at the prospect of seeing her no more. Mrs. Patterson is bidding a farewell to the sorrowing band of employés who have asked as a last favor for a photograph, and she makes the gift the more acceptable by presenting them with pictures of all the family, accompanied by her deeply felt and eloquently expressed thanks for faithful services and personal friendship. Ever and anon the familiar face of a servant appears, and is not disappointed in the welcome received, or the parting token of well-merited reward for faithful services. Flowers, "recalling all life's wine and honey," shed their aroma through space, and soften by their delicate beauty the feelings of all kindly natures.

Time unheeded passes, and yet the advent of callers forbids the wearied eyes to close, or the final preparations to be made. With a hand raw and swollen from the hand-shakings in Baltimore a few days before, Mr. Johnson stands placid, earnest, and deeply interested in the final words of all. The lateness of the hour, not the last of the stream of visitors ended the affecting scene, and a weary but happy household slept at last, and their public life in Washington was ended.

XXIV.

MARY STOVER.

The second daughter of President Johnson was married in April, 1852, to Mr. Daniel Stover, of Carter county, East Tennessee. He died December 18, 1864, leaving her with three small children.

Mrs. Stover remained at home after the removal of her father's family to Washington until the last of August, and then, accompanied by her interesting family, took up her residence in the White House.

Said a newspaper correspondent of her: "Visitors at the White House during the past two or three years may retain the memory of a dignified, statuesque blonde, with a few very fine points which, a fashionable butterfly once said, would make any woman a belle if she only knew how to make the most of them. Mrs. Stover never became a star in fashionable circles, and now that she has left the gay capital, perhaps for a life-time, she is remembered by those who knew her best as a charming companion of the domestic fireside, a true daughter and judicious mother."

During the administration of President Johnson, the White House was brightened by the glad, happy faces of children, and for the first time since its occupation they became a part of the society of the House, and exerted a powerful social influence outside. Nothing

afforded their little friends more pleasure than to be invited to the President's House, and the agreeable manners of the hostesses and hosts rendered their visits always delightful.

Mrs. Stover's little trio, and her sister's son and daughter, were an attraction not to be resisted; and nothing pleased old acquaintances more than to be invited into their private apartments, where the games and plays of the young people interested more sedate heads. During the day, writing and music lessons hushed their merry voices, and the tasks of indulgent mothers occupied reasonable spaces; but after the evening meal and the return of the boys from out-door sports, the merriment began to the infinite delight of every one. Strangers who at the formal receptions saw the stately, sometimes haughty appearing daughter receiving with quiet grace the many who drew near for the inevitable shake of the hand, little knew the sociability and good nature hidden beneath her calm exterior.

It was a source of enjoyment and much laughter to Mrs. Stover's friends to watch her actions on social occasions, especially when her sister was not present. Like a statue the first part of the evening, with a look of resignation on her face irresistible, she would gravely return the salutations proffered, and resume her forlorn expression as soon as the persons passed on, only to be addressed again by other strangers, whose names their owners sometimes forgot and she rarely ever heard. Much sympathy she would receive from kind-hearted

acquaintances who supposed her wearied, until the band struck up the last air, and then they would be astonished at the glad light in her eye and the fervor with which she would bow them out. Bantering did no good, nor good-natured rebukes from the many spies who enjoyed her agony and deprecated her evident regret at parting. Often as she performed the task, she acted over her amusing *rôle;* and the last time she assisted at a reception, before her departure for her home, her penetrating eye discovered the suppressed smile, which broadened into hearty laughter as she tried to suffer meekly the infliction she would bear no more; but true to habit, she expressed her farewells with so much impressiveness that old habitués detected her and the old suspicion was aroused as to her sincerity. Long after the lights in the parlors were out, she repeated her experiences up-stairs to a friend, and congratulated herself that she was relieved from the only irksome task connected with her life there.

It was from no want of appreciation or just estimate of her position, but an unfeigned diffidence which she could not overcome, which kept her from mingling in the society of the Capital. And perhaps a feeling that she was not understood, developed this disinclination to meet strangers. To persons to whom she was attracted, she was gay and affectionate, full of interest and thoroughly devoid of affectation. Her children imbibed this trait, and none ever saw evidences of deceitfulness on the part of any member of the family. A native

strong sense, called common, but in fact a rarity, enabled her to discern the true merits of individuals, and in her conduct toward others to recognize the truth of her father's motto, that

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

To devise new means of enjoyment for her children, and provide for their mental and bodily needs, was her first thought, and each day was spent with them at some one of their duties, often at their dancing school, again overlooking their efforts at writing, never so well content as when performing some conscientious duty. It was in this character she made so many love her, and people who never knew her until she went to Washington, were never weary of praising the young mother, who so unaffectedly acted her part in the high station to which she was called.

Recollections of Mrs. Stover will not outlive the changes of time in the bosoms of the "society" people, who tried so vainly to enlist her in their set; but the sewing-women and trades-people, the attachés of the White House, in all capacities, and the servants who served her four years, will never forget her generous liberality of manners and means; her polite civilities to all who approached her, and the evident interest she took in their affairs, won her their lasting regards. The night before she left for her Southern home several days previous to the departure of the President and members of the family, the servants who had learned to appreciate

her friendship, wept unrestrainedly as they bade her and her children a last good-by.

The house was lonelier after her departure, and the voices of her little ones gladden the ears no more of those so long accustomed to hear their noisy gambols. No President ever before had in the White House so many children, or as youthful ones as were the five grandchildren of President Johnson, nor will there ever be a brighter band there again.



XXV.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

THE inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States placed his wife in the exalted social position of Mistress of the White House. Mrs. Grant's first receptio on the 4th of March, 1869, marked the passing away of just fourscore years since Mrs. Washington so gracefully dispensed the ceremonious hospitality of the Executive Mansion.

Her husband being the youngest man who has occupied the Presidential office, he consequently carried with him into the White House the novelty of a family of youthful children, and a wife who was still possessed of the ambition to shine in society, and who enjoyed the blandishments and excitements of high social position.

The prestige of General Grant's military reputation added increased lustre to his new position, and, consequently, could but render any triumph of political life the more signal, since his experiences had been of a widely different character. Upon Mrs. Grant, therefore, devolved the pleasure of performing a twofold part, in the discharge of which the people of this country from the beginning have desired her entire success. Unobtrusively and quietly she entered upon her duties as hostess of the White House, and devoted her attention as in the past to her husband's interests. She enter-

tained personal friends and relatives in large numbers, and not one of her old acquaintances was neglected or overlooked by her in those her days of unbounded prosperity and happiness. Very kindly the press of the nation referred to her, and always, upon every occasion, she so conducted herself as to dignify the name she bears, and to gratify her countrywomen. As wife and mother she is greatly admired, and in both these relations she is a credit to the sex and an honor to the nation she has represented so well. The moral atmosphere of the Presidential Mansion was a matter of congratulation to the American people, and they do not forget that the personal influence of Mrs. Grant had much to do with impressing this characteristic of her husband's administration upon the world at large. She is essentially a good woman, and as daughter, sister, wife, and mother, she has been all that could be desired, and has in an eminent degree fulfilled the promise of her early years, and the predictions then made for her by her friends.

Mrs. Grant is a Missourian by birth, and her early years were spent on her father's farm, Whitehaven (now the property of her husband), near St. Louis. Her father, Judge Dent, was a man of position and importance, and his son was, at the time now referred to, a cadet at West Point. Through her brother Miss Dent made the acquaintance of his classmate, and in the course of events very naturally this young couple, mutually pleased with each other, plighted their troth. The

match was not particularly pleasing to the parents of Miss Julia, and it was with no little satisfaction that they saw the young officer ordered to frontier duty with the army under General Taylor. Once out of sight they hoped that their daughter's feelings would undergo a change, and that she eventually would make a more brilliant match. But events occurred which endeared him to the family, and when, to crown all, young Grant saved the life of Lieutenant Dent in Mexico, the objections of the family gave way and they unconditionally surrendered. The constancy of the young people was rewarded after an engagement of five years, when, on the 22d of August, 1848, they were married. The wedding took place at Judge Dent's residence in St. Louis, and a merry one it was to all concerned. After the festivities the young bride accompanied her husband to Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, and after a stay there of six months, removed with him to Detroit, where he was stationed for more than two years. They kept house in a little vine-covered cottage near the barracks, and lived in the most unpretentious style. During their residence in Detroit, Mrs. Grant made a visit to her parents in St. Louis, and during her stay their first son, now Lieut.-Colonel Fred. D. Grant, was born. Two years later, and while the father was on the Pacific coast, Ulysses, the second son, was born at the residence of his paternal grandfather, in Bethel, Ohio. The other children born of this union are Nellie, the only daughter, and Jesse; the former in August, 1855; the latter in

1858. Both of these were born at their grandfather Dent's country home, near St. Louis, the birthplace of their mother.

After Captain Grant's resignation, in 1854, he returned to Missouri, poor and disheartened, and with no prospects before him. His father-in-law, to assist him, gave his wife a farm of sixty acres, and here for several years he fought poverty with his plough and axe—poor weapons, indeed, for one born to wield the sword, and educated in a military school. Of course he failed, and leaving "Hardscrabble," the title which he had himself given to the scene of such hard and unrequited labors, he entered the real estate office of a cousin of his wife's in St. Louis. He began his career as agent without a hope of success, and but for his family would doubtless have thrown up the position in despair. Nothing sustained him in all these years of bitter adversity and uncongenial surroundings but the hopefulness of his wife and the unaffected and unchanging faith she had in him. It nerved him to renewed effort, and animated him with fresh zeal each time that he faltered in his rough pathway. Her affection was appreciated by him in return, and his tenderness and fidelity was such that to them poverty was less terrible to bear than it was to their friends to witness. But there were four little mouths to feed, and the father felt that yet greater effort must be made for them. His wife did all the work of their home, and yet with the most frugal care he could not meet his expenses.

In the spring of 1860 he paid a visit to his father at Covington, Kentucky, to take counsel with him concerning his future, and to plan some new way to struggle for bread. His father owned a valuable business at Galena, where two younger brothers were making money, and into this establishment went the unfortunate ex-captain on a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Moving his little family to Galena, he commenced work in the tannery which has since been made famous by his association with it. Poverty went with him to his new home, and what had been "hardscrabble" on the little farm, and in St. Louis, was hardscrabble still; he could not meet expenses. Twice his salary was increased, yet he could not afford to keep any help, and his wife was maid of all work, and nurse and teacher of her children as well.

The business did not grow more congenial to the husband, though he tried his best to do his duty in it, and worked many times as hard as would have been necessary had he loved his task. Possibly, one reason of his unpleasant position was due to the fact that his brother, who was thirteen years his junior, was his employer, and as the success of the business was due to the enterprise of this brother and another still younger, the place he held, and which he could not satisfactorily fill, grew daily more disagreeable and unpleasant.

The twelfth of April, 1861, the day of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the death-knell of slavery, was the turning

point in the life of Captain Grant, as it was to many thousands of others, both North and South. But to no one man in the nation has it proven of such personal significance as to him.

He was soon appointed captain of a volunteer company raised in Galena; afterwards was made colonel, and later, through Gov. Washburne's influence, he received the appointment of brigadier-general. From this time he rapidly rose to distinction and recognition. Mrs. Grant and the children were at her father's or visiting his father's family at Covington, during these first years of the rebellion; she caring for her husband's honor and studying his interest in every possible way.

While General Grant was in command at Cairo, just after the battle of Belmont, and while his promotion to a major-generalship was being discussed, a relation of his said to her: "Ulysses may get along as brigadier, but he had better be satisfied with that and not seek to rise higher."

"There is no danger of his reaching a position above his capacity," she replied, indignantly. "He is equal to a much higher one than this, and will certainly win it if he lives." And this was the recognition she always gave him, and to this fearless advocate of his worth he was indebted for much of the material help he had received from both his and her family. In this time of success—though as well of anxiety—she repeatedly defended him, and more than once brought smiles to the

faces of her friends by saying: "Mr. Grant has great natural ability, he would fill any public position well if he once had a chance."

After the capture of Fort Donelson, while yet the country was ringing with praises of her husband's exploits, she visited him at that point, and later she paid him a visit at Jackson, Mississippi. Just after the surrender of Vicksburg she was in St. Louis, where she was serenaded by a great concourse of people, and in response to their repeated demand she appeared on the balcony of the hotel, leaning on the arm of General Strong. The moment she came in view the people greeted her with vociferous cheers. She was beginning to be made aware of the exalted place her husband had won in the admiration of the people, and for the first time she was sharing with him the dignity of the place to which he had risen.

Several weeks were spent with her husband at Vicksburg, and then, when his head-quarters were established at Nashville, she removed her children there, and remained in that city until after his appointment as lieutenant-general, making during the time a visit to St. Louis.

The implicit confidence Mrs. Grant reposed in her husband has long ago been rewarded, and there is now no one to question his ability as a military officer. But there was a time when her faith in him was in marked contrast to the opinions entertained by his and her relatives. They had seen him fail at farming and in the

leather business, and a man, in their opinion, who could not make money in either of these pursuits, was not likely to reach success in anything.

But his wife was loyal to him, and, when asked by a party of ladies her opinion concerning her husband's new responsibilities and prospects, just before the battle of the Wilderness, she replied:

"Mr. Grant has succeeded thus far, wherever the Government has placed him, and he will do the best he can."

"Do you think he will capture Richmond?"

"Yes, before he gets through: Mr. Grant always was a very obstinate man."

With the return of peace General Grant settled in Washington City, where his head-quarters as commander-in-chief of the army were established. His family were, for the first time in many years, again with him, and they greatly appreciated the three years of comparative rest they enjoyed. But they were destined to play a still higher part in the national life. General Grant, the idol of the people after Lincoln, and the most successful general of the age, was elected President of the United States.

Mrs. Grant parted reluctantly with her own home and prepared to take up her abode in the White House, but it was not before the fall of the year that she settled down to the routine life there, and prepared to perform the duties expected of her.

The first three years passed away pleasantly and with-

out any very great *éclat.* The President's household was accounted an eminently happy one, and there was always in the house some one or more of his own or his wife's kindred. But the children were at school, and there was less of gayety than when, later, Miss Nellie made her *début* into society, and the young cadet son had returned from West Point, and was his sister's escort and companion.

The family travelled a great deal more perhaps than that of any other of the Presidents. Every summer they spent at the sea-shore, and now Long Branch is their permanent home in the warm season. The children travelled abroad during their father's administration, the daughter receiving the most distinguished attentions while in England and elsewhere; and when at home their young friends gathered about them, eager to enjoy the pleasure of their company and the hospitalities of their splendid home.

But the event that drew the American people to the President and his household, as nothing else could have done, was the marriage of his only daughter. Mrs. Grant and Nellie became, from the moment her engagement was announced, the most interesting persons in the nation. What will the mother do for her child that shall be befitting the occasion? was the question the young and old of the sex asked of each other all over America. And grave old men, who had long ago forgotten the excitements of their own wedding days, caught the prevailing infection and became interested in

the sole daughter of the house, soon to be an inmate of it no longer. Mothers' hearts ached with Mrs. Grant's over the thoughts of the long separation, for Nellie was to marry an Englishman and live in England; and when at last the time drew near for the nuptials, the entire nation became interested spectators of an event which they could not but feel was the most pleasing, and yet the most sad act of all the grand drama of the double administration.

Nellie Grant's was the seventh wedding which had taken place in the White House. President Monroe's daughter, Marie, and President Tyler's daughter, Lizzie, among others, had passed out from it as brides, and now, more than thirty years later, this youngest of the Presidents saw his only daughter wedded in the famous East Room, on Thursday, May 21st, 1874. The wedding took place under circumstances of peculiar brilliancy. Mr. Algernon Sartoris, the groom, was, at the time of his marriage, twenty-three years of age, and Nellie was nineteen. He had been educated in England and Germany, and was a son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, of Hampshire, England, and his wife, Adelaide Kemble, daughter of Charles, and sister of Fannie Kemble.

Nellie Grant had led an exceptionally happy life, and for ten years previous to her marriage had been the recipient of the most distinguished attentions. Her father's position, and his rapidly increasing wealth, had enabled him to gratify every wish of his daughter, and as if to reward the fidelity of his wife in years past, he



surrounded her children with every earthly blessing. It seemed only strange that one so situated, and withal so young, should consent to marry and retire to private life. But the love affair, begun on the *Russia*, was destined to terminate auspiciously, and eighteen months afterwards the young couple were united. The wedding was the finest ever known in Washington, and was the theme of newspaper comment both in this country and Europe. All that affection, wealth and high social position could devise were combined to make it an event that should fittingly express the love and pride of the parents in their only daughter.

Not more than two hundred guests were present, but they represented the officials of the government and their families; the army, navy and marine corps and their families; the diplomatic corps and personal friends. The floral decorations of the house were superb, those of the East Room being the richest. The bridal party was accompanied by the President and Mrs. Grant, and the brothers of the bride, to New York, from which port the young couple sailed for England.

The summer was passed by the President and Mrs. Grant at Long Branch, and in the autumn the social life of the White House was resumed. Colonel Fred. Grant introduced his bride (Miss Honore) during the season, and the winter passed off pleasantly, though the daughter of the House was missed sadly.

The eight years' social administration of Mrs. Grant was characterized by great elegance and dignity. All

official and social observances were conducted on a scale of magnificence, and the mansion itself was richly furnished—costly plate and decorations were supplied, and the entertainments were on a more elaborate scale than had marked previous administrations. Among the social events of an official character that occurred were receptions and state dinners in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh, of England, the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, the King of Kalakaua, and the first Chinese Ambassador. The official entertainments were frequent, and the social career of Mrs. Grant as Lady of the White House closed with one of the most brilliant receptions ever given in it. After leaving the White House, ex-President and Mrs. Grant became the guests of Secretary and Mrs. Fish, and during their stay in Washington were the recipients of continued social attentions.

It had been the long-expressed desire of General Grant to visit Europe, and soon after the close of his administration he began the preparations for an extended journey. Returning from a visit to Galena, he arrived in Philadelphia a week previous to the day appointed for the departure of the steamer, and with Mrs. Grant became the guests of George Washington Childs, Esq. The most flattering attentions were bestowed upon them. Military parades, public receptions, and private entertainments followed each other in quick succession. The vessel selected by General Grant on which to make the voyage was the "Indiana," one of the only American

line of steamships crossing the Atlantic ocean. On the morning of the departure Mr. Childs entertained at breakfast a number of guests, including the late Secretary of State, Hon. Hamilton Fish, General Sherman, Governor Hartranft, and others, and afterwards the party, augmented by the presence of a large number of prominent gentlemen, proceeded down the Delaware. Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the youngest son, Jesse, who made the tour with them, Mr. and Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Sharp—Mrs. Grant's sister—and many other ladies and gentlemen were taken down the river to the "Indiana" on the revenue cutter "Hamilton." Arriving at New Castle after a sail of thirty-five miles, the voyagers bade adieu to their friends and boarded the steamer. The scenes which accompanied the ex-President and his family from the moment of leaving the hospitable mansion of Mr. Childs to the farewells at the vessel were such as never before had been witnessed in this country. Thousands of people lined the wharves and the air resounded with their cheers. The shipping was gayly decorated, and the flags of all nations floated in the breeze. Steam-whistles blew their shrill notes, and salutes were thundered forth from the larger vessels as the ex-President and his friends passed down the river to their vessel. The party sailed on the 17th of May, 1877, and from the moment of landing on English soil they were welcomed with generous hospitality by all the nations they visited. Over the continent of Europe, through Egypt, the Holy Land, and back through Italy,

Spain, Ireland and India, to China and Japan they travelled, and were everywhere the objects of distinguished hospitalities. The return voyage to San Francisco was completed in September, 1879, and the reception at San Francisco was of such magnitude and enthusiasm as to greatly surprise the ex-President. The people, without respect to race or party, joined in the hearty welcome home. The festivities varied each day, and every city in the Union sent invitations to the ex-President to extend his travels to all parts of his own country. One of the pleasantest incidents connected with their stay in San Francisco was the visit of a delegation of the Chinese of that city to General Grant, and the presentation to him of an address and a scroll of worked silk. General Grant, in acknowledging the great kindness and hospitality shown him by the people and authorities of China, expressed the hope that the country, by breaking down the seclusion in which she had been shrouded for ages, would continue to draw nearer to her the trade and sympathy of the civilized world. The head of the delegation then presented to Mrs. Grant a small ivory casket, saying that she had done much to break down the spirit of domestic exclusiveness that reigns in China, and that the Chinese in San Francisco desired to thank her for it.

This circumstance recalls an exceptional honor paid Mrs. Grant while in China, an honor the like of which no other woman has ever shared. And though she received distinguished attentions in all her travels, she remembers this as one of the most marked and most pleasant

incidents of her journeyings over the world. The occasion was a dinner given by the wife of the Viceroy of China. In view of the fact of the exclusiveness of the Chinese as a race, and the position of woman in that country, it is one of the events of the age. Mr. John Russell Young, the historian of the travellers, gives an entertaining description of it,* from which is taken the following excerpt:

"It was a radical thing for the Viceroy to throw open the doors of his house and bring the foreign barbarian to his hearthstone. This dinner was arranged for our last night in Tientsin, and in honor of Mrs. Grant. The principal European ladies in the colony were invited. Some of these ladies have lived in Tientsin for years and had never seen the wife of the Viceroy—had never seen him except through the blinds of the window of his chair. The announcement that the Viceroy had really invited Mrs. Grant to meet his wife, and European ladies to be in the company, was even a more extraordinary event than the presence of General Grant or the arrival of the band. Society rang with a discussion of the question which, since Mother Eve introduced it to the attention of her husband, has been the absorbing theme of civilization—what shall we wear? I have heard many expositions on this theme, but in Tientsin it was new and important. Should the ladies go in simple Spartan style: in muslin and dimity, severely plain and colorless,

* "Around the World with General Grant."

trusting alone to their graces and charms, and thus show their Chinese sister the beauty that exists in beauty unadorned; or should they go in all their glory, with gems and silks and satins and the latest development of French genius in the arrangement of their hair? It was really an important question, and not without a bearing, some of us thought, on the future domestic peace of the Viceroy. The arguments on either side were conducted with ability, and I lament my inability to do them justice, and hand them over to the consideration of American ladies at home. The discussion passed beyond me and entered into the sphere of metaphysics, and became a moral, spiritual—almost a theological theme, and was decided finally in favor of the resources of civilization. The ladies went in all the glory of French fashion and taste.

"No gentlemen were invited to the Viceroy's dinner, and the Viceroy himself did not entertain his guests. It was arranged that the ladies should go in chairs. Of ladies there were in all, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Detring, Mrs. Denny, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. Dorian, and Miss Denny. It was a distance of two miles to the Yamen, and the streets were filled with a curious multitude watching the procession of chairs, and having their own thoughts, we can well fancy, at this spectacle of the viceregal home invaded by the wives of foreign barbarians. It was quite dark when the ladies reached the Yamen. They alighted in a courtyard illuminated with lanterns, and crowded with officials in their quaint costumes.

The band of the 'Richmond' had been sent ahead by Captain Johnson, and as our ladies arrived they were welcomed with the familiar notes of home music. The Viceroy also had a band, and the musical effect of the two styles of music—the Chinese running largely to gongs, and the American with trumpet and drum—was unique, and added to the strangeness of the ceremony.

"As Mrs. Grant, who was in the first chair, descended, she was met by the wife of the Viceroy, who took her hand and escorted her into the house. The other ladies were shown in by one of the missionary ladies, who came to act as interpreter. They passed through a sort of hall into a small library. The walls of this library were cut up into pigeon-holes, filled with Chinese books made of soft, tough paper. The Viceroy's wife took her seat at the head of the table, and as each lady entered she was introduced by the interpreter. The hostess arose and shook hands with each in cordial European fashion, with perfect grace, and as though it had been her custom all her life to use this form of salutation. There were two other ladies of the vice-regal family present, the daughter of the Viceroy, a maiden of sixteen, and his daughter-in-law, a lady of twenty-three. They sat at the opposite end of the table from the hostess, looking on with curious interest at the company of foreign ladies, the first they had ever seen. Still they restrained their curiosity, showing no wonder, no surprise, and received their European friends with as much ease as if they

had been accustomed to a London drawing-room. The daughter-in-law of the Viceroy was dressed in subdued colors, much the same as the hostess, but the maiden was brilliantly costumed in a bright pink satin jacket, and green satin trousers, the whole embroidered with gold thread, and silk of a variety of colors. At every movement she tinkled with her abundant ornaments of pearl and jade, which hung in long pendants from her ears, wrists, fingers, and the cord of her fan. She wore two long gold finger-nail shields on the third and fourth fingers of her left hand, a curious ornament made necessary by the custom of high-bred persons in China of allowing the finger-nails to grow. Both of the young ladies wore their hair ornamented in the same manner as the wife of the Viceroy.

"The company sat in the library about ten minutes. During this time they were served with strong pale tea, without sugar or milk, in tiny porcelain cups. Then, at a gesture from the hostess, the ladies arose and walked into another room, a larger one, the hostess conducting Mrs. Grant. Crowds of servants swarmed about, and other crowds of curious persons looked in at the windows and doors at the unusual spectacle. The dining-room was furnished in European fashion, with divans and chairs. A chandelier of four gas jets hung over the centre of the table, and was an object of curiosity to all, as Tientsin has not yet attained to the blessing of gas. The dinner table was set in European style, with silver and French china, and decorated with a profusion of

flowers. The ladies took seats according to the rank of their husbands, Mrs. Grant sitting on the right and Mrs. Denny on the left of the hostess. Each of the ladies had her own servant who waited on her. The dinner was a blending of Chinese and European cookery. First came a European course. Then came a Chinese course, served in silver cups with small silver ladles and ivory chopsticks. Smaller silver cups in saucers sat at each plate, filled with the warm Chinese wine which you find at every dinner. The ladies tasted their Chinese food with fortitude, and made heroic efforts to utilize the chopsticks. The Chinese ladies partook only of their own food. The hostess kept up a conversation with all the ladies. First she asked each one her age, which in China is the polite thing to do. I have no information as to the responses elicited by this inquiry, the sources of my knowledge failing at this point. Then questions were asked as to the number of children in the families of the married ladies, and the age of each child. The younger Chinese ladies of the party sat at the other end of the table, and having no interpreter made themselves understood by signs—by graceful little gestures of the hand, nods, questioning eyes. It is wonderful how much talk can be done by pantomime, and the Chinese ladies with their quick intelligence soon found themselves in earnest conversation with their European friends. During the dinner there was a Chinese Punch and Judy show, and the noise of this entertainment, with the chatter of the servants, and the curious gazing crowd

who never left the doors and windows, made an unceasing din. China has democratic customs and privileges which are never invaded. Whenever General Grant and party dined as the guest of a Chinaman, in Canton, or Shanghai, or Tientsin, it was always in presence of a multitude. If the people were to have the doors closed upon them, even the doors of the Viceroy, it would make trouble. And now, of all days in the calendar of China, this day when female barbarians are welcomed to a nobleman's house, it is important that all the world should stand by and see the wonder.

"The hostess, with a gesture and smile of welcome, drank from her cup of warm wine a toast to her friends. The ladies sipped their wine in response. This astonished the hostess, who had been told that it was the custom of barbarian ladies to drink their glasses dry. But it was explained that while some ambitious gentlemen in foreign society ventured upon such experiments, the ladies never did. The hostess wondered at this, and seemed to think that somehow it would be more like what she had heard if the ladies drank more champagne, if they drained their glasses and turned them upside down. Then the jewels were passed from hand to hand to be examined by the Chinese ladies. This study of jewelry, of diamond and emerald, of ruby and turquoise, occupied most of the time that remained to the dinner. Once or twice the tall form of the Viceroy could be observed looking over the heads of the crowd to see how his wife and her foreign friends were enjoying them-

selves. When observed his Excellency withdrew. Although not appearing during the dinner, nor at the reception before, the Viceroy was now and then seen moving about among the curious gazers, evidently anxious about his feast, anxious that nothing should be wanting in honor of his guests.

"After the dinner the party went into another room. Here was a piano which had been brought from the foreign settlement. This was a new delight to the hostess, who had never seen a piano, and she expressed her pleasure and surprise. One of the pieces was a waltz, a merry German waltz, and two of the ladies went through the measures, giving variety to the dance by balancing separately with one arm akimbo, the other holding up the skirt, then twirling away to different parts of the room and coming together again. This revelation of barbarian customs created great astonishment, and when the dance stopped there was a chorus of approbation from the Chinese, as if they had discovered a new pleasure in the world, the hostess nodding and smiling with more energy of manner than she had shown during the evening. This performance was witnessed by the Viceroy, who perhaps had his own thoughts as a far-seeing statesman as to what China would become if German music ever found its way into Chinese households, and mothers and maidens gave way to the temptations of the waltz. There were snatches of singing, one of the ladies who had an expressive voice warbling some roundelay from the Tyrol. This

created another sensation, and was so new, and strange, and overwhelming that the Chinese maiden in the dazzling pink jacket lost her Oriental composure, and gave a faint start and laughed, and fearing she had committed some breach of propriety, suddenly recovered herself and coyly looked about to see if she had in any way given offence to her barbarian guests. The hostess, however, sat by the side of Mrs. Grant during the whole performance, and looked on as calmly at these strange phenomena of an unknown civilization as if she had known the waltz and heard Tyrolean ditties all her days. The hostess, with high-bred courtesy, always arose when her guests did, and never sat down until they were seated. The feet of the Chinese ladies were extremely small—scarcely more than two or three inches long—and when they walked it was with difficulty, and only by the aid of the waiting-women who walked behind. A Chinese lady of rank does nothing without the aid of servants. If she wishes to take a handkerchief out of her pocket a servant performs the office. But during the whole evening, at every phase of the reception and the entertainment, the hostess showed a self-possession and courtesy that might have been learned in the drawing-rooms of Saint Germain. She took pains to show attention to every one. When the time came to leave she went with Mrs. Grant to her chair. When the others left she took her leave of them at the door, and they parted with good wishes and polite little speeches of thanks and welcome."

Mrs. Grant has the distinction of having travelled

more than any other lady who has graced the White House, and of having received at the hands of foreigners more attention than has fallen to the lot of any other American lady. In her tour she was the guest of the heads of the government in all countries, and participated in hospitalities of crown heads and the representative nobility. Her life from the period when her husband became the victorious general of the army, has been one of high social rank, and the years as they have passed have brought her many blessings. She has known public honors and domestic happiness, and is a most fortunate woman. She has sought her chief pleasure in life in the family circle, and her reward has been found in their happiness. The White House under Mrs. Grant's social administration was a delightful home, and was ever the abode of many relatives and friends who shared in the many pleasures it afforded. An atmosphere of pleasant social life was felt by all visitors at the Executive Mansion, and though Mrs. Grant was not particularly fond of society, her stay in the White House is remembered as a period of great gayety in Washington. She was identified with the events of the administration in all semi-official ways, and was as popular in society as any of the women who had preceded her. A wife and mother, she was occupied with the duties pertaining to domestic relations, and divided her time between her public and private obligations. In this respect of having two-fold duties to perform she was like all the wives of the Presidents, and with one excep-

tion the White House has known no lady differently situated. Harriet Lane was untrammelled with domestic cares when she presided there, and was moreover a great belle. Society claimed more from her than it ever did of any other lady, and the circumstances attending her life there made it the most marked in many respects that has yet been chronicled. Mrs. Grant's deep interest in the success of her husband, and her commendable desire to have her countrywomen satisfied with her administration as hostess, were motives sufficiently impelling to incite her to every exertion necessary to the accomplishment of her purpose, and she has the satisfaction of knowing that her career was approved. In her domesticity, which is her leading characteristic, and with her strong sense and practical ideas, she had ample armor of protection against mistakes, and she lived eight years in the White House as serenely as she would have done in Galena. It is to her credit that her sons, grown to manhood, pay her marked attentions, and that she is to them the ideal mother. To be approved by one's friends is comfort, but to be adored by one's children is to be crowned with the most imperishable of earthly diadems. When Mrs. Grant appeared in sight of the people of San Francisco, she was leaning on the arm of one of her boys, who had gone out to meet her, and it was a pleasing sight to those who saw the tender devotion of the son to his long-absent mother. General Grant was in the hands of the committees who were to show him honor, but his wife was accepting homage far more sat-

isfying. Her mother's heart was far more touched by the welcome she received than any other that could be given her. It is this womanly quality which has influenced her to be a less conspicuous figure than her position lent her opportunity for being. She has not cared to be recognized apart from her husband, but to be identified with him, and while this trait is an admirable one, it has none the less conspired to limit rather than enlarge the acquaintance of the public with her. But she is a woman approved by her sex, and her record is one that her sister-women will always admire. She has enjoyed great honors, and abused none of her gifts, and her name will ever be associated in terms of praise with that of the country's second military President, and the most successful general of his day. Her life is yet in its summer, and the laurels bestowed upon her are bright and undimmed, and for a long time yet she will be in the enjoyment of them. Whatever future awaits her she will meet it with dignity and appreciative consideration of the exceptionally brilliant position she has filled.

XXVI.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

MRS. HAYES was the most widely known and universally popular President's wife the country has known. She was an element in the administration that was gladly recognized, and her influence was most potent and admirable. In her successful career as the first lady of the land were outlined the future possibilities of her sex in all other positions and conditions. She represented the new woman era, and was the first of the women of the White House of the third period. The women of the Revolutionary period of American history exhibited stronger traits of character than those who succeeded them. There was necessity for higher qualities—the display of courage, heroism and fortitude, and they were discovered in every emergency. The country was young and the people were experimenting with liberty; there were common dangers to be shared, and fewer honors than have fallen to those who came into the inheritance secured for them. With the end of the administration of John Quincy Adams a new generation of men and women claimed public notice, and the women who came to hold the highest place of honor in the land were the representatives of this second era of the country's history. They were social queens, but nothing more. They aspired to supremacy in the drawing room,



and were content to acquire it. Some were too little used to the world to care for even this, and led retired domestic lives, wholly apart from the public careers of their husbands.

Mrs. Hayes is the product of the last half of the nineteenth century, and in her strong, healthful influence gives the world assurance of what the next century women will be. Her life, for many years, was spent before the public, and she so fully identified herself with her husband's administration that it can never be remembered apart from her. She gave her every thought to the maintenance and advancement of her husband's fame and name as the Chief Magistrate of the United States; she deemed no act, however insignificant of itself, too slight to be considered unimportant if, in its results, it could add to his renown. In no one particular did she so ably display her strength of character as in commanding, by her strict adherence to her domestic duties, the recognition due her for her able performance of the responsibility devolving upon her as the counsellor and friend of the President. Mrs. Hayes went to the White House prepared through her happy married life, through her winsome, cheerful spirit; through her long experience in official circles; through her intelligence and culture, and her social rank and attributes, to fill the highest place a woman can occupy in a Republic. Through her husband the dignified place she filled was hers, and in the daily performance of the pleasant duties of hostess of the Executive Mansion she thought of his

honor first. In the results attained by her was again exemplified the truth of the old adage that we cannot rightly help others without helping ourselves. She, in lending additional strength to her husband's administration, commanded increased respect for her sex. She gave the world a fair example of the power for good which a woman of fine breeding and social opportunities can exercise. Mrs. Hayes called forth, through her successful efforts in placing herself beside her husband in his official rank, a more just appreciation of her womanhood and a higher reverence for the relations of wifehood and motherhood. This service, though it has not been generally recognized as such, is perhaps the greatest she could have done the world. The assertion will be endorsed when the fact, which cannot be controverted, is recognized, that great men in this country have not always been fortunate in being wedded to representative women. From the time of Franklin down to the era of Henry Clay, and even more recently, the wives of many of the leading public men of the country have not been remarkable. It will require but little effort to recall the many representatives of the common-place in women who have filled—or rather failed to fill—the places made theirs by reason of their husbands' positions. The harmony of domestic life has been lost to public men, no less than to those not known to the public, by their refusal or their inability to recognize the individuality of their wives and the duty these same wives owed to society and the world at large.

Ignorance and prejudice, combined with jealousy, have cost men in their domestic relations more misery than the world readily perceives, but it is gradually coming to appreciate the fact through the tares that have come up in the places where a harvest was anticipated. People do not gather grapes from thistles nor figs from thorns with any greater success than in olden times. And from the days of Socrates down to that of President Hayes homes have been bright and happy, or otherwise, according to the respect in which the women at the head of them were held. Many of our great men have left an unpleasant record of their domestic lives, and the retribution has come in the misconduct of children, sometimes to the third and fourth generation. Mrs. Hayes, in her honored place, helped men and women to realize the glory of life when love is its impelling power; and in the hearts of women this feeling was much strengthened by observing the universal and spontaneous reverence exhibited toward a woman who was strong in herself and in the public position she sustained.

Mrs. Hayes was born in Chillicothe, when it was the capital of Ohio, and was the daughter of Dr. James Webb, and the granddaughter of Dr. Isaac Cook. The Webbs were natives of Granville county, North Carolina. In the last century three worthy brothers belonging to this family went out from home to carve their own way. One of them became a leading merchant of Richmond, Virginia; a second one lived near his old

home, wedded to farm life; and the third removed to Ohio and became a prominent physician. This latter brother was the father of Lucy Webb. He died in 1833, of cholera, in Lexington, Kentucky, where he had gone to complete arrangements for sending slaves to Liberia who had been set free by himself and his father. The maternal grandfather of Miss Webb was one of the first settlers of Chillicothe, and belonged to the best Puritan stock of New England. Her mother, Mrs. Webb, was a lady of unusual strength of character and of deep religious convictions. After the death of her husband she removed to Delaware, in order to be near the Wesleyan University, where her sons were educated. Her fortune was ample, and she was enabled to give her children every advantage. In order to be near them she fitted up a cottage on the college grounds, and her house was thenceforth a happy gathering-place for the classmates of the brothers at holiday times. She studied with her brothers and recited to the college instructors, and had the advantages of a training which prepared her for the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, which she entered at the same time that her brothers commenced their studies in the medical college. She was peculiarly fortunate in having as her early teachers the professors of the university at Delaware, and it is no small credit to the denomination to which she belonged to have it said that it gave to both sexes the best school advantages to be procured in the West in that day or at the present time.

The training of girls was not considered as impor-

tant twenty-five years ago as it is now, and when the opportunities enjoyed by Miss Webb are considered, together with the fact that she was a graduate of the first chartered college for young women in the United States, it will be realized from whence came her executive ability and well-balanced character. She was, while at the college in Cincinnati, under the instruction and in the family of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Wilbur, and her stay with them was a season of enjoyment and study. It was during her life in this school that her affections were engaged by Mr. Hayes, then a promising young lawyer of Cincinnati and a native of Delaware. She was at the Delaware Sulphur Springs enjoying a vacation when she formed his acquaintance, and he thenceforth became a frequent visitor at the Friday evening receptions held at the college parlors. The impression the vivacious under-graduate made upon him during this summer vacation is expressed in a letter he wrote to a friend in Delaware after his return to the city. He says: "My friend Jones has introduced me to many of our city belles, but I do not see any one who makes me forget the natural gayety and attractiveness of Miss Lucy."

Her schoolmates have many pleasant memories of her. One of them, writing of her in 1880, while she was yet in the White House, referred to her great likeness to her mother in mental and moral qualities in this wise, and thus speaks of one of her traits of character. She says: "There is one trait in the character of Mrs. Hayes which I should like to emphasize. She absolutely will

not talk gossip. Even in the intimate confidences of daily intercourse she is as guarded as in the presence of a multitude. The Executive Mansion has for its mistress one who is a living exemplification of Christ's Golden Rule. Except in very rare instances, when some act of oppression to the poor or the defenceless outrages her sense of right, she is always thoroughly kind in expression. I think this trait of carefulness for the feelings of others a gift from her mother, who had a nature exceedingly genial and kind. It is indeed a blessed thing for our country that such a woman had the training of our President's wife."

While yet at school Miss Webb became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was even in those early years ardently attached to the duties and requirements of a Christian life, and in this, as in other respects, followed closely in the footsteps of her mother. She was a clever student, as one of her companions in school admits in a letter in which she says: "Lucy Webb was a first-class student in botany and other studies, and I have reason to recall my feeling of mingled annoyance and admiration as our teacher, Miss De Forrest, would turn from us older girls to Miss Webb, who sat at the head of the class, and get from her a clear analysis of the flower under discussion, or the correct transposition of some involved line of poetry. Somewhat of this accuracy was doubtless due to the fact that she had been trained in the severe drill of the Ohio Wesleyan University. She remained in the Ladies' College of Cincinnati until she completed its course of study."

In 1852, two years subsequent to her meeting with Mr. Hayes, the young lady, whom he had courted most assiduously while she was yet engaged with her studies, became his bride. The marriage ceremony was performed by Professor L. D. McCabe, of the Wesleyan University, December 20, 1852, and the only attendant of the young pair was a pretty child of eight years, the daughter of the bridegroom's only sister. It was a simple, unpretentious wedding, attended by loving friends, and crowned by the most absolute affection. It has proven a marriage of absolute happiness, and the successful career of Mr. Hayes is in a large measure due to the devotion of his wife, and the intelligent appreciation of his aspirations which she had, and which she inspired and encouraged. This sentiment of loyalty for and faith in her husband is one of her admirable traits, and it has been one which has greatly endeared her to others; "all the world loves a lover," runs the old saying, and if the feeling entertained for Mrs. Hayes by the public were analyzed it would be found to be due to her womanly and wifely qualities and to the healthful atmosphere of her home-life. Several incidents which aptly portray the sensitive appreciation she has of what is due the fame of her husband from her are related, the following being a prototype of many told. Soon after Mrs. Hayes reached the White House she was visited by the wife of a minister of Washington, and asked to forbid the use of wine in the mansion during her stay there. Mrs. Hayes heard the request with polite sur-

prise, and replied in these words: "Madame, it is my husband, not myself, who is President. I think that a man who is capable of filling so important a position, as I believe my husband to be, is quite competent to establish such rules as will obtain in his house without calling on members of other households. I would not offend you, and I would not offend Mr. Hayes, who knows what is due to his position, his family and himself, without any interference of others, directly or through his wife." This reply, in the face of the fact that Mrs. Hayes was a strong temperance woman, a Methodist, and very likely as entirely decided in her mind then as later regarding the subject, is a pleasing evidence of the earnest self-respect of the President's wife. As to the stand she did take, the following letter, written by Rev. Dr. Read, fully explains. The subject created considerable discussion at the time and afterwards:

"Mrs. Hayes has decided that hereafter, while she occupies the White House, there shall be no wine upon the table, even upon state occasions, when American citizens dine with the President. Noble stand for a noble Christian woman! God be praised for such a grand, heroic woman to occupy the highest social position in the nation at this time! It is an answer to prayer. She comes from Ohio, where the woman's crusade against intemperance began, and where she caught from her Christian sisters something of that noble, heroic spirit that dares to do right in the face of the world. Henceforth the name of Mrs. Hayes shall be

enrolled with the noblest women of the race, and with the Marys who stood by the cross of Jesus, even when all the men, except the womanly John, had deserted him."

President Hayes, whose public life for a quarter of a century has been a series of successes, was the youngest child of Rutherford Hayes, who died before his son's birth. The mother upon whom the sole care of the family devolved, and the only parent her boy ever knew, was a character of rare sweetness and strength. She was left in straitened circumstances, but was a self-reliant woman and a good manager, and she was able to give her children excellent educational advantages. Mr. Hayes was a graduate of Kenyon College, Ohio, and of the Cambridge Law School. In 1845 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Ohio, and began his legal life in Fremont, his present home. He removed to Cincinnati in 1850, and resided there for many years. Mr. Hayes was twice elected city attorney of Cincinnati, and at the outbreak of the civil war entered the army as Major of the 23d Ohio Volunteers, of which General Rosecrans was Colonel and Hon. Stanley Matthews Lieutenant-Colonel. During the war he was four times wounded, and served with distinction until the close, though he was elected to Congress before peace was declared.

Mrs. Hayes spent two summers and a winter taking care of her husband's soldiers, and they loved her for her motherly ministrations to them in their hours of sickness and mental dejection.

A member of the Twenty-Third Ohio, who went out with the regiment at the beginning of the war, tells the following anecdote, which occurred during the first visit of Mrs. Hayes to her husband's camp. It is a simple story, which illustrates the character of the President's wife completely.

"It was the first of our being out, when we had as yet known but little of the hardships of war. One day Mrs. Hayes arrived in camp, but the fact was not generally known. James Saunders was a member of my company. Jim, as he was called, was a tall, lean, unsuspecting, awkward country-boy—a good soldier, but not overly smart in detecting a joke. Consequently the boys used frequently to sell him quite badly; but he took it all in good part, and was entirely ready the next time a sell came along to 'bite' at it.

"For some time there had been sad need of some means of mending our clothes. This need was being discussed the next day after Mrs. Hayes' arrival, and Jim was especially strong in his expressions of need for some one to mend his blouse, which really was in a very unpresentable condition.

"'Why, Jim,' said one of the boys, 'didn't you know that there is a woman in camp whose business it is to mend the boys' clothes?'

"'No,' said Jim, in astonishment. 'Where is she?'

"'Up at the Colonel's tent,' said the other. 'I was there and had her fix my coat yesterday, and she did a smackin' good job, too.'

"'Golly!' said Jim. 'I'll go up, then, this very afternoon, and git my blouse doctored. That is very handy, indeed.'

"True to his word Jim called around at the Colonel's tent, and, with his hat under his arm, presented himself, with his awkwardest bow, at the entrance. He was received with marked politeness by the Colonel, and the boys who were lurking about appreciating the joke awaited developments. In a few moments Jim again appeared outside in his shirt sleeves, and the radiant smile that lit up his honest features showed that he had not been rebuffed, at least. Calling him aside, where a group of the boys were gathered, the following conversation took place:

"'Well, Jim, did you find your woman?'

"'Of course I did. She was just a settin' there, and she's a mighty good-looking woman, too.'

"'What did you say?' all chuckling.

"'Why, when I went in I told the Colonel that I heerd there was a woman there to do sewing for the boys, and as my blouse needed mendin' and buttons sewed on, I had come to git it done. He kind of smiled, and turned to the woman settin' there and asked her if she could fix the blouse for me, and she said she could as well as not, as she had nothing special on hand. So I took it off and left it, the Colonel tellin' me to call 'round this afternoon and git it. You all seem to laugh, but I don't see anything funny. If she is here to do the sewing, why not do mine?'

"This was too much. The boys all broke out into a loud chorus of laughter, and as soon as it subsided, one of them said:

"'Jim, don't you know that that woman is the Colonel's wife?'

"'I don't care; she's a lady anyhow,' as though that didn't follow, 'and I am goin' to git my blouse, just as she told me to.'

"And he did go, and was again received in that manner which made him forget himself and his awkwardness, and she restored his blouse to him in perfect repair.

"This little incident was all that was needed to fix the affections of all the boys upon the Colonel's wife, and whenever she appeared again in camp, she was certain to receive the warmest welcome.

"Poor Jim died in a Southern hospital, and his name may now be seen upon the monument standing in the village square at Mesopotamia, Trumbull county, Ohio, and we have often wondered if the President and his wife ever think of mending his blouse, rather than be parties to a sell upon an innocent soldier boy."

At the battle of South Mountain Colonel Hayes was severely wounded, and his wife learning of his condition hastened to Washington, where she expected to find him in some one of the hospitals. Failing to get tidings of him she went on to Frederick, accompanied by a relative, Mr. Platt. At last in the village of Middletown, Maryland, she found him, cared for by her brothers, one of whom was

surgeon of the regiment. She was a welcome addition to the Colonel's corps of nurses, and as soon as she was established beside him his improvement began. The family in whose house the wounded Colonel lay, Captain Rudy's, said of her long afterwards: "The moment she crossed our threshold we knew she was a good woman and natural lady. She made herself easily at home, and next morning after she came she was down in the kitchen early and asked leave to cook the Colonel's favorite dish."

As soon as he was able to walk about the house she spent a portion of every day in the hospitals, visiting Union and Confederate wounded alike, and carrying them grapes and other delicacies. She read to those who were well enough to be interested, and made herself a welcome presence to the sick and the dying. Her mild manners and unaffected kindly ways won her friends everywhere, and when she left the place to return to Cincinnati with her husband, her departure was sincerely regretted. They had been well cared for by the family with whom they had stayed, and when Colonel Hayes became Governor of Ohio, Mrs. Hayes sent for one of the young ladies of the household, and entertained her most hospitably. Long afterward, when Governor Hayes had become President, he heard of the death of Captain Rudy, and wrote a letter of sympathy, in which he reverted kindly to the time when he was disabled and found a home with them. Leaving the field as a Brigadier-General to take his seat in the

Thirty-ninth Congress, Cincinnati people saw little of Mr. Hayes for several years, for he was re-elected to Congress, and resided, until nominated for Governor, at the capital.

The Executive Mansion at Columbus was conducted on the most generous scale socially, and the Governor and his wife entertained continuously. Both are pre-eminently social in their natures, and in all the public positions he filled, she extended elegant hospitality. Their circle of private friends is very extensive, and Mrs. Hayes has ever delighted to be a hostess, so that their home, wherever it was, has been rarely without guests.

Mrs. Hayes worked to enlarge the charities of the State, and was identified with all good causes during her life in Columbus, and constantly interested herself in church work. She enjoyed an experience and exerted an influence that ably fitted her for the position of lady of the White House. Her domestic responsibilities were not light, for she has been the mother of eight children, five of whom are living, and her duty has been performed as well in that as in every other relationship in life. It has been the custom for Mr. and Mrs. Hayes to spend as much of the time in the summer in their own home at Fremont as possible, and up to the time of their removal to the White House "Spiegel Grove" was the resort of many friends during the warm season. It became their place of residence after their removal from Washington. This home is beautifully situated on

Burchard Avenue, so named in honor of Sardis Burchard, the uncle and guardian of Mr. Hayes. The house was erected by Mr. Burchard in 1860, and it stands in the centre of thirty acres of woodland. Immediately surrounding the house are handsome lawns and gardens, with some fine old oaks left standing in their midst, and which contrast most charmingly with the otherwise open grounds. The house is of brick, two stories high, and nearly surrounded by a wide verandah. It is a large and comfortable mansion, furnished like any country residence of a person of means. There is a library-room on the second floor well stocked with books and adorned with pictures, and in the handsome parlors are paintings by American, French and German artists. The surroundings of the place are remarkably tasteful and attractive. Burchard Park, which was a gift to the town of Fremont from Mr. Burchard, lies near the mansion, and there are handsome residences in the neighboring avenues, which enhance the beauty of Spiegel Grove.

Mrs. Hayes' personal appearance has been so often reproduced through photographs and pen-pictures that it is almost superfluous to give any lengthy description, particularly as the engraving accompanying this sketch is an accurate likeness of her face. She is of medium height, is squarely built, and has large features. Her hair is a particularly noticeable feature, partly from the manner in which it is worn, and mainly for its abundance and beauty of color and texture. Her brow is low and broad, and is unmarked by care. The mouth is large

and adorned with beautiful teeth. Her eyes are large and expressive, and deepen in color from gray to black as the feelings are wrought upon. All her features are expressive, and her face is a most pleasing and animated one. She has a gay and sunny temperament, hence her face is the mirror of much that is bright and beautiful. She owes much of her good looks and her happiness to her wonderful health, for she is as splendid a specimen of physical womanhood as the country can boast, and her presence is a tonic to weaker women.

The Presidential canvass in 1876 was an exciting one, and its disputed results, its electoral commission, and final settlement tested the equanimity of all parties, and created greater anxiety than any event which succeeded the war. President and Mrs. Hayes reached Washington the day before the inauguration, and became the guests of Senator Sherman. An immense throng filled the Capitol on the morning of the 4th of March to witness the inaugural and to see the new President. He rode with ex-President Grant through the city, and alighted at the eastern portico, welcomed by hundreds of people of all classes. Passing into the Senate chamber, he was seated in front of the Speaker's desk, beside the retiring Chief Executive. In the gallery sat his wife, watching him with an eagerness that betrayed her happiness, and an anxiety that discovered her intense interest in the occasion. He looked as impassive as the taciturn soldier beside him, until glancing his eyes over

the Senate gallery he caught sight of his wife. There was a mutual glance of recognition, an assuring smile, and the inaugural address was given in clear, earnest tones. Immediately following the ceremonies the newly-made President and Mrs. Hayes lunched at the White House with ex-President and Mrs. Grant. In the afternoon a carriage drove up to the steps, and soon General Grant and wife appeared, followed by President and Mrs. Hayes without hat or head-covering. They bade each other good-bye, and as the carriage moved away, President Hayes remarked to General Grant: "General, if I had a slipper, I'd throw it after you." The President and Mrs. Hayes stood a few moments looking after it, and she, stopping to kiss one or two children near her, passed with her husband into the house, and the new life was begun. The children of the President, who with relatives had been at the Ebbitt House, during their parents' stay with Senator and Mrs. Sherman, joined them later in the day, and the first day in the White House closed in excitement and happiness. Mrs. Hayes was delighted with the high place to which she had attained. She made no denial on this point, and freely admitted the satisfaction it gave her, and the enjoyment she hoped to have. One of the pleasantest of the many pleasant incidents connected with her advent into the White House was the class testimonial presented to her by several of her old schoolmates at the Female Wesleyan College, who were in Washington at the time of the inauguration. They arranged to send her a floral

offering, and fixed upon the happy device of the college badge. It is composed of a heart in an open Bible, the motto of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, marked with an anchor. The floral tribute was formed of a heart centre of white rosebuds, with an outside border of fine white flowers, the intervening space being filled with blue forget-me-nots. Upon this was placed an open Bible—a real Bible—held open by an anchor formed of white roses, like the heart, and a single rosebud marked the following passage:

"Her husband is known of the elders and praises her in the gates."

Accompanying the beautiful gift was a note written by Miss Rariden, and signed by the several ladies. It was couched in these pleasing words:

"WASHINGTON, *March 5th*, 1877.

"DEAR SISTER:—It will need but the sight of our offering—the old school badge—to remind you of the lang syne when school lessons were our greatest duties, and school triumphs our highest rewards. Since then you have added to the title of good scholar the higher ones of good wife and tender mother, and now the voice of the people has called you to come higher.

"We, the representatives of the Alma Mater, beg the acceptance of our flowers as a tribute to the first of our number called to preside at the White House, though the offering is less due to you as our President's wife than to the true woman you have proved yourself in every relation of life.

"We hope you will have the kindness to appoint an early day, when we can express in person our congratulations.

"MARY BROWN HITT,
"MARY C. RARIDEN,
"MRS. J. EDDY SOMERS,
"MISS EASTON,
"MRS. ELIZA LETFORD NORDHOFF."

Of the number, Mrs. Hitt and Miss Rariden were the only classmates; the others were *alumni*. The best plans will go aglee, and in the conveyance of this lovely gift the note was abstracted or lost, and Mrs. Hayes was in a quiver of excitement over the anonymous offering. That evening upon receipt of another Bible (she had enough Bibles given her to stock a hotel), she spoke of the more precious one accompanying the college badge, and crossing the room pointed out its beauties. The husband of one of the donors happened to be present, and communicated their names. The end was felicitous. Mrs. Hayes appointed the next morning to receive the ladies. She met them with charming friendliness, conducted them through the green-house, sent for her husband and children, and in the words of one of her guests, "was all that a courteous hostess could be."

Four weeks after taking up her residence in the Executive Mansion, she held her first Saturday afternoon reception, and on this occasion she was as well

satisfied a lady as had ever stood in her place. A friend who observed her on that day said that "her eyes looked as black as night, and they had a lustre rarely seen. She made no effort to conceal her delight. Her whole face was positively radiant. The effect as she received, assisted by her friends, was precisely that of all the light thrown upon one figure of a tableau." The toilette worn by Mrs. Hayes on this occasion was a black gros grain princesse dress, square at the neck, and perfectly fitting, and relieved of its plainness by exquisite point-laces. The next public occasion on which she appeared was at the dinner given to the Russian Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantine. The gathering was as brilliant as any ever assembled in the Executive Mansion. The drawing-rooms were elaborately decorated with flowers, and the State dining-room never presented a finer appearance. The table was a mass of flowers and cut-glass and Sevres china. In the centre was an oval mirror representing a lake with tropical banks of ferns and trailing vines. In the centre of the lake was an island of pink azalias studded with cloth of gold roses, while over the outer surface were vines massed to look like water-lilies. The banks of the lake were strewn with graceful hills formed with vases of tropical fruit, and here and there a pyramid or column of candied fruits and bon-bons rose between. At each end of the lake were tall frosted cakes decorated with white azalias and pink and tea roses and smilax. Delicate pink and white vases of frosted glass and silver

stands stood at each plate, the pink vases holding clusters of white buds, and the white vases pink buds. Azalia trees, camelias and other flowering plants were arranged about the room, ornamenting by their proximity to them the chocolate and strawberry pyramids that stood at the north side of the room. Vines of smilax strung on gilt wire were draped about the table, chandeliers and pictures. The Grand Duke Alexis with Mrs. Hayes led the promenade through the East Room, the Marine Band playing the Russian march, followed by the Grand Duke Constantine and Mrs. Evarts. The President escorted Lady Thornton, and when seated at the table, the two Grand Dukes were on either side of Mrs. Hayes, and the President sat opposite, between Lady Thornton and Mrs. Shishkin, wife of the Russian Minister. The other members of the brilliant company were ranged about the table in regular order. The toilette worn by Mrs. Hayes at this entertainment was an exquisite cream-colored *faille*, richly trimmed with the material and elegant lace.

As regards the use of wine on this occasion, about which the press of the entire country had so much to say, the actual facts are these. The President and Mrs. Hayes objected to its use, but the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, was of the opinion that the Grand Dukes and other foreigners, being accustomed to dine with wine, would not enjoy their dinner without it, and the master of ceremonies was ordered to provide it. He was at the same time informed that on all future occa-

sions, when the President entertained citizens of the United States, wine would be omitted.

In the *American Register*, at Paris, appeared, shortly after the inauguration, the following complimentary allusion to the new lady of the White House: "The administration of Mrs. Hayes receives quite as much attention as does that of the President. Her beauty, simplicity, womanliness and frankness have taken the blasé society of Washington by storm. Her dresses of rich material are very simply made, high at the neck, long at the wrist, with fine laces at both, but no jewelry; her hair is neither puffed nor frizzed, but coiffured plainly at the back and held in place with a shell comb. She is a lady by birth and education, and is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first Sunday she and her husband were in Washington they stole quietly to the Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, while the Rev. Dr. Newman, 'Inspector of Consuls,' Chaplain to the Senate, Pastor of the Great Metropolitan Court Church, 'was all primed and powdered' for their appearance. But they came not. Everybody who knows the style and quality of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church was exceedingly pleased at the incident."

When Mrs. Hayes went to the White House it was said that she had decided not to interfere with appointments, or to consider any application for her influence in any matter with which her husband had to do. Applications for office were turned over to the secre-

taries, and through the years of her stay in the White House she succeeded in avoiding this source of annoyance. Occasionally she deviated from this rule, as in the case of the postmistress of a town in Pennsylvania, who was turned out of office because of her strong temperance proclivities. The member of Congress who represented the district in which this woman held office succeeded in getting a man appointed in her place who would not work with temperance organizations to defeat party candidates. The order for her removal had been made out at the Post Office Department, when a lady friend of Mrs. Hayes, who had passed through the town and learned the facts, telegraphed to her for a stay of proceedings till the case could be explained. The request was granted, and the next news the member of Congress received from home was that the postmistress had been reinstated by order of the President.

A Washington correspondent describes Mrs. Hayes' attention to some "poor relations" who were visiting her. The description is well worth reproducing as showing her democratic independence and her appreciation of her friends.

"Not long ago I was passing Corcoran's Art Gallery, and saw Mrs. Hayes assisting into her carriage some people of a sort that are usually described as 'countrified.' They were not finely dressed, nor were their garments fashionably made. Quite the reverse was the case. But it struck me that the horses were

unusually well groomed, and there was a footman in livery, which is a bit of style Mrs. Hayes seldom assumes. It was not the every-day carriage, either, but the best one, and I am as sure as if Mrs. Hayes had told me so, that she was putting on a few frills just to please her guests, for human nature is human nature, and Mrs. Hayes has a keen sense of perception. I afterwards learned that a party of Mrs. Hayes' friends were visiting the White House, from the interior of Ohio. They were humble people and had never been in Washington before, but their great-grandchildren will all know about that visit, and the taking of those folks around in the President's best carriage, with driver and footman in livery, will be a tradition in that family for generations. This wasn't an isolated occurrence. Similar people have visted the White House before, and have received similar attentions. Mrs. Hayes has taken them to the Capitol, and they have sat beside her in the President's seat in the reserved gallery, and had they been the Queen of England and the Princesses Royal, Mrs. Hayes couldn't have been more devoted than she was to her 'poor relations.'"

Mrs. Hayes entertained many guests in the White House, and she made it particularly attractive to her young friends and relatives. She gave them an opportunity of seeing Washington life from the high vantage-ground of the White House, and showed them at the same time the domestic side of a lovely home-life. No mistress of the Executive Mansion, it can

truly be said, ever made more of her opportunity in the direction of true sociability. She, from the first, displayed a generous hospitality, not so much to official people as to her old friends and her husband's and their young connections. She exhibited all the possibilities of a happy home, and left an influence upon the growing generation about her that will never be forgotten. In years to come they will tell of the sweet simplicity of her life there, and the great influence that she had over a public, hardly recovered from all the excessive extravagance and display that followed the restoration of peace, and reached its height under the preceding administration. There was felt towards her a prejudice on the part of a portion of the public, which opposed her temperance views, but she has her surest fame in this stand which no predecessor of hers was ever strong enough to assert and maintain. And from the millions of homes in this country, where young men are growing to manhood with their sisters beside them, have gone up from the hearts of parents thankful, grateful prayers for the honor and reverence paid to the one cause in this land which has most lacked for recognition in high places. Whatever course may be adopted by future generations, the social administration of Mrs. Hayes marks a new era in the history of temperance, and it will be a mile-stone to show the turn in the tide in favor of this principle which had languished for want of just the recognition she gave it and her sex, its standard-bearer. Such is her fame, and her reward is the gratitude of the best men and women of the age.

Mrs. Hayes had with her in the White House all of her children, save the eldest son, who is an Ohio lawyer. The second son, whose coming of age was appropriately celebrated in the White House, acted as his father's confidential secretary; a third son was at school, and the only daughter and youngest son were with their parents there.

Mrs. Hayes has the distinction of being one of the few women who have lived in the glare and glitter of society in Washington and avoided all manner of extremes in dress. She did not appear in diamonds, eschewed low-neck and short-sleeved dresses, never varied her individual fashion of arranging her hair, and, to quote the remark of one of her girlhood friends, made at the commencement of her husband's administration, "she is the same Lucy as of old." This same friend said of her, "It is just like Lucy to go to the Foundry Church. She always despised shams and ostentation."

Of all the Washington scribes who have written of Mrs. Hayes, Mary Clemmer, in describing the inauguration, has said the most pleasing things. And the queries she made of her possible course are answered in the remark of Mrs. Hayes' school friend. She wrote of her after seeing her in the Senate Chamber on that auspicious occasion:

"Meanwhile, on this man of whom every one in the nation is this moment thinking, a fair woman between two little children looks down. She has a singularly gentle and winning face. It looks out from the bands of smooth dark hair with that tender light in the eyes

which we have come to associate always with the Madonna. I have never seen such a face reign in the White House. I wonder what the world of Vanity Fair will do with it? Will it friz that hair? powder that face? draw those sweet, fine lines awry with pride? bare those shoulders? shorten those sleeves? hide John Wesley's discipline out of sight, as it poses and minces before the first lady of the land? what will she do with it, this woman of the hearth and home? Strong as she is fair, will she have the grace to use it as not abusing it; to be in it, yet not of it; priestess of a religion pure and undefiled, holding the white lamp of her womanhood, unshaken and unsullied, high above the heated crowd that fawns, flatters and spoils? The Lord in heaven knows. All I know is that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the finest-looking type of man and woman that I have seen take up their abode in the White House." This description of her tallies with that given by a white-haired Southerner who went to a White House reception, and remarked to his friends that Mrs. Hayes was a "God beautiful woman." President Hayes cannot be described in so graphic a way, though he is a man easily sketched. His eyes are blue and kindly in expression; his features are strong and his manners are polished. His home life is, as may well be judged by all that has been said in the foregoing sketch, beautiful. He is refined, affectionate and manly, and when he and his wife stood together in the Blue Room of the White House, on the 31st of December, 1877, to celebrate the

twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, their friends gathered about them coincided in the opinion that they were "the finest-looking type of man and woman that they had ever seen take up their abode in the White House." This silver-wedding, the first ever celebrated in the White House, was a social event which proved of genuine interest to the people of the country, who, irrespective of party, wished them a long-continued career of happiness. The anniversary was celebrated on the afternoon of the 30th, when the Rev. Dr. McCabe, who married them, renewed his pastoral blessing in the same words and heard the same pledges given that were uttered a quarter of a century ago. Mrs. Hayes wore the same satin dress and slippers which she wore on her wedding-day, and they were surrounded by their five children and the following personal guests: Mr. and Mrs. Herron, Dr. and Mrs. Davis, of Cincinnati; General and Mrs. Force, Secretary Rogers and wife, Miss Platt, Miss McKell, Colonel Wier, Miss Foote and Mrs. Mitchell. After the celebration of the ceremony a most interesting event followed. The infant daughter of Mr. Herron was christened, and received the name of Lucy Webb, in honor of Mrs. Hayes. After it was baptized the President presented his daughter Fannie and youngest son Scott Russell, for baptism, and then the party were ushered into the dining-room, where dinner was served. The next evening the formal ceremonies were held, and one hundred guests were present. The Executive Mansion

was brilliantly illuminated, and the parlors and the East Room were elegantly decorated with flowers. Mrs. Hayes wore a reception dress of white striped silk, trimmed with point lace. Her wedding-dress of white satin was exhibited to her lady friends, but the idea at first entertained of wearing it was abandoned because of its size, it being too small. The guests were as far as possible the same who attended the wedding in 1852, and among the number were Mr. Rogers, the private secretary and former law-partner of the President, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber, Mrs. Hayes' former teachers, and Mrs. Mitchell, the President's niece, who as a little girl was the bride's attendant and held her hand during the ceremony. A large portion of the company present were Ohioans, and the entertainment was social and informal. The only present received, for it had been made known distinctly that the President would accept none, was a gift to Mrs. Hayes from the officers of the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, consisting of a silver plate imbedded in a mat of black velvet and enclosed in a richly ornamented ebony frame. The present was given in memory of kindness received at the hands of Mrs. Hayes in the field, and it was inscribed on its face, "To the Mother of the Regiment." The inscription on the silver is:

"To Thee, 'Mother of ours,' from the 23d O. V. I. To Thee, our Mother, on thy silver troth, we bring this token of our love. Thy boys give greeting unto thee with burning hearts. Take the hoarded treasures of thy

speech, kind words, gentle when a gentle word was worth the surgery of an hundred schools to heal sick thought and make our bruises whole. Take it, our mother: 'tis but some small part of thy rare beauty we give back to thee, and while love speaks in silver, from our hearts we'll bribe Old Father Time to spare his gift."

Above the inscription is a sketch of the log hut erected as Colonel Hayes' headquarters in the valley of the Kanawha, during the winter of 1863 and 1864, and above it the tattered and torn battle-flags of the regiment.

After the invitations were written, the President personally addressed each and added these words: "I hope you will be present."

The White House was a family mansion in the fulness of the term while Mrs. Hayes was in it. She kept it filled with relatives and friends, and gave receptions and entertainments suited to the tastes of those she designed to honor. The President's niece, Miss Platt, who made her home with her uncle, was married in the mansion, and bridal parties were entertained there from all parts of the country. Mrs. Hayes, on one of her tours with her husband, was asked if she did not get tired of seeing so many people and going so much, and she replied: "Oh, no; I never get tired of having a good time." She really liked to meet the people who wished to see her, and to shake hands with all who chose to offer her congratulations and respect. She was the

most idolized woman in America during her husband's administration, and not because she held the rank she did, for many have held it before her, who were not known outside a small circle, but for the reason that she is a loving, sunny-hearted, unselfish woman, liking popularity and seeking it according to the Bible injunction: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." She uses the world without abusing it, and carries herself through its pomps and vanities unspotted and pure.

The closing months of President Hayes' administration were marked by national good feeling and cordiality, and the social life of the White House was most brilliant. Dinner parties and invitation receptions followed each other in rapid succession, and the guests that were entertained there were great in numbers. The extent of her hospitality was estimated by ladies whose husbands had official relations with the President, and who by right of their positions were often at the White House entertainments, as being greater than any other hostess who had preceded her in her high position. She never gave a dinner or an evening party that was not on a scale of elegance compatible with her position, and hence only praise can be said of her administration.

One of the most charming of the entertainments she gave was a lunch party to fifty young ladies in honor of eight guests. There was no married lady present except Mrs. Hayes. The young ladies invited to meet her youthful visitors were the daughters of the members of

the Cabinet, of the Chief-Justices, members of Congress, of the foreign Ministers, and army and navy officers in the city, and they included many beautiful and not a few distinguished ladies. The lunch was given in the state dining-room, and as only forty persons can be seated at the table, it was extended by long tables reaching nearly across the room, placed at right angles with it at each end. Mrs. Hayes sat at the head of the room, and the young ladies staying in the house were dispersed among the guests. No gentlemen were present. The table was exquisitely adorned with flowers and dishes of fresh and candied fruits, candelabra, etc. Potted plants were also grouped about the room. The plants and ferns in the conservatory were seen to great advantage through the long windows. A photograph was taken of the table and the vista through the conservatories before the guests assembled. The bon-bons served were of many choice and novel varieties, and the *menu* included every delicacy. The dinner cards were perfectly plain, square, white cards, with a silver edge, and the coat-of-arms of the United States upon them.

In addition to the many incidental receptions and entertainments, and apart from the usual Presidential receptions, Mrs. Hayes was invariably at home to welcome whoever chose to call upon her from eight to ten o'clock each evening. And there was scarcely an evening in the week when the green parlor was not full of people. Whether these were strangers from out of the city or personal acquaintance, they were received informally, and

as they took their departure it was most usually the case that they carried away with them flowers, which were always to be seen in all the rooms during her life there.

Mrs. Hayes left the White House signally honored by her own sex. She received during the closing days of her stay in Washington every recognition that the women of this country could give her, and she returned to her home in Ohio assured of the esteem of those whose good opinions she would naturally value. She did not win the regard of her sex by seeking for their favorable opinions, but by being true to herself.

The presentation of her portrait, a life-size painting by Huntington, was made to the nation by the temperance people, who felt that her course deserved some more marked tribute than could be paid her in words. The picture represents her standing, holding in her hands a cluster of roses. She is arrayed in a ruby velvet, the rich color being toned by white laces about her neck and sleeves. The canvas is seven feet four inches high by six feet wide, and the frame (of oak) stands nearly ten feet in height. The sides of the frame are in the form of pilasters with a capital at the top and a plinth at the base, the sides supporting a rich projecting cornice. This cornice presents a hollow moulding a foot deep, on which are carved branches of oak in high relief, above which is displayed in unique designs the American flag. The capitals on the pilasters are in a pattern of lilies (purity), the bases of these in laurel (victory),

the bottom in the English hawthorn and the water lily, the top in oak leaves and acorns (power and strength), together with several other less noticeable designs. The frame was made by the Cincinnati School of Design, under Mr. Benn Pitman, and is the finest ever carved. The presentation was made in the East Room on the morning of the 8th of March, General Garfield replying to Miss Frances Willard, who, as President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, tendered it. The event awakened interest throughout the nation. Everybody felt renewed interest in the woman who had done such worthy things as to secure to herself a following such as no other member of her sex ever had in this country. She came to her fame step by step, proving with each day's life that she was building character and not seeking applause. She had no more power in the White House than she had in Ohio, for though her husband's ear was ever conveniently near by, she did not impose taxes upon him or make him pay tribute to her rank as his wife. With him she shared his high place, but it was not used selfishly to advance her popularity or to win for her aught of selfish fame. In the midst of her surroundings, which were outwardly captivating enough to turn a strong head, she lived a self-respecting life, individualizing it without antagonizing her husband's public interests. In the stand she took in refusing to use wine on her table, she exhibited rare courage, because it was not only an unpopular step, but it was one that placed her in contrast

with her predecessors in the position she was holding—a circumstance which was her chief regret. As to the right of a woman to take the authoritative stand she did, she did not stop to consider, for she was in her own home even if in the Executive Mansion, and the public had no more right to dictate what she should drink than what she should eat or wear. Mr. Hayes, had he set aside her wishes and trampled her authority, would have committed in so doing no act that would have condemned him in the eyes of the majority of people. But she reaped as she had sown, and was respected in the measure of her self-respect, and it was this evidence of her moral power, more than the mere fact of her being a temperance advocate, that drew the women of this country about her. And taken all in all, she is one of the finest representatives of her sex who has held the place she has filled. This is the verdict of the women of this country, who by thousands signed the testimonials sent her, and united in presenting to the nation her portrait, as a manifestation of their gratitude for worthy representation. It is the first instance of the kind in the history of any nation, and it marked the prestige of a people who are every year becoming more renowned throughout the world, and more and more an example of the advancing power of civilization.

Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, accompanied by their children and a party of friends, left Washington on Saturday morning, the 5th of March, and hardly had they begun their journey when an accident occurred

which came nigh proving disastrous. Fortunately none of the persons with the ex-President were hurt, though two persons on the train were killed and a number were seriously injured. The accident occurred near Baltimore in the afternoon of the day they left Washington. Arriving at Fremont the people received the long absent family with every manifestation of delight and regard, and welcomed them with music, banners and speeches. At night the town was illuminated, and the house of the ex-President was crowded with neighbors and friends, who made the home-coming as pleasant as the God-speed had been hearty and earnest.



Lucretia Rudolph Garfield

XXVI.

LUCRETIA RUDOLPH GARFIELD.

A WOMAN who had known Mrs. Garfield for a number of years previous to the election of her husband to the Presidency said of her, in reply to a question regarding her fitness for the place she was to fill:

"She will have a most beneficent influence upon society in Washington. She loves truth and despises shams. She is a woman of exceeding good sense, and will perform her entire social duty when called upon."

"Will she be popular with what is called the fashionable world?"

"Mrs. Garfield is not what would be termed a fashionable woman in Washington, but she will command the respect of all classes. She inclines to retirement, and is very quiet and serious, naturally."

"A home-body, then!"

"Yes, a home-body; and a lady whose refinement, attainments and fine character the people will like."

Mrs. Garfield went to the White House under the most advantageous circumstances, but it was the common remark of her friends that she was not likely to make as much of her opportunity, as the First Lady of the Land, socially, as some of her predecessors had. "I hope I shall not disappoint you," she said to several women who called upon her during the inauguration

week. She seemed to feel that more was expected of her than she was likely to perform, and her eyes were full of tears when she made this remark. Had no circumstance occurred to call into prominence the finest characteristics of her nature, she would probably have been slow in producing upon the general public the appreciation she deserved. Her qualities of heart and mind are those that pass for less than their value in what is termed society life. She is not a woman of showy attainments; is not given to the saying of sharp things that sound clever when repeated, but generally hurt those to whom they are addressed. She had no ambition to shine as the leader of Washington society, as the public discovered during the few months of her life in the President's House. The newspapers overpraised her accomplishments, and this troubled her, as all exaggerations did. She remarked the injustice inaccurate publications did her predecessors, but she could do nothing more than pursue the even tenor of her way, performing what she knew to be her duty. The earlier months of the Administration passed quietly away, the social season being over and her health being poor, and it was remarked that she kept herself secluded from public gaze. By and by her severe illness was announced, and the public sympathized with her husband, who seemed to be borne down by anxiety and dread lest she should be taken from him.

It was evident to those who came in contact with the new Lady of the White House that, though fragile in

appearance, she possessed great powers of endurance, and her deliberate and thoughtful utterances gave assurance of a mind and heart that could but prove a blessing to her in her new field of action. The qualities for which she was praised on every side had characterized her through life, but the full opportunity for their display came to her for the first time as the President's wife. She was found to be undemonstrative and self-contained, and showed by her words and her acts that she valued the place she occupied mainly because it reflected her husband's greatness and could be made a help to him. Beyond her duties she had no inclinations or aspirations. Her influence had never been exerted selfishly, and she was not likely to change in any respect, because she was greater in herself than she was in the place she had been called to fill for a time. Her husband's interests were her chief concern, and she lived at his side, aiding and blessing him. She was to him an inspiration—a perpetual joy and solace. He was her rock of strength—her ever-present refuge and rest. He was hers, she was his, and the two were one in their children.

The story of their two lives is well known in this country. Both were born in Ohio; he was the son of a widowed mother, she the daughter of a home full of children. Neither was well-to-do in worldly ways, and he was very poor, and with nothing but a stout heart and a mother's love to depend upon in the beginning of his career.

When the little girl, Lucretia Rudolph, met James Garfield, her senior by a few years, he was in the same school she attended, Geauga Seminary, and was a strong, healthy boy who was working assiduously to fit himself for college. She was a studious girl who had no very definite plans until she became acquainted with him, and imbibed his taste for books. For several years they were at this school, and then young Garfield entered Hiram College, just completed. In a short time, through the illness and retirement of one of the tutors, he became a teacher, and into his class-room came the reserved young girl, who for two years recited Latin to him. He evidently taught her well, for twenty years later she instructed her boys in Latin, preparatory to their entering college.

Her father, Mr. Zebulon Rudolph, was a farmer living near Garrettsville, and was one of the founders of Hiram College. Her mother was a daughter of Elijah Mason, of Lebanon, Connecticut, and a descendant, on her mother's side, of General Nathaniel Greene.

Her parents reared their daughter in a practical manner, early imbuing her with ideas of self-restraint and self-government that admirably fitted her for her after career.

After she was graduated from Hiram College she taught school in order to relieve her parents of her support and lift herself above dependence upon them. When Mr. Garfield went to Williams College to continue his education, she went to Cleveland, to teach in one of

the public schools. Both studied: she, with a view to self-improvement that she might be a fitting companion for her ambitious lover; he, that he might be prepared for the place among men he aspired to take. They loved each other, and were engaged to be married before their departure from Hiram.

At the end of the year they met at Hiram, and when he had graduated and returned there, she was still teaching. She taught for a year after, though not in Cleveland, and in a letter written by the Hon. A. M. Pratt, of Bayou, Ohio, is given this picture of the two:

"Twenty-three years ago Mrs. Garfield sought and taught scholars in painting and drawing in this then very insignificant village, and not getting very large classes, living meantime in my house, the guest and friend of my then wife. The future President was frequently entertained at my table; he, a young, strong, green, great-hearted, large-headed youth, but two years from college, hopeful, full of life and push; she, graceful, sweet, amiable, retiring, with a disposition as lovely as a star-lit sky—both poor. Their fortune was their youth, health, hearts, intellects, hopes, and, glad am I to say, love."

The marriage took place at the house of the bride's parents, November 11, 1858. Mr. Garfield had been made Principal of Hiram College, and considered himself fairly started in life, so that there was no reason for longer deferring the union. He was not rich enough to give his bride a home, and for some years they

boarded. Pupils of his during that time knew his wife as a quiet, retiring person, who always welcomed them kindly and showed real interest in their school work and progress. She was an admirable school-teacher's wife, because of her acquaintance with the work and her appreciation of the responsibility as such. They were a poor couple and lived much within themselves; but they were happily united and congenially employed. She had been taught by her parents—to whom she owes much for such instruction—to be a truth-speaking, right-thinking young woman, and added to this rare training were her excellent school advantages and her practical use of them. She was the outgrowth of this fine family government, and such womanhood as she has developed is a credit to her and an encouragement to other parents.

The husband she selected was eminently fitted by his rearing to appreciate her worth, and it was with genuine satisfaction that their friends saw them unite their two lives.

Of General Garfield's career much could be written, did the limits of this sketch admit. After his election to the Presidency, considerable was said of his ancestry, but the people of this country cared little for genealogical records in his case. The story of his mother's struggles to rear her young children, the success achieved in her labors, and her own personal worth, added to what is known of the character of his early lost father, were enough to convince his country-people that he came of good stock and had a glorious heritage.

When the father of James Garfield lay dying, he pointed to his children, and said to his wife, "Eliza, I have planted four saplings in these woods; I leave them to your care." He was buried in a corner of a wheat field on his little farm, and the mother and her boys worked in the fields together. James was her baby. When he was four years old he went to the district school. He was sent thus early that he might learn to read and write before he became old enough to assist on the farm. The three elder children were at work, and when the mother could spare time from her indoor duties she helped them to gather hay, plant corn, and, with her eldest boy's aid, she cleared new land and fenced it in. Little James learned to spell and read, and imbibed with every passing day the inspiration of purpose and reverence for work that came by-and-by to be second nature to him. His mother early saw that he loved study, and she determined to help him gratify his taste. She could not send him to school in winter, because it was too far for his little feet to plod alone, and she offered to give a corner out of her farm if her neighbors would put up a school-house. It was done, and James became a pupil. He carried home a New Testament at the close of the first term for being the best boy in school.

When he was sixteen he walked sixteen miles to offer his services to a farmer who wanted laborers. He was asked what pay he expected, and replied, "A man's wages—a dollar a day." It was refused, and then he

volunteered to mow hay by the acre, with the help of a boy older than himself. The offer was accepted, and he earned his dollar before four o'clock in the afternoon.

Who does not know the story of his life? The tow-boy on the Erie Canal; the steersman; the labor-loving and industrious widow's son whose respect for women all through his life was founded on his respect for his mother. He was not long from home at any time, because she could not bear it, and when he talked about being a sailor she told him of a better life to lead. She was no drudge whose poverty had quelled ambition. She was a true mother, and lived over her life in her children. To her persevering persuasions her boy owed his opportunity for study. Had she possessed riches she could not have done more for him and might have done less. Her youngest born, who the neighbors, looking at in the cradle, thought would be better off out of the world than in it, followed the way she led, and gave up his desire to work in order to get an education. She was helped in her effort by a spell of sickness he had, and which kept him in the house with her. To that attack of ague, and the opportunity it gave his mother, he largely owed his future career.

If anybody in the day of his power was surprised at the extreme and enthusiastic devotion he paid his mother, it was from a lack of knowledge of how he loved her. The sons of widows are, as a rule, far more appreciative of their mothers than are other

boys. It needs not a very extended outlook of history to be able to recall numerous instances of this truth, and among the Presidents themselves are several notable examples of the influence of widowed mothers over ambitious sons. And it is well to observe that great men who have owed their training directly to their mothers have never failed to be the strictest observers of the fifth commandment. It is not possible in the limits of this sketch to trace all the struggles of the youth to get an education. His history is one that should be studied by the young of both sexes in this country. The life-work of Mother Garfield is written in the worthy lives of all her children, and imperishably in the fame of her "baby" boy, the twentieth President of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield resided in Hiram until 1860, when he was elected to the State Senate, and went to Columbus. He had previous to this time made up his mind that he would become a lawyer, and was admitted to the bar. His intention was to settle in Cleveland and practise his profession, and he doubtless would have done so but for the breaking out of the war. In 1861 he left the Senate to become Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment. At an earlier period of his life, and while a teacher, he had become a preacher of the Church of the Disciples—a sect known as the Campbellites. His ministerial work was, however, incidental, and not at any time a regular pursuit, though his friends desired him to adopt it as such.

Mr. Garfield went to the war a poor man, not even owning a home, and it was with money saved while in the service that his wife bought a house and lot at Hiram, for which $800 was paid. His wife and children lived in that modest little cottage, which he greatly improved, and owned no other house until, in 1870, after several years of Congressional life, he built himself a dwelling in Washington. When he went to Congress his salary of $5,000 a year was the largest amount of money he had ever earned, and with a feeling of lessened pecuniary cares was entertained the desire of owning a farm in Ohio, where his fast-growing boys could spend their vacations, and where he could give his wife and himself the rest they required after the busy winters in Washington. Lawnfield, a place now historic, was purchased, and Mrs. Garfield designed the house, which was erected in 1880, and into which the family moved that summer.

The long years of the war were spent by Mrs. Garfield at her home in Hiram. Her parents were living not far away, and the absence of the husband and father was as far as possible atoned for by the presence of relatives and the companionship of Mother Garfield, whose home was with her son from the time he had one to offer her. The months dragged slowly by, until after the battle of Corinth, when Mrs. Garfield was gladdened by the return of her husband, now Brigadier-General, who remained at home for six months suffering from fever and ague, contracted on the tow-path when

a boy, and from the effects of which he was never able to completely rid himself.

On his return to the front he joined General Rosecranz as Chief of Staff, and at the battle of Chickamauga he won his Major-General's stars.

It was during this absence that he lost his infant daughter, and when the news reached him he hastened home to attend the funeral. His dead child was photographed in his arms, and this picture is among the treasures cherished of him now. He was greatly attached to his children, and in speaking of his lost one and the circumstance mentioned, he said to his friend, President Hinsdale: "As I sat with that dead child in my arms my eyes rested upon my bright blue uniform, so recently bestowed upon me, and I thought: 'How small are all the honors of this life—how insignificant are all its struggles and triumphs!' I am grieved and broken in spirit at the great loss which has been inflicted upon me, but I can endure almost anything so long as this brave little woman is left me."

While at the front the people of his district elected him to Congress; and, in 1863, his career in Washington began, and for eight terms he was re-elected. Afterward he was chosen to succeed Mr. Thurman in the Senate. The first years General Garfield lived in Washington, whether in boarding-houses or in rented dwellings, his wife and himself were people of no great prominence socially, because they were poor; both were busy and their children absorbed their evenings. Their circle of

friends was a charming one, however, because their quiet tastes and studious habits made them attractive to really accomplished people.

When Mrs. Garfield moved into her own house she was as happy as a woman could be, and her husband was not less pleased that he could at last shelter his children under his own roof and at his own fireside. Doubtless, this time spent in their modest home was as free from care as any they ever knew. But wherever they were they were happy together. The mother had her heart's desire in giving her children the careful home-training she could not have bestowed without such a home as she possessed. Her house was a real home because her husband was one with her in all things, and his life and hers were not separated in pleasure or in duty. She was as fond of books as he, and he was always her teacher. It was beyond doubt due to his influence over her life in its formative period that she became a teacher. Her appreciation of his ability and their kindred tastes made them comrades in study and in work. They were united in more than in their domestic relations, and grew nearer together as the years passed.

It is rarely that two people marry, who have known each other so long and so well as did this couple, and it is one of the causes of congratulation that their example has been so prominently set before the world. Men and women of the nobler sort, who appreciate the need there is in public life of notable examples of happy

marriages will never regret that the opportunity was given this man and woman to discover their home-life to the people of this country, however much they may deplore the terrible calamity that was the means of unveiling the sacred side of their lives to the world. The comfort it is to the American people—in view of the world-wide publicity given the slightest circumstance connected with their career—that these two people were so admirable in their personal characters and in their home-life, has not been fully realized generally; but it is undeniably true that it was the one sweet strain that sang itself into the wounded hearts of a nation in their time of grief and pain.

Ten years before Mrs. Garfield went into the White House, and during one summer when the family were in Ohio, she was compelled to do much of her own work. In the temporary absence of her husband from home, she wrote him a letter, which, intended for no other eye than his, fell into the hands of President Hinsdale, who made an extract from it for the use of his pupils, as showing the character of the President's wife and her views upon the subject of woman's work. It is appropriate here, and is as follows:

"I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor

happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely discontented even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shrinks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which he does it."

In this letter is discovered the quality for which Mrs. Garfield is distinguished—self-discipline. She is a woman fitted for emergencies, and it requires them to show her

real worth. The control she has over her emotional nature gives her an immense advantage in meeting a trying exigency. She withstands surprises, shocks and disasters with a steady courage that commands respect, and long ago made her a heroine in the eyes of her husband. In speaking to a friend, a few months before he was inaugurated, while remarking upon some public man whose domestic affairs had crippled his course of usefulness, he said of her:

"I have been singularly fortunate in marrying a woman who has never given me any perplexity about anything she has said. I have never had to explain away words of hers. She has been so prudent that I have never been diverted from my work for one minute to take up any mistakes of hers. She is perfectly unstampedable. When things get worse and there is the most public clamor and the most danger to me and to us, then she is the coolest. Sometimes it looks a little blue before me, but I get courage from her perfect bravery."

A Washington correspondent, in writing of Mrs. Garfield, paid her this tribute:

"She was in Washington City during the years of extravagance, and almost every Congressman's wife had a carriage and every house competed for brilliant visitors. She lived through that time as if she belonged to a different social scale. She would not refuse to see anybody, but was seldom dressed as if ready for company. She never apologized for her appearance, and

she made visits about twice or three times a year, generally calling on foot, but never failing to please with the sweetness of her countenance, the beauty of her eyes, and a self-restraint and reserve perfectly natural."

Another correspondent, in referring to the same period, says:

"Quietly, but with the truest kindness, has Mrs. Garfield presided over her modest house at the corner of Thirteenth and I streets, in this city, during the years since General Garfield purchased it. In it she has entertained, often in the simplest style, but ever with old-fashioned, true-hearted hospitality, all of wit, wisdom, beauty that Washington has had during the years she has been here. She is an accomplished hostess as well as an accomplished woman—they're two very different things. Living as the Garfields have had to live, in the most economical way, doing without elegant clothes, fine furniture, sumptuous food, good, new, and rare old books, dearer than all else to them, they have contributed more to make Washington winter life pleasant and profitable than many other families who have supplemented less taste and culture with more money. Mrs. Garfield's receptions have been the largest ever held by the wife of a mere Representative. They have far surpassed those of more ambitious Senators' wives, and have approximated those of the ladies of the Supreme Court and Cabinet families in size merely. In attractions they have stood abreast of any of them. This simply because Mrs. Garfield is a sweet-tempered,

cultured, refined woman, in whose smile it is a pleasure to bask.

"When we consider that, without allowing her manifold cares to interfere with the performance of her social duties, she has managed her establishment alone, and personally conducted the training of her boys for college, we can conceive her superiority, with all her social success, to the mere 'society leader.' General Garfield is the president of our literary society, and during the past year it has met at his house. It was more pleasantly entertained there than it had ever been before. Mrs. Garfield exerted even her latent social powers that night, and it was difficult for her guests to break away from her delightful parlors."

The summer preceding the Chicago Convention, the Garfield family went to Mentor rather late in the season, and remained there through the fall and winter. It had been their intention to return to Washington as usual before the reassembling of Congress, but the result of the Convention changed previous plans, and the household continued there until the week before the inauguration. During that time the crowds continually visiting Mentor left Mrs. Garfield but little time for relaxation and rest. She was in the midst of excitement of a political kind constantly, and to it were added the onerous duties of hostess—a position scarcely to be desired, under such circumstances. She shrank from the publicity which the nomination of her husband to the highest gift in the nation subjected her, though she met the requirements

of the position with a pleasant demeanor and quiet reserve natural to her.

The newspapers abounded in personal allusions to the family, and many efforts were made to obtain her photograph for publication in the illustrated periodicals. This she would not permit, either during the canvass or after the election. It was not in her power, however, to prevent those who had her picture from showing it to their friends, and finally she recognized the natural desire of the public to see the photograph of the Lady of the White House, and she sat for one that was approved by herself and husband. The engraving accompanying this sketch is from that photograph, and is a correct likeness of her, as she appeared at that time.

Though the newspapers could not obtain her photograph, the correspondents made pen-pictures of herself and her home. One of them (writing to the Detroit *Evening News*) gave so pleasant a picture of her that it is reproduced in part. It was written shortly after the election:

"The historic orchard and pumpkin-fields were lying peacefully now under their snowy covering, and giving no signs of the recent scenes of devastation. Crossing the wide veranda, the solitary pilgrim rang the bell, and was ushered by a wonderfully patient-looking colored man-servant into the reception-room, although that is quite too formal a name to give a room combining such an air of comfort with its elegance; it is the

emanation of an artist and a fireside genius in one, and you are not surprised to learn later that the mistress of the mansion is an artist of considerable skill. A royal grate-fire burns brightly at one end of the room, over which is a Queen Anne mantel, with cabinet photographs of Garfield and Arthur, painted candles, and numerous articles of bric-a-brac. At the opposite end of the apartment stands a fine upright piano, adorned with photographs of Hancock, Marshall Jewell and Ole Bull. Over this is a French picture in bright water-colors, on one side of which hangs a copy of Meissonier's Napoleon, on the other a little landscape, painted and given her, Mrs. Garfield relates, by her old drawing teacher, of whom she tells some interesting reminiscences.

"The quiet tinted walls of the reception-room are further adorned with large portraits of the General and his mother, one of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the faith which Garfield indorses, and a number of other pieces, among them a copy of Miss Ransom's 'Hagar and her Son,' from—'let me see if I can remember the name,' Mrs. Garfield said, turning the picture and spelling out the Italian name from a card on the back. 'Miss Ransom put the card there so that I shouldn't forget the name, because he was not one of the best known painters.'

"'And this,' pointing to a little gilt frame decorated with pansies, 'was sent to the General by a little Vermont girl, her own work, and the verse inscribed on it was written for her by Whittier.'

"In this interest in her pictures and their histories Mrs. Garfield showed constantly the artistic element in her nature, as well as in a hundred touches about the rooms.

"A small-figured dark carpet covered the floor, a Smyrna rug lay before the fire, in the glow of which sat the famous grandmother, a quaint little figure, making with her snowy hair and cap, and her knitting-work, a fitting adjunct to an 'interior' charming enough for anybody's pencil. There were easy-chairs and lounges, speaking of solid comfort, and a little centre-table piled up carelessly with all kinds of books, school-books, story-books, a gay-colored copy of *Chic*, a life of the President-elect, and 'Bits of Talk,' by H. H., being among them. And there were also upon that table—yes, actually, dear prim housekeepers—the well-known slouch hat of the General's, and a roll of red flannel, with a thimble beside it.

"Everywhere—in every nook and corner—there are books. A case in the parlor contains editions of Waverley and Dickens, French history in the original, old English poets and dramatists richly bound in black and gold, and a choice collection of miscellaneous works; in the little hallway leading to the dining-room are books, and in the dining-room itself more books. The last is a cheery room with its handsome tiled mantle, open fire, pictures and shining silver. There is everywhere evidence of the dainty housekeeper.

"The pilgrim wandered out through the back regions

of the house where the tin wash-basin and milk-cans, which were really seen, would no doubt be deemed objects of sacred interest to the enthusiastic adorer, and crossed over to the detached office, whose walls are lined with ponderous volumes, and where busy clerks and a peculiar hum of the wires gives one some idea of the work done there. A peculiarity of the telegraph wires running into General Garfield's office is that the sound of Cleveland's church-bells is conveyed distinctly over them, thirty miles.

"Under a tree near the office was a spirited picture. The two youngest scions of the house and the great Newfoundland dog, all three in a state of frantic delight, were chasing a coon which had been sent the General by train that morning, a sample of the odd and incongruous quality of the presents which are showered upon the family. Returning to the parlor, the visitor found Mrs. Garfield seated before the fire, and received her pleasant and cordial consent to the sketching of her home for the benefit of the public, who have a natural and loyal interest in it. To those who would wish to see a brilliant society leader in the White House, Mrs. Garfield will perhaps be a disappointment; but those who have been led to think of her as a retiring, mere domestic woman, inadequate to the position, will also be disappointed. She is a lady of admirable self-poise, dignity and thorough culture, reserved yet affable, and with the distinguishing trait of genuineness. There is not a trace of affectation about her. A Mentor

gentleman remarked, 'There isn't a family in town, apparently, so little set up by the situation as the Garfields.'

"When asked if she dreaded the coming responsibilities (so much has been said of her retiring nature), she said, slowly, with her brown eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire: 'Yes, in many ways; but it has always been my experience, so far, that one grows fitted for responsibility as it comes. My greatest fear is that the time will slip by, and when it is over I shall have it to look back to with regret for the many things that ought to have been done.'

"With such a spirit it will be safe to trust the woman influence in the next administration. That it is going to be an influence that will be felt, no one who is acquainted with Mrs. Garfield doubts. . . . . .

"Her youth was spent quietly at Hiram, and there were struggles connected with it, in obtaining her education, which have doubtless aided in developing her self-reliant spirit. Since marriage her life has been devoted to her family, but she has always given up a great deal of time to the rites of hospitality.

"'Bless you,' said a local gossip, 'they have always been overrun with visitors. Why, Mrs. Garfield hasn't had a chance to get acquainted, hardly, with people here.' The same oracle said: 'Mrs. Garfield is wonderfully firm; if she once makes up her mind to a thing nothing can turn her. Now, the general can be coaxed, but they both have splendid family government.' . . . The pilgrim boarded

the train, with a good-bye, for Mentor, and an uncommonly pleasant picture tucked away in his memory of a charming home, and of the future mistress of the White House. The latter picture is in personnel a slender, graceful lady, with a transparently clear complexion, with delicate features, and clear, penetrating, brown eyes; hair the same shade of brown, worn in a braid at the back, and frizzed quite in conventional style in front. A dark blue dress, simple lace tie, and little or no jewelry, completed the lady's home appearance.

"A gentleman, well acquainted with the family, remarked: 'Mrs. Garfield looks a little worn now, and no wonder. She has changed a good deal within the last year. When she got the telegram announcing the nomination the tears came into her eyes, and when she was asked if she was not glad and proud to hear it, she said: "Oh, yes; but it is a terrible responsibility to come to him and to me;" but I tell you she has put her shoulder to the wheel bravely so far, and she will continue to the end.'"

The allusion to Miss Ransom, the artist, in this extract, recalls the fact that a year or more previous to the election, General Garfield commissioned her to paint a portrait of Mrs. Garfield. The two were old Cleveland friends, and had been intimately associated for years. The portrait was painted, and during the week of the inauguration it was seen by many strangers in Washington who visited her studio. She told a characteristic thing of Mrs. Garfield in connection with this portrait. Miss

Ransom for a background sketched a beautiful view from the Soldiers' Home, showing the Capitol, and the Potomac, like a thread of silver, in the far distance. Mrs. Garfield objected to it, saying, "That will do for a President's wife who resides at the Soldiers' Home a part of each year, but not for me." The artist argued and pleaded, but in vain. Mrs. Garfield was decided in her mind, and refused to have it. She however added to her objection the remark, that she would be pleased if there could be introduced into the picture a view of Franklin Park—"the corner opposite my window, where I have so often watched my children at play," she said. The artist still demurred, on the ground that the park was so near and so shut in that it was impossible to get the perspective requisite for a good back-ground, but the children and the General were delighted with Mrs. Garfield's idea, and Miss Ransom yielded to their united request, and the portrait was finished accordingly. General Garfield was greatly pleased with the result, and would not let the portrait be taken from Washington to the artist's studio in Cleveland, where she proposed to complete it, lest something might befall it in the transportation.

Of the mother of General Garfield much was said previous to the inauguration, and has been since. She is the first mother of a President who has lived in the White House, and by reason of the deference and distinction her son showed her has been the recipient of exceptional attentions. No one who ever saw her



in his company but felt that an unusual tie bound them. They were the ideal mother and son, and were so recognized years before he had grown into a public man. "You never see General Garfield at church without his wife and mother," was the remark of a resident of Washington who lived near the Church of the Disciples. "He goes by here almost every Sunday with his wife on one arm and his mother on the other."

People who called at the house saw the bright old lady, who was "grandma" to so many children, and knew by her sunshiny manner that she was an honored member of the family—not a mere guest or an inmate of the house. She was "mother" to Mrs. Garfield as well as to her son, and the two women loved each other because their hearts were centred in him.

Many incidents are related of her sterling worth and integrity of character. Few women of to-day have known such rugged experiences with poverty as she had for long years after she lost her young husband. She must have been possessed of intense force of will, or she would have failed in the work she accomplished. All her children were blessings to her, and honored her absolutely. She lived for years a life of toil, and in the neighborhood of the old home are told many circumstances creditable to her. Her eldest son was a little boy when his father died, and was not able to wield an axe. She wanted fences made, and her neighbors offered to do the job for her, as they did for each other. The custom was a common one, and all that was ex-

pected in return was a supply of whiskey. She refused to furnish liquor to them—she the widow, with fatherless boys about her, watching her example and knowing no other guide. She wielded her maul and split her own rails, without subjecting her boys to temptation or perilling their future by any act of hers. Widow Garfield would not open her door to an enemy too strong for women to cope with in strangers and the bitterest of foes to encounter in the home circle, and wisely decided to save her young at whatever sacrifice. If people occasionally wondered at the depth of her children's love, and the jealous care they bestowed upon her, it was because she had earned such riches for herself and was wearing the crown that was of her own making.

The scene at the inauguration of her son—when he stood in the presence of the most distinguished men and women of the land, and saw a sea of human beings before him such as no man could count, and turning from them all kissed his old mother first and then his wife—will never be forgotten. The people could talk of nothing else then, and cannot now recall the event without dwelling upon it. The new President might well have overlooked his mother at such a time and been formal with his wife, but he was husband and son first, and the young men who witnessed the spectacle were benefited and blessed by it.

Such filial and husbandly devotion won President Garfield the respect of wives and mothers throughout the land—a respect which kindled into affection in the

time that came. A speedy illustration of the effect of this act was given by a young school-girl who had been an eye-witness to it, and whose enthusiasm was checked by her companion. "It was done for effect," he teazingly remarked. "It was done because he is a knight—a real Sir Galahad!" she replied, the bright eyes sparkling, the rosy cheeks flushing, as she defended her hero. That little act was the tie that bound the women of this country to those two women as nothing else could, and it was an assurance of a happy home which aroused generous American sentiment for the new White House occupants.

Mrs. Garfield was eighty years of age when her youngest child entered upon the performance of the highest office in his country, and very naturally she was the object of much sincere interest. When the Presidential party reached Washington, she was escorted from the car by her son and placed in the carriage of President Hayes, which awaited her coming. She was driven to the White House direct, and was there to welcome her son and daughter when they came over from the Riggs House in the evening to see her. Her heart must have throbbed with thankfulness and delight that night as she looked back over the years that lay behind her, thought of the husband dead for fifty years, and dwelt upon the career of her boy, who had grown up by her side, and was the first in the land and ruler of a nation.

Incidents of her early life are rare, and from a rela-

tive, an aged man, who knew her in girlhood, these facts are obtained:

"Eliza Ballou and a sister, about 1820, by the death of their parents, were left alone in the world and unprovided for, so far as the inheritance or possession of property was concerned. Preferring to live among relatives, one went to reside with an uncle in northern Ohio, and the other, Eliza, came to another uncle, the father of Samuel Arnold, who then lived on a farm near Norwich, Muskingum county, Ohio. There Eliza Ballou made her home, cheerfully helping at the house or in the field, as was then sometimes the custom in a pioneer country. Having something more than what at that day was an ordinary education, Eliza procured about twenty pupils and taught a summer school. The school-house was one of the most primitive kind, and stood in the edge of a dense and heavily-timbered woods. One day there came up a fearful storm of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The woods were badly wrecked, but the wind left the old log school-house uninjured. Not so the lightning. A bolt struck a tree that projected closely over the roof and then the roof of the building itself. Some of the pupils were greatly alarmed, and no doubt thought it the crack of doom or day of judgment. The teacher, as calm and collected as possible, tried to quiet her pupils and keep them in their places. A man who was one of the pupils, in speaking of the occurrence, says that for a little while he remembered nothing, and then he looked around and saw the

teacher and all the pupils lying dead on the floor, as he thought. Presently the teacher began to move a little, and rose to her feet. Then, one by one, the pupils got up, with a single exception. Help, medical and otherwise, was obtained as soon as possible for this one, and, though life was saved for a time, reason had forever fled. This was a fearful experience for a young female teacher, and it probably ended her career as an instructress.

"Eliza Ballou's sister married in northern Ohio, and while on a visit to her the former made the acquaintance of Abram Garfield, and subsequently married him. When James was about sixteen years old, he and his widowed mother visited Muskingum county in search of a school for the young man. They visited the family of the elder Arnold, at Norwich, and also the family of Samuel Arnold, now a citizen of New Lexington, and before referred to. The unusual intelligence of the boy and the astonishing affection between mother and son were what chiefly impressed itself upon the minds of those who entertained the poor humble boy who was to become a future President of the United States, and die a martyr to the high official position, more widely lamented than any other man had ever been. There appeared to be no opening for a school in the neighborhood of Norwich, and mother and son went to Uncle Ballou's, in another part of the county, where James got a school and taught a single term. The money thus earned he applied in further educating himself. And this was why he and his mother were hunting a school."

Forty-five years later the proudest day of that mother's life had come, and she went forth to meet it, treading lightly, forgetting that she was old, and remembering that it was "her baby" who was to be made President of the United States. "There is the President's mother," was whispered among the throng, as a small, elderly lady, dressed in black silk, with her white head covered with a close-fitting bonnet, stepped into the Senate gallery. It was the woman in her that made her so calm and composed as she looked down upon the scene before her; it was the mother in her that caused her withered cheeks to flush and the tears to start as she saw her son come upon the floor, surrounded by the chief officers of the nation.

She was the first to receive him as he entered the Executive Mansion, and a sweeter picture has rarely been seen on earth than this little mother presented as she advanced, with a proud step and eyes full of tears, to greet her son. What mattered it to her if the grandest civil and military procession ever seen in Washington had escorted him there and was awaiting his presence impatiently! She was his mother by right of royal reverence as by ties of nature, and she was not disappointed in the honor paid her. She could walk under his outstretched arm thirty years before without stooping; but he paid her the same deference he gave her when he was a little son and not a great man—when she was a hard-toiling and strong-armed woman, and not the mother of the Chief Magistrate of the country.

Despite her fatigue she wanted to see all that was done in her son's honor, and when the party left the lunch-table and went to the reviewing-stand on the avenue in front of the Mansion, Mother Garfield was one of the number, and for a long while sat near her son enjoying the sight. The vast multitude that filed in front of that stand scarcely had time to note the presence of the venerable woman before them, but the people about her watched her with a satisfaction almost undefinable to themselves and never to be forgotten now, in view of all that has transpired.

A few days after she was established in the White House she wrote a letter to a relative in the West which, as here given, does not show the handwriting tremulous with age, yet exhibits all the beautiful spirit of the writer:

"WHITE HOUSE, *March* 7, 1881.

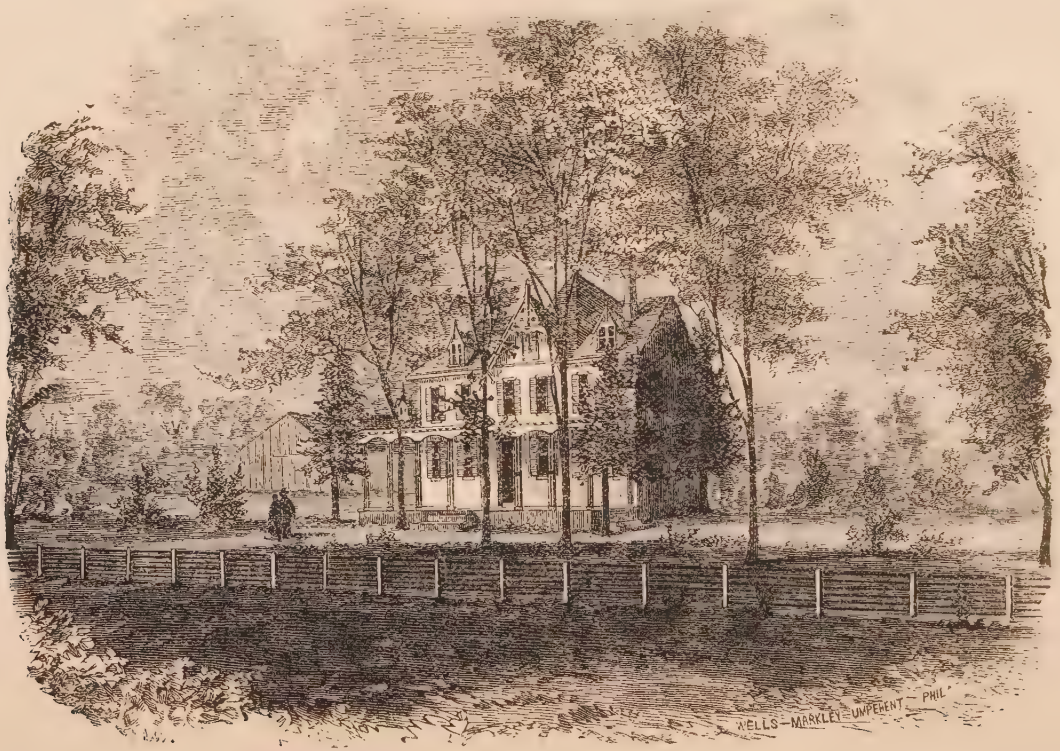
"MY DEAR COUSIN:—I received your good letter and your picture also, and would have answered sooner, but waited to get my picture. I have some, and will send you one, though they are not good. I am happy to tell you that we are all pretty well, but a good deal tired out. We have passed through the greatest rush of people for the last six months that I ever saw. Since the Inauguration it is one steady stream of old friends calling. It takes pretty much all of the time to entertain them; they want to see the President's mother. I am the first mother that has occupied the White House and her son President, but I feel very thankful for such

a son. I don't like the word proud, but if I must use it I think in this case it is quite appropriate. How many times my mind goes back to our girlhood school-days! but changes take place. I have seen sorrowful days and have seen happy days. I was once young and am now old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging his bread. I have got a very pleasant room, nice furnished, and waited on in the very best manner possible. Now I want you to write to me. Our folks all send love to you; with very much love, I remain your aged cousin,

"ELIZA GARFIELD."

Notwithstanding the novelty of her position, the first instance of the kind in the history of the Presidents, although her son was not the first President whose mother was living during his term of office, she was at once established as a great favorite, and her short stay in the White House was as happy as worldly honors and human affection could make it. When the summer came she longed for the country and old friends in Ohio, and accompanied by her two youngest grandsons, she returned to Mentor. She expected her son to visit her during the summer, and to return with her daughter in the fall to the White House.

No more imposing ceremonies were ever witnessed in Washington, or in this country, than those which attended the inauguration of President James A. Garfield. Thousands of National Guardsmen and scores



MENTOR—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

of civic associations were in the procession, which, with the exception of the famous review in 1865, was the finest pageant the country has yet seen. Twenty thousand men were in line, and the cortege occupied two hours in passing the review-stand. From the White House to the Capitol there was a mass of people, and the decorations of the historic avenue were profuse and handsome. The snow lay on the parks and terraces about the Capitol, and the day was raw and disagreeable, though the sun shone at noonday and dispelled the sombre clouds that hung heavy over the city after the storm of the preceding night and early morning.

In the front row of the Senate gallery the wife and mother of General Garfield sat beside Mrs. Hayes, and with them were the only daughters of the incoming and outgoing Presidents. The galleries were very soon crowded with a brilliant audience, and on the floor of the Senate were many distinguished men. General Hancock, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was among the number, and the ovation tendered him was second only to that bestowed upon the President elect. The ceremony of introducing his successor was performed by Vice-President Wheeler; and after the oath of office had been administered to Vice-President Arthur, and Mr. Wheeler had said his farewell to the Senate, the assembly adjourned to the eastern portico to witness the taking of the oath of office by President Garfield. The spectacle was a grand

one. A vast multitude of people gazed upon the immense platform upon which were seated General Garfield, with Chief-Justice Waite on his right and Sergeant-at-Arms Bright on his left. Immediately back of the three, who were directly in the centre of the platform, sat President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield and the mother of General Garfield. Still behind them stood Mollie Garfield and Fanny Hayes, and to their right sat the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Randall. The gentlemen sat with their heads uncovered. The Chief-Justice rose from his seat, and instantly the noise and din died away, and the oath of office was administered. Then followed the inaugural address, after which Mr. Hayes shook hands with the new President, as did the Chief-Justice. Turning from them, President Garfield tenderly kissed his mother and then his wife. This being the first incident of its kind, the people noted it with great gratification, and the throng rent the air with huzzas, while the President received the congratulations of those about him as he slowly made his way back to the head of the procession. The ladies of the party returned first, and were at the White House before the procession got under way from the Capitol. The President's carriage was drawn by four horses, and the escort were the Cleveland troops, in showy uniforms. General Sherman rode at the head of the procession. The reviewing-stand in front of the White House was occupied by a distinguished company, which awaited the coming of the

Presidential party from the White House, whither they had gone to lunch. At half-past two the President and ex-President walked down to the stand, followed by their families and the entire White House party. The President stood with his wife and his mother on his right, and ex-President and Mrs. Hayes on his left, with General Hancock immediately behind and above him, and surrounded by the members of the Cabinet, Senators, Congressmen and a numerous company of ladies.

President Hayes and his family became the guests of Secretary and Mrs. Sherman, and after the procession had passed they returned to the door of the Mansion, took leave of the President and Mrs. Garfield, and with their son, who welcomed Mrs. Garfield as she crossed the threshold, were driven away.

The city was brilliantly illuminated at night, and the inauguration ball in the Museum Building was attended by nearly every person of distinction in Washington. Mrs. Garfield was arrayed in a magnificent dress of lavender satin, with trimmings of point lace and a corsage bouquet of pansies. Mrs. Hayes wore a white satin de Lyons trimmed with pearl passementeries. Both costumes were elegant and were worn without jewels. In a ball-room thronged with ladies whose superb diamonds were resplendent and glittered with reflected light, their simplicity was all the more charming.

The National Museum is a building designed in the form of a Greek cross, the arms diverging from a central octagonal, surmounted by a dome, and the tempo-

rary decorations were magnificent, consisting of statues, tropical plants, flowers and the national colors, draped with evergreen, and coats-of-arms. The President and Mrs. Garfield received on a raised dais. The gallery above them was for the use of Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Hayes and their invited guests. Another was occupied by General Hancock, who was the guest of the committee, surrounded by a distinguished party of military officers. The scene, viewed from the balcony near the rotunda, had the appearance of a series of halls, separated by arches, and affording an extended and varied vista. The view was enchanting and bewildering. The picture was a never-to-be-forgotten one. With all the adjuncts of famous people, gorgeous in apparel and surrounded by music and flowers, the ball-room is remembered as a fairy place and recalled as a bright dream.

Succeeding the inauguration were days of bustle and excitement for the new inmates of the White House. They had many friends in the city where they had lived so long and entertained so hospitably, and all were anxious to see them. So likewise were the hundreds of strangers who had visited the Capitol to witness the inaugural ceremonies, and the Saturday evening following the event the President and Mrs. Garfield received. In the matter of dress Mrs. Garfield came up to the requirements of her position. At this reception she wore a rich ruby velvet, made in princess style, the facings of the long bow and loops that fastened the fullness at the back being of Sultan red satin. The open neck and the

half-long sleeves were ornamented with elegant lace. Her hair was simply arranged after the prevailing style, and she wore no jewels.

Several afternoon receptions were held during the spring, and many invited guests were informally entertained, but there was no opportunity for social gayeties, and the anticipations were all the brighter for the coming winter. The ladies of the Cabinet numbered several long accustomed to official life in Washington, and it was anticipated that the receptions and State dinners the coming winter would be rendered brilliant by the circle immediately about the President. Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. MacVeagh, Mrs. James, Mrs. Lincoln, and in fact all, were well known in Washington society, and were united in their desire to make the Administration, socially, as successful as it promised to be officially.

The spring wore away, and the summer came, bringing with it the two elder sons of the President, who had been away at school.

The five children of the President and Mrs. Garfield attracted much attention while in the White House, particularly the two eldest boys, Harry and James, just developing into manhood, and Mollie, the only daughter. Two younger lads, Irwin and Abram, were less before the public than the elder children, and were in Washington but a short time, having returned to Ohio in the early summer. The elder boys were at their studies, and the daughter was too young to participate in the few public receptions given by the President.

The family were all together for a time in the spring, and this description of a dining-room scene is given by a Washington correspondent:

"In the cosy family dining-room the President's seat is midway the length of the table on its west side, and Mrs. Garfield sits opposite, with Harry, her eldest, a decided 'mother boy,' as near her as the presence of almost constant guests will permit, while Jimmie sits correspondingly near his father, where also 'Grandma' Garfield has an honored place. She is always waited on first, whoever else may be present. Mollie sits at the north end of the table, and the two younger boys are disposed a little promiscuously, according to the exigencies of the case. Harry is eighteen, tall and graceful, with the regular features of his mother. The down of manhood appears on his cheeks. Jimmie, sixteen years old, is nearly or quite as tall as his brother and broader shouldered, with the Saxon hair and large features of his father, whom he bids fair to resemble strongly in person and intellect. Mollie, aged fourteen, has the dark-brown hair of her mother and the lineaments of her father not unhandsomely reproduced. When womanhood has softened the charm of her face she will be very fine-looking. She is a great pet with her father. Irwin, aged eleven, and Abram, aged nine, you already know through descriptions, especially the former, who is the eccentric one, possibly the genius of them all. He is named for General McDowell, and insists that his name must be always written, not Irwin M., but Irwin

McD. Meal-time is almost the only time the President has lately had with his children, and he devotes himself in great part to them at that time, after asking questions on some interesting point of Harry or James or Mollie to draw them out, and then explaining it at considerable length, instructing by the Socratic method as it were."

The eldest and the youngest of the household are dead; the latter, an infant son, having died in Washington four years before the President's election. It is related of General Garfield that he suffered intense grief at the loss of his children, and his friends frequently during his last months of life recalled the sorrow he manifested at the time of his little child's death in Washington.

In June the public was startled with the news of Mrs. Garfield's illness, and it was with great concern that the announcements from the sick-room were learned. The President gave up all public matters, and for days watched over her, giving her the medicines prescribed and remaining at her bedside day and night. Happily, her life was saved, and so soon as she could be conveyed from Washington, she was taken to Long Branch, where it was hoped the sea air would restore her. She was so weak when she got there that she had to be carried to her room, and was but beginning to grow strong when the President left her and returned to Washington, preparatory to making a trip to New England and the White Mountains. He was daily cheered by the news of his wife's steady improvement, and was anticipating a happy visit to Williams College, his *Alma Mater*. The party

were to leave Washington on the second of July, and be joined by Mrs. Garfield and her friends at New York. The trip was all arranged, and the morning of the eventful day came. Mrs. Garfield at Long Branch was anticipating a reunion with her husband, and was making final preparations to start from the hotel to the train when the news that startled the nation reached there and was in part tenderly broken to her. She was taken from Washington, at a leisurely gait, a helpless invalid, but the telegram that shocked her that July morning sent her back at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Even that seemed slow to the anxious wife and the suffering husband. The event was the never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-forgiven tragedy of the shooting of President Garfield, the particulars of which are briefly told here.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, when it was supposed that the President was on his way from Washington to New York, accompanied by all his Cabinet, their wives and several friends, this news was flashed over the wires: "President Garfield was shot before leaving on the limited express train this morning!"

The brief announcement, made in two lines, that the President of the United States had been shot by an assassin, excited great incredulity, then amazement, and finally a feeling of horror that rendered suspense almost intolerable. The second despatch followed speedily, and it conveyed the intelligence that Colonel Corbin had returned to the President with a physician. This was meagre enough, and the third was waited with intense

excitement. It said: "President Garfield was shot this morning at the Baltimore and Potomac depot by an assassin. It is reported that he is mortally wounded. The assassin was caught."

The fourth despatch, dated half an hour later, was to the effect that Dr. Bliss had said that the President's wound was not a mortal one, and that concerning the assassin nothing was known except that he was under arrest. A subsequent message announced that the physicians attending the President were holding a consultation. Soon came the particulars of the shooting:

The President and Mr. Blaine rode from the White House to the depot in the Secretary's carriage. Reaching the entrance on B street, the President and the Secretary left it and entered the ladies' waiting-room, walking arm-in-arm. Just at the moment that they were passing through the door into the main room, two shots were fired. Mr. Blaine saw a man run through the room at that instant, and started toward him, but turning to the President and seeing that he had fallen he sprang to his side, as did several others, and raised his head from the floor. One shot passed through the arm, and the other took effect in the lower part of the back. There were few people in the room when the shots were fired. The members of the President's party were on the platform beyond the waiting-room, or in the car that was ready to start the moment the President was aboard. Secretaries Windom and Hunt were promenading on the platform, Post-

master-General James stood at the side of the car in which were seated the ladies of the party. They were all chatting as they watched for the coming of the President. Colonel Jamison, of the Post-office Department, ran out of the depot immediately after the shots were fired and exclaimed, "The President is shot!" One of the party made a doubting reply, but when their informant answered "I saw it," they rushed back and found the President on the floor, his head supported by Mrs. White, the woman in charge of the waiting-room, who had witnessed the shooting. The entire party hastily quitted the car and followed them to the scene, and a large crowd gathered about the prostrate form. Shortly after a mattress was brought in and the President was removed to the upper floor of the depot. Within an hour an ambulance had arrived and the President, who had grown very weak, was removed to it and conveyed to the White House. The news spread like wildfire, and those who at first doubted the report became convinced that something had happened by the rapid driving of a carriage through Pennsylvania avenue, clearing the way for the ambulance which followed driven at a rapid pace, and surrounded by mounted police. An excited throng followed. The President bore the removal with great fortitude, and in fact, after the first paroxysm of pain and faintness had passed, he seemed not again to lose his self-control. His first thought after the shock of the shooting had passed was of his wife, and from speaking reassuringly to his son James,

who was beside him, he dictated to Colonel Rockwell this despatch to her:

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you."

The ladies of the party hurried to the White House to make preparations for the reception of the President, and when the sad procession reached the Mansion, everything was in readiness for him. As he was lifted from the ambulance he saw some familiar faces at the windows, and with a smile, which those who saw it will never forget, he raised his right hand and gave the military salute. His face was ghastly white, and it was thought that his moments were numbered. He was carried into the "southwest chamber," that he had recently occupied as a sleeping room, and was soon surrounded by the physicians. The events that transpired in that room during the day were made known throughout the land, and are familiar to all readers of the newspapers.

It is not needful in a sketch of Mrs. Garfield to recite the painful history of the creature who shot the President, or to give any of the particulars of his case. His name is execrated wherever it is heard, and the world would be glad to bury it in eternal oblivion. The only emotion of a human kind exhibited by him was his hesitation to shoot the President when he went to Long Branch with Mrs. Garfield. In his confession he stated that he was at the depot for that purpose, but noticing

that Mrs. Garfield was pale and ill, and clung tenderly to her husband's arm, he decided not to take his life then.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when the train dashed at express speed into Washington. Shortly afterward the President heard the wheels of a carriage on the drive, and speaking to Mrs. James, who sat beside him, said, "That is my wife." Alighting from the carriage she was accompanied up the stairs by her son James and Attorney-General MacVeagh. She hurried to the bedside of the President, and greeted him with a cheerful smile. Her self-control and quiet demeanor were noted by the doctors, who returned to the room and terminated the interview for the time being. She was escorted out of her husband's presence, and then broke down, weeping piteously. Shortly afterward she returned to the bedside and had a second private interview with him. From that time he manifested favorable symptoms and hope was revived. Later in the evening, as Mrs. James sat beside him watching him as he slept, he suddenly awoke, and said to her: "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. James answered; "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband."

He looked up to the lady with an anxious face, and said, "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say if she will undress and go to bed, I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed, I can go to sleep and sleep all night? Tell her that I will sleep all night if she will only do what I ask."

Mrs. James went immediately with the message to Mrs. Garfield, who quickly replied: "Go back and tell him that I am undressing." She returned with the answer, and the President turned over on his right side and dropped asleep almost instantly.

Throughout the night he was cheerful, and to Dr. Bliss, who, in replying to his question as to his condition, had told him that there was a chance of recovery, said hopefully, "We will take that chance."

The people, impressed with this remark and the cheerfulness it indicated, renewed the hope which had well nigh been extinguished by the repeated assurances of the physicians that he could not live through the night. The Fourth of July, the saddest ever known in this country, passed; the news from the bedside of the nation's patient was less cheering, and the gloomy tide of a great sorrow ran a strong current under the ordinary occupations and duties of every-day life. No gathering of people was possible where it was not the dominant subject, and it took weeks of weary anxiety to quell the spirit of revenge that was universal in the hearts of men against the wasp that had stung the President and had poisoned his life-blood. The sympathy of other countries soothed this feeling in time, and the demeanor of the President was such an example to the country that it was impossible to express hostile feelings with such a pattern of submission before them. Great as had been President Garfield's services in the past, his heroic bearing in affliction was of more value

to the people, and his influence did more to bring about harmony of feeling, brotherly love and the obliteration of party bitterness than any work he had done in his days of health and activity.

As he lay on his bed of sickness, he thought of his mother, whose absence from him troubled him. He hoped at first to go to her soon and to recuperate his strength at Mentor, but while waiting for the strength that never came he wrote her this letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 11th*, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER:—Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through.

Give my love to all the relatives and friends and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary. Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

MRS. ELIZA GARFIELD, HIRAM, OHIO.

Telegrams of sympathy reached his bedside from all parts of the earth, and wherever the news had gone in other lands there came back gratifying evidences of world-wide sorrow.

As the days passed the alternations of hope and despair kept the feeling of the people at its highest tension, and during this time of anxious waiting, Mrs. Garfield was the recipient of countless messages, letters and assurances of every kind of the sentiment of her countrymen and women. She appreciated all that was felt and said; and on one occasion, when some unusual

incident had received her attention, she said in a voice broken with emotion and with tears in her eyes: "If it were possible for my husband and me to go around and see all those dear people who have been so grateful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person it made no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were women permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop both in the ballot-box."

The love and respect for her womanly attributes and fine self-government increased as time passed; and it was evident that her conduct under the most trying circumstances that could come to a woman had aroused the enthusiasm of the entire country. From the various organizations, without respect to their nature or object, were received at the White House kind wishes for the President and earnest assurances to him that his family was not forgotten in his time of helplessness and suffering. The practical spirit of the people was aroused, and the question was repeatedly asked: "What can we

do to make it easier for the President?" Presents of all descriptions, from the rich and the poor, the great and the humble, patriarchs and little children, were sent to the White House in great numbers. Everybody wanted to do something, and it was painful that so little could be offered that would be of use. Sick-room appliances reached the physicians in such quantities that the basement of the mansion was crowded, and the slightest intimation of a change in the nourishment or treatment of the distinguished sufferer sent numberless articles for trial. That he might have the richest Alderney milk, an eager owner of an imported cow quickly forwarded the animal, and he was repaid many times over with the knowledge that the patient saw from the window the fine creature that had been sent to minister to his comfort, and spoke of it. Little children sent their tributes, and the gift of a pet squirrel from two little people who had learned that the President had expressed a desire for such food, brought tears to the eyes of all who knew of the circumstance. The tender, constant and ever deepening feeling of the people for their sick President must have helped him immeasurably, for he was borne up and cheered daily by the affection that went out from all human hearts toward him. It seemed to the people that he must get well, that the prayers of a nation would be answered; that the assassin's work would fail; that love would conquer death, and that into the weary pain-worn body of the sufferer would be renewed the strong life-currents. Who

can ever forget, though long years may dim other memories, the daily and nightly watch over that sick-chamber! When the relapse came weeks after the crisis was thought to be passed, the excitement and interest grew terrible in its intensity. Those who had the dissemination of the news aged under it as the bulletins that came from their hands banished hope. The day of saddest gloom, Saturday, August 27, was given up to prayer, and when Sunday came, and word went forth that the President was better, the people called it resurrection, and said in their joy that God had given back to them in answer to their petitions him who was thought to be dead.

Through it all stood Mrs. Garfield, eager and watchful, but steady and strong in heart. When the doctors told her of their fears she did not sink down or show dismay. She bade them do their best, and never to give up, and leaving them she went back with a cheerful face to her husband and resumed her place at his bedside. Too weak and weary to give thought to others, the heroic sufferer watched her face and was understood by her when to others his wishes were unintelligible. If he held on to life with a tenacity that surprised every one, his strength in large measure was drawn from her. She was more to him than all else, and she furnished the strongest motive he felt for his recovery. The thought that was agitating many minds, that he be given assurance that his family would be taken care of in case he died, was voiced by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who pro-

posed that a fund of $250,000 be raised for Mrs. Garfield and her children, and settled upon her. He started the fund with a large subscription, and the amount subscribed before and after the death of the President reached nearly $350,000. Though no public acknowledgment was made of the gift, it is a fact that the President's mind was greatly relieved by this considerate act, and his last days were not troubled with dread of the future for his wife and children. When the sultry August days had tried his strength beyond endurance, and it was apparent that a removal from the malarial atmosphere of the capital was imperative, the journey to Long Branch was undertaken. Many plans had been suggested and the practicability of all considered; but Mrs. Garfield, who knew of her husband's love for the sea, and of the benefit that she had derived from her stay there, insisted upon this trip. The journey was undertaken after careful preparation, and the details of the trip from Washington to Elberon were read with thrilling interest at the time. At every station and wayside crossing the people gathered, and stood with uncovered heads as the train with its precious freight passed by. The sympathy with which every heart was overflowing was deep but voiceless; all felt the need the sufferer had of silence and repose. Bulletins were thrown off the cars at different points, and it was with unspeakable relief that the arrival at the Francklyn Cottage was announced. For days before, workmen had been busy preparing a road-

bed for a track from the Elberon station to the cottage, and four hundred men spent the night before his arrival in laying the track. In this work the hundreds of guests at the various hotels and cottages of Long Branch took great interest, an interest touchingly expressed in the request of a little boy, who with his father was watching the progress of the workmen. He desired to do something for the President, and leaving his father's side he approached a man who was driving a pile and asked to be permitted to help. The man carelessly said to him that he was too small, and could not lift the maul. "Let me try," he urged; the heavy weight was given him, and with the workman's assistance the pile was put down in place. The task completed, the child returned with a radiant face, saying, "There, papa, I have done something for the President." Happy child, to have relieved his feelings by striking a blow in the service of the sufferer! How many thousands upon thousands of people would have accomplished herculean tasks, if by so doing they could have been of service to the President! Mr. Francklyn, whose beautiful summer home was tendered Mrs. Garfield, and accepted, was kindly envied by the public whose houses would gladly have been given up for a like purpose.

The room into which the President was taken was Mrs. Francklyn's own boudoir, on the southeast corner of the second story, overlooking the sea; and his pleasure in beholding the broad Atlantic from his bed gave hope that he would get well. It was expected that

he would revive rapidly under the combined influences of a cooler atmosphere, the sight of the sea, and the change of scene. That he did not mend rapidly troubled the people, and they murmured. Then remembering Mrs. Garfield's remark, made in reply to the physician who told her at the time of the relapse in Washington that only a miracle could save her husband —"Then that miracle will be performed: he will live"— they redoubled their earnestness in prayer, and believed that the bitter cup would be taken from unwilling lips.

The gloom of the September days deepened and the reluctant warning was sent out—"Hope no more, hope is dead." Still the people hoped, relying upon the faith of Mrs. Garfield, the wonderful vitality and heroic demeanor of the invalid. They believed in the impossible, and prayed yet more fervently. Never in the world's history was any one so universally prayed for. It seemed like doubting God's goodness to despair of the President's life. Still the same anxious waiting was continued, and with each telegram that was sent came a knell to the hopes of millions. He must die, they said, and that last Monday was like the funeral day of a race. People sought their homes that night oppressed with sad forebodings, and their petitions were for strength to meet the impending calamity.

He died September 19th, 1881, the first news reaching the people in the cities through the tolling of the bells. When the strokes commenced, those who listened thought it was the striking of the hour, but soon they real-

ized the meaning of the slow tolling, and as the church bells began to give out their dissonance on the night wind, the hearts of the listeners sank within them. "'Tis he," they said, and their eyes overflowed with tears as they thought of the stricken mourner who would now watch no more at his bedside. From out their homes the people hurried, and the streets of the cities were crowded with a restless throng surging aimlessly along, seemingly panic-stricken and unnerved.

All that day the watchers at the bedside counted the hours with feverish dread, for the physicians had foretold the end and the brave wife had gathered her strength to meet the inevitable. Much of the time she had watched at his bedside, and at intervals when she could be spared had sat alone at a window overlooking the water, white and still, making no complaint, causing no unnecessary anxiety on her account. At last, utterly weary, and believing that her husband was resting quietly, she retired to her room, leaving him without a thought of immediate death. A summons to come quickly was made shortly after ten o'clock, and when she hurried into the room, seeing the change that had come over the beloved face, she exclaimed, "What does this mean?" and then, realizing the situation, cried, "Oh, why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong!" That was all the outburst made by her then or after. The death-damp was on her husband's brow, and the end had come. She sat upon the bed beside him, holding his hand in hers and gazing into the eyes no longer able to return her look.

The history of the dying scene can be told in a few words. General Swaim was watching, when the President, who had been sleeping, suddenly awoke and said, "Oh, Swaim! this terrible pain!" indicating its locality by placing his hand on his breast over the region of the heart. "Oh, Swaim!" he exclaimed again later, "this terrible pain! Press your hand on it! Oh, Swaim!" The eyes were set in death a moment later, and no other words were spoken. "Dan," the colored man, came into the room at that moment and was hurriedly despatched for Dr. Bliss. The latter was sitting at a table over his letters. Colonel Rockwell had just left the room and joined his wife and daughter on the piazza. The moment Dr. Bliss glanced at the face of the President, before he had touched his pulse he said, "Swaim, he is dying. Call Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, and send for his wife."

When Mrs. Garfield entered the room, the President was quite unconscious. There was no sound except the occasional heavy breathing of the President, and an occasional whisper between the doctors. The light which had been burning behind the screen was carried nearer the bed, and the group, which comprised Dr. Bliss, who stood at the head of the bed noting the pulse of the patient, Mrs. Garfield, who sat on the bed, Drs. Agnew, Hamilton and Boynton, Col. Rockwell, Gen. Swaim, and Dan, waited in silence. Mollie Garfield, who was by her mother's side, put her arms about her neck and asked, "Is it death?" The mother clasped her to her heart, say-

ing convulsively, "My daughter." Soon the President's breathing ceased, his head fell back on the arm of Dr. Bliss, and the latter whispered, "It is all over." Mrs. Garfield arose and went from the room, the fixed lines about her face showing the effort she was making to control herself. At the door of her room she broke quite down and sobbed aloud. She was alone but a few minutes and then returned to the bed where her dead husband lay. The eyelids had been closed and the seal of death was set upon the rigid limbs. She sat by the bed for three hours, the tears raining down her face and her form shaking violently. The cold hand she held returned no answering pressure, and she stroked the arm mechanically as she looked upon the face of her dead.

When it was necessary for the last service that the living could ever pay to the departed to be performed, she was led to her room, where Dr. Bliss from an adjoining apartment heard her pacing the floor all night long. She did not forget the broken-hearted mother in her distant home, and General Swaim was commissioned to telegraph her.

When the aged woman came from her room early in the morning, she asked for the telegram that was expected every day, but was induced to have her breakfast first and then read the news.

"Grandma," said her granddaughter, in reply to a request that she be given the telegram that she knew must be there, "would you be surprised to get bad news this morning?"

"Well, I don't know," she answered slowly.

"Grandma," she said, "there is bad news."

"Is he dead?" asked the old lady tremulously.

"He is."

The tears started as she asked, "Is it true? Then the Lord help me, for if he is dead what shall I do? I have no further wish to live, and I cannot live if it is so."

The tolling of the bells had not wakened her in the night, and every care was taken to keep her from excitement; but she was rendered nervous and weak, and those about greatly feared the result of the shock. Several times she retired to her room, and later in the day it was evident that she had brought herself into a composed state. Alone in her grief she had found strength to meet the blow, and she read the telegram which said, "James died this evening at 10. 35. He calmly breathed his life away." Then after a long silence she slowly said, "I can firmly believe that God knows best, and I must not murmur."

At Mentor the two younger sons were staying with Mrs. Garfield's brother, and in the early morning they were told of their loss. At Williams College were Harry and James, the latter ill of malaria contracted in Washington. The eldest son reached his mother's side the next day, leaving his brother behind.

At Elberon preparations were making for the removal of the body to Washington, and Mrs. Garfield was surrounded by the ladies of the Cabinet and others. After the autopsy, which revealed the nature of the wound

and showed that the President could not have recovered, and that had he lived he would have been a hopeless invalid, the brave, suffering woman grew calmer, and with unfailing courage met the demands made upon her. She saw President Arthur, who called with General Grant, and refused herself to none whose presence was warranted by right of official rank or personal friendship.

It was Mrs. Garfield's wish that there should be a religious service held at the cottage before the start was made for Washington. At half-past nine on Wednesday morning the doors were closed to the public, and the Rev. Charles J. Young, of Long Branch, stepped to the head of the bier to begin the service. The audience gathered about him comprised the highest officials of the land and their wives, together with all who had been in attendance upon the President. At the moment when all was in readiness, Mrs. Garfield leaned towards Colonel Rockwell, who stood near her, and spoke in a whisper to him. He raised his hand to bid the minister wait, and said in a low tone that Mrs. Garfield wished to look into the coffin before the service. Immediately she arose and taking her daughter by the hand went to the side of it. Both stood hand-in-hand, the daughter weeping violently, the mother looking down into the coffin, showing no emotion beyond a face like marble. She stood motionless for what seemed a very long time to the anxious friends about her. There was not a dry eye in the room, and strong men wept as they gazed upon the touching scene.

The mournful procession that moved out of the cottage was led by Mrs. Garfield, who leaned upon the arm of her son Harry. She was clad in heavy mourning, her veil almost entirely concealing her face from view. As the train moved slowly away, a passing glimpse of her face was seen as she gazed upon the windows of the room where her husband had died. Loving hearts were all about her, but she was thinking of him: there was no panacea for her pain. Had there been, the touching demonstrations of sorrow at every point along the road to Washington would have brought it. The school-children gathered in groups at the various stations, weeping as they stood with uncovered heads; the country people gathered in groups, with bared heads; the tolling of bells and emblems of mourning everywhere moved the observers to tears. At Princeton Junction the College students scattered flowers along the track. At Washington, where the feeling was intense, and where every possible expression had been given to the grief of the people, the funeral train was received by the army and navy officials and thousands of citizens.

Mrs. Garfield and her children became the guests of Attorney-General MacVeagh, and remained there during her stay in Washington. She went to the White House the day preceding her departure to remove her husband's papers, her friends having packed her possessions for her the preceding day. Upon entering the room in which her husband so long lay ill she grew deathly pale, but maintained her self-composure, and

gratefully noticed the flowers with which some kind soul had decorated the bed in anticipation of her coming.

The body of the President lay in state in the Capitol from Wednesday morning until the following Friday afternoon. Mrs. Garfield visited it there on Thursday, and viewed the face for the last time. When the throngs of people pressing about the entrances from every side understood the reason for which the doors had been closed, they waited in silence and patiently until they were opened again.

Leaning on General Swaim's arm, and followed by her son and daughter, Mr. MacVeagh and others, Mrs. Garfield entered the building, the guards conccaling themselves behind the columns and draperies or standing with their faces to the wall. When the rotunda was reached she entered it alone, those with her waiting outside until she returned. For twenty minutes she remained with her dead, and when she came out she carried in her hand a flower she had taken from the coffin. On the casket rested the magnificent wreath presented by Queen Victoria through the British Legation, and about it on all sides were countless designs. The wreath from the Queen was composed of white and Marshal Niel roses, on a base of smilax, and the inscription was, "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield; an expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation."

Tributes were there from old friends, from organizations and municipal authorities, and all were taken at

Mrs. Garfield's request to Mentor to be preserved for her children, for whom she desired to keep them. Some of the devices were of great beauty and fine workmanship, but none seemed to touch the emotions of the people so deeply as the offering of England's Queen to America's widow.

The start to Cleveland was made Friday afternoon, after the funeral in the Capitol. President Arthur, the two ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, and the Cabinet of President Garfield, together with former members of Cabinets, General Hancock, who accompanied the remains to Cleveland, as did General Sherman and thousands of the residents of Washington, followed the hearse to the depot. The Capitol gave up all that was mortal of President Garfield with manifestations of sorrow that showed how deeply he had been loved and honored during his life there.

Through every town and hamlet that the mourning train passed, the beautiful affection of the people was shown. Mrs. Garfield, more composed than on the journey from Long Branch, looked out upon the crowds and the sable draperies, and expressed herself as thankful for the sympathy manifested. At one town, where the train stopped, some one offered to pull down the curtain, but she declined the service, saying she loved to look at the dear people.

The scenes at Cleveland on the arrival of the train, during Sunday, and on Monday, the 21st, the day of the funeral, can never be pictured by pen. The mother

of the dead President, his sisters and brother, and the relatives and old neighbors, were waiting for the coming of the cortege, and Mrs. Garfield was reunited to her three sons, James having reached Cleveland from Williams College previous to her arrival. The reception procession through the streets to the pavilion catafalque erected upon Monument Square was an imposing one. Thousands of people viewed the coffin as it rested upon the structure appropriately draped from base to dome with black and white crape. The two carloads of flowers that decorated the interior of the pavilion were sent from Cincinnati, and this temple for the dead was an honor to the willing hands and loving hearts that had fashioned it. No more beautiful structure ever held the body of the revered dead.

Mrs. Garfield, who had not attended the funeral at the Capitol in Washington, had expressed her desire to take part in the last honors paid to her husband, and the committee having in charge the arrangements had assigned to her use the interior of the temple beside the coffin, and well screened by the flowers from the public gaze. She rode in the procession to the catafalque and was seated there between the only brother of the President and his aged mother. Her children were about her, and the members of the Cabinet and their wives, General Swaim and wife, Colonel Rockwell and wife, Secretary Brown, ex-President and Mrs. Hayes and others. After all had been given seats, the mother, supported by a lady friend, walked up to the

coffin, and laid her face upon the fastened lid. She stood there for a short time weeping and praying softly, while the people about stood in silence, uncovered, and with sympathy in every heart. After the funeral services, performed by Dr. Errett, Bishop Bedell, and Dr. Houghton, Dr. Errett preaching the funeral oration at the request of Mrs. Garfield, in accordance with an old compact made between himself and General Garfield, the long procession moved to the cemetery. The streets were filled with people; the crossings were decorated with mourning emblems of all descriptions; superb flowers, the offerings of various towns and cities, outlining many beautiful designs. At the cemetery the troops formed in a half diamond in front of the vault, and into the space between them and the vault, the funeral car, drawn by twelve coal-black horses, was driven. The ground was covered with flowers and evergreens. Mrs. Garfield's carriage was driven into the centre of the court formed by the troops, and in it were seated the widow and mother of the President, Harry, James and little Abe Garfield. The two eldest sons alighted and stood at either end of the vehicle. Miss Mollie Garfield and her brother Irwin were in the next carriage, and Secretary Blaine's came next and took up a position near Mrs. Garfield's carriage. A number of prominent gentlemen, Secretary Blaine, ex-President Hayes, ex-Secretary Evarts, General Swaim, Colonel Corbin, and others, and the officiating clergymen, were grouped about the vault door. The marines bore upon their shoulders

the coffin, and as they passed in front of the carriage, a stifled sob broke from Mrs. Garfield. Rev. J. H. Jones made an address; President Garfield's favorite ode, the 22d ode of Horace, was sung; a prayer was offered, and General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell escorted Harry and James into the vault to look for the last time upon the casket containing all that was earthly of their father. The door was closed and all was over.

The day succeeding the funeral, Mrs. Garfield, accompanied by Mother Garfield, her children, Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim and their wives, and Private Secretary Brown, went to Mentor in the mourning car that conveyed her from Long Branch.

Through all the trying scenes of the drama, now closed forever, Mrs. Garfield had so conducted herself that the nation was proud of her as the wife of its President, and the grief of the people was mitigated by their admiration of her bravery and heroism under circumstances that would have crushed the majority of women. And looking back at the tragedy from the day the President was shot, through the eighty-two days of his sufferings, through the death-scene, and even to the end, the country saw no act, heard no remark of Mrs. Garfield's that was not ennobling and beautiful. On every occasion, through every crisis, and for a week after the death, while she was constantly passing from one painful interview or scene to another, she was the same quiet, self-controlled woman. Her husband had said of her that he never knew her to be stampeded; that

she could not be thrown into a panic, and right nobly she vindicated the truth of his saying. Her courage was indomitable, and her composure so great that she was an enigma to many of her own sex. Much of her self-control was due to her unselfishness. She thought of others when she was the greatest sufferer, and met the requirements made upon her with a self-possession that led many to believe she would break down utterly when the excitement was over.

At Long Branch the evening after the President's death she sent for all the wives of the members of the Cabinet, and in her own room she thanked them for their presence and active sympathy during the trying weeks since her husband was stricken. She told them that their kind words of encouragement had helped to sustain her own fortitude which was so necessary to the sufferer, and spoke of conversations with her husband before the fatal relapse in August, in which he had expressed himself in the tenderest terms regarding the members of his official family and their wives. He loved them as brothers and sisters, and was sure they loved him. Then with a sweet tenderness of manner she assured them that one of the sharp sorrows she was suffering was the knowledge that the ties so pleasant were to be severed, and that she was to see them about her no more.

All the beautiful memories that people treasure of her to-day were created by her in like acts. When she got to Cleveland, where the sight of so many familiar

faces brought anew the realizing sense of her loss, she forgot herself in thinking of others. Her first act was to visit Mother Garfield, and comfort her as only she could, and to offer her sympathy to the sorrowing sisters and brother of her husband. She visited the cemetery and viewed the spot selected for the grave of the President, and made the people of Cleveland proud that they had given it to her, by her satisfaction with it. The spirit of peace and love seemed to be with her and sustain her, even back to the home she had left under such different circumstances. Into it followed the affection of a nation of people, and across the water came tokens of tenderness from many sources.

The Queen, whose womanly sympathy for Mrs. Garfield made her dear to the American people, sent her at her home a message which, with its reply, was as follows. The message was sent to Minister Lowell, who transmitted it to Secretary Blaine.

"I have received the following telegram from the Queen: 'Would you express my sincere condolence to the late President's mother, and inquire after her health, as well as after that of Mrs. Garfield.' Her Majesty adds: 'I should be thankful if you would procure me a good photograph of General Garfield.'"

Acting Secretary Hitt returned the following reply, with the request that a fitting communication should be made to Her Majesty:

"Your telegram expressing the compassion of the Queen for the mother of the late President was duly

forwarded to Mrs. Garfield, at Mentor, Ohio. Have just received the following reply: 'Please request Mr. Lowell to express to Her Majesty, the Queen, the grateful acknowledgments of the mother of General Garfield, and my own for the tender, womanly sympathy she has been pleased to send; also that Her Majesty's wish will be complied with at an early day.'

"LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD."

Mrs. Garfield returned to Cleveland to be present at the arrangements made for the final interment, and when the monument, to be erected in Lakeview Cemetery by the people, is completed, she will take part in the ceremonies then.

When she went into the White House she was asked for some particulars of her life for publication. Her reply was, "I have done nothing that can be written about. Wait until I have, and then it will be time enough to write." The time came sooner than she anticipated, and in a way that not the wildest imagination would have fancied, seeing her in the fulness of life, at the top round of worldly honors, and happy in all relations. It came, and from the fiery furnace of suffering, disappointed hopes and loss, she emerged to shed bright lustre on her sex, and to elevate the world's judgment of women in all the relations of life. She was given the opportunity to "do something," and so well was her duty performed, that the world will never cease to do homage to the character and virtues of the widow of the Twentieth President of the Republic, Lucretia Garfield.

XXVII.

"THE WHITE HOUSE."

The corner-stone of the Presidents' House was laid on the 13th of October, 1792, and the building was constructed after the designs and under the directions of Captain James Hobon, Architect. After its destruction by the British, in 1814, the interior was rebuilt by Captain Hobon. It is located at the intersection of Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Vermont Avenues, which radiate from this point as centre.

The house is constructed of Virginia free-stone, which is excessively porous, and consequently would cause great dampness in the interior, were it not for a thick coat of white lead, which is applied about once in ten years at an enormous expense. The rock used in the construction of the foundation was quarried by Captain Samuel Smallwood (afterward mayor of Washington), on the banks of Rock creek, from the lower or K-street bridge, as far as Lyonshouse wharf. The grounds were formerly enclosed with a high stone wall. The old sycamore trees which stand in the sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the mansion, occupy a line running parallel with the former site of that wall. The portico on the north front was added

to the building during the administration of President Jackson.

The latitude to the nearest second, 38° 53′ 12″, north. Longitude of the Presidents' House from the Paris observatory, 79° 17′ 16″, west.

In 1793, about eighty paces west of the brick arch on Pennsylvania Avenue, a log was thrown over the Tiber, which served as a bridge over which the procession passed, headed by General George Washington. Here the boys caught herring and other fish. The waters of the Tiber occasionally extended in places over the present Pennsylvania Avenue, the road to the Presidents' House being considerably north of it, and along which a traveller in that day might pass from the Capitol square to the former without seeing a human being. The house of David Burns, which stood in the grounds south of the Presidents' House, is now owned by his descendants, and is an object of interest to all who remember Washington's notion of him as the "obstinate" Mr. Burns.

In 1796, as President Washington passed the Presidents' House (then building), a salute of sixteen guns was fired by the artillery company stationed at that point.

The Presidents' House is situated in the western part of the city, on a plot of ground of twenty acres; forty-four feet above high-water mark. It has a southern and a northern front; the southern sloping towards the Potomac and commanding a view of it. A semi-circu-

lar balcony extends out from the Parlors on this side and overlooks the private garden near by, and the public grounds beyond. The high basement gives the house a third story on this side. On both fronts the grounds are laid out with taste and planted with forest-trees and shrubbery. The walks are of gravel, broad and delightful.

The mansion is two stories and very lofty, one hundred and seventy feet front, and eighty-six feet deep. The northern front is ornamented with a lofty portico of four Ionic columns in front and three on either side. Beneath this portico drive the carriages of visitors; immediately opposite the front door, across the open vestibule or hall, is the Reception Room. The East Room is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two high. There are four mantels of marble with Italian black, and gold fronts, and very handsome grates; each mantel is surmounted with a French mirror, the plates of which measures one hundred and fifty-eight inches, framed in splendid style. Four other large mirrors, two at each end of the room, reflect the rays from three large chandeliers, from which depend glass pendants, which glitter in the light like diamonds; each chandelier has twenty-seven burners.

In front of the Presidents' House, in a small enclosure, is the bronze statue of Jefferson, presented to the government by Captain Levy, of the United States army, who was, at that time (1840) owner of Monticello. The statue stands on a pedestal: in his left

hand Jefferson holds a scroll of the Declaration of Independence, and in his right hand a pen, as though he had just finished that immortal instrument, and was anticipating the glorious results of its influence; the terror it would strike among the foes of freedom; the strength with which it would nerve the patriot's heart; the bitter opposition which it would meet with from some; the joy with which it would be hailed by more; and, if adopted, the high destinies which awaited Young America.

It now occupies an eligible position, and will long stand in honor alike of the great man it so faithfully represents, and of the noble spirit of patriotism that secured and presented it to the nation. It formerly stood in the Rotunda of the Capitol.

The Presidents' House, during Mr. Jefferson's administration, stood unenclosed, on a piece of waste and barren ground, separated from the Capitol by an almost impassable marsh. That building was not half completed, and standing as it did amidst the rough masses of stone and other materials collected for its construction, and half-hidden by the venerable oaks that still shaded their native soil, looked more like a ruin in the midst of its fallen fragments and coëval shades, than a new and rising edifice. The silence and solitude of the surrounding space were calculated to enforce this idea, for beyond the Capitol hill as far as the eye could reach, the city, as it was called, lay in a state of nature, covered with thick groves and forest-trees, wide and level

plains with only here and there a house along the intersecting ways, that could not yet be properly called streets.

Thomas Moore visited the United States in 1804, and writes in his letters to his mother, that "the Presidents' House is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduced visitors."

The Executive Mansion was opened for the reception of visitors on the 1st of January, 1818, being the first time since the completion of repairs subsequent to its destruction by the British.

Gas was introduced into the White House during President Polk's administration, the 29th of December, 1848.

Until President Fillmore's time there was no library. The circular room in the second story contains now a fine collection of books, many of them purchased during President Buchanan's administration. The trees on the western side of the mansion were planted by President John Quincy Adams. At various times there have been complaints made of the "*palace*" in which the Presidents were entertained during their terms, and not a few have been the bitter denunciations, written and spoken, "of its inappropriateness," averring that it is too fine and too large for a republican Chief Magistrate. However, as the country has increased in population and wealth, these objections ceased to be made, and since the most interested persons say nothing now of its being too large or elegant, it is to be supposed that it will con-

tinue to be the Executive Mansion as long as the country remains under its present form of government. Congress has heretofore made an appropriation after the election of each new President,* for repairing and refurnishing the mansion. After the close of the late civil war, it was in a sad condition, having been subjected to hard usage. It was renovated, and the first floor beautifully papered and refurnished under the auspices of Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson.

The green-house was partly burned in the winter of 1868, but is now greatly enlarged, and adds much to the beauty of the fine old mansion.

From the library-window on the second floor the view of the Potomac is very extended and magnificent. On a clear day, the distant points of Fort Washington may be dimly defined, and the old city of Georgetown distinctly seen.

The White House was so called in honor of the Virginia home of Mrs. Washington, in which her wedding occurred. Washington had pleasant memories of that residence, and suggested the building of a white house for the Presidents. It cost originally three hundred thousand dollars, and was smaller at the time it was burned by the British than now. Its rebuilding, refurnishings from time to time, and the additions and alterations, have cost a trifle over one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

* There was none made during President Tyler's administration.

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THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

OR IN THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS

